

THE CASQUET OF LITERATURE

BEING

A SELECTION OF PROSE AND POETRY
FROM THE WORKS OF THE MOST ADMIRERD AUTHORS

EDITED

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY NOTES

BY

CHARLES GIBBON

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY", "FOR LACK OF GOLD", ETC.

AND

MARY ELIZABETH CHRISTIE

ILLUSTRATED FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY EMINENT ARTISTS

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W. H. MARGETSON.

"I NEVER WAS SO GLAD TO GET OUT OF A COACH IN MY LIFE."

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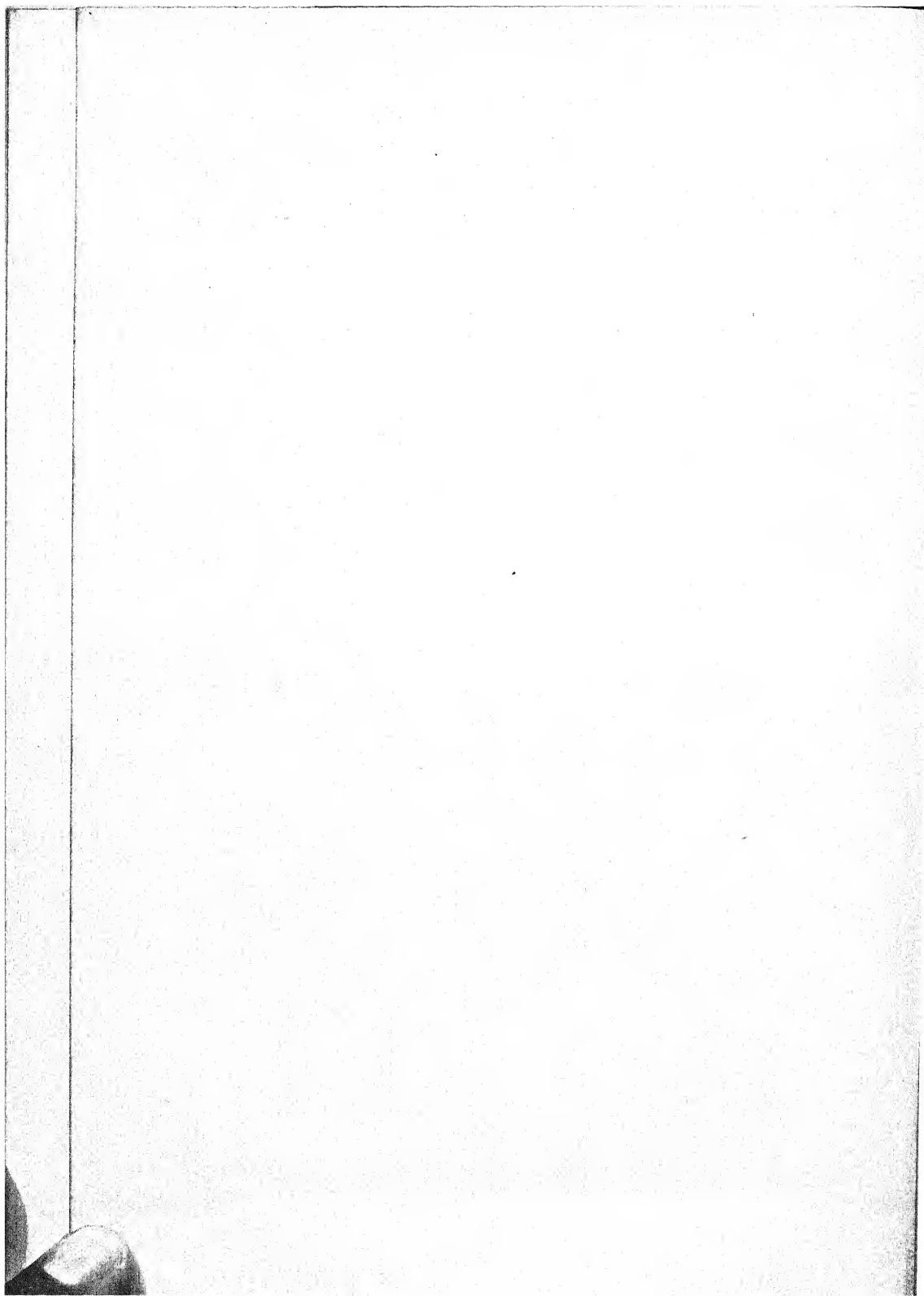
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THE CASQUET.

THE WHITE SLAVE.¹

[Sir Walter Besant, the popular novelist, was born in 1838 at Portsmouth, and educated at King's College, London, and Christ's College, Cambridge. He was at one time secretary to the Palestine Exploration Fund, and wrote, in conjunction with Professor Palmer, a *History of Jerusalem*. He received the honour of knighthood in 1895. In 1871 began the literary partnership between Sir Walter, then Mr. Besant, and Mr. James Rice, and they wrote together *The Golden Butterfly*; *Ready Money Mortiboy*; *My Little Girl*; *This Son of Vulcan*; *The Case of Mr. Lucraft*; *The Chaplain of the Fleet*; *With Harp and Crown*; *The Monks of Thelma*; *By Celia's Arbour*; *Tucas in Trafalgar's Bay*; and *The Ten Years' Tenant*. The partnership was only terminated by the death of Mr. Rice, since which event, Sir Walter has written alone, *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*; *The Revolt of Man*; *All in a Garden Fair*; *Dorothy Forster*; *For Faith and Freedom*; *Children of Gibbon*; *The World Went very Well Then*; *Fifty Years Ago*; *Herr Paulus*. In 1883 Sir Walter published *A Eulogy of Richard Jefferies and A Memoir of Professor Palmer*. He has also edited the biographical series called *The New Plutarch*.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus kindly allow us to print the following extract from *For Faith and Freedom*, an exceedingly graphic and interesting tale of the rising of the West of England in favour of the Duke of Monmouth. The chapter we have chosen practically explains itself. The daughter of the Rev. Comfort Eykin, a nonconforming minister, who has taken the side of Monmouth, falls into misfortunes after the rebellion, and is decoyed on board a convict ship and sold as a slave on arriving at the Island of Barbadoes.]

When we dropped anchor in the port or road of Carlisle Bay we were boarded by a number of gentlemen, who welcomed the captain, asked him the news, and drank with him. I meantime kept in my cabin, knowing that I must shortly come forth; and presently I heard the boatswain's pipe, and the order to all the prisoners to come on deck. Then one knocked softly at my door. It was the Captain.

"Madam," he said, with a troubled voice, "it is not too late. Suffer me, I pray you, to enter your name as one of those who died on the voyage. It is no great deception: the

villain Penne will alone be hurt by it; and I swear to take you home, and to place you until better times with honest and God-fearing people in London."

"Oh! sir," I replied, "tempt me not, I pray you. Let me go forth, I pray you. Let me go forth and take my place among the rest."

He entreated me again, but, finding that he could not prevail, he suffered me to come out. Yet, such was his kindness to the last that he would not place me with the rest, but caused his men to give me a chair on the quarter-deck. Then I saw that we were all to be sold. The prisoners were drawn up standing in lines one behind the other, the men on one side and the women on the other. The hardships of the voyage had brought them so low that, what with their rags and dirt, and their dull scowls and savage faces, and their thin, pale cheeks, they presented a forbidding appearance indeed.

Three or four gentlemen (they were, I found, planters of the island) were examining them: ordering them to lift up their arms, stretch out their legs, open their mouths, and, in short, treating them like so many cattle; at which the women laughed with ribald words, but the men looked as if they would willingly, if they dared, take revenge.

"Faugh!" cried one of the planters. "Here is a goodly collection indeed! The island is like to become the dust-heap of Great Britain, where all the rubbish may be shot. Captain, how long before these bags of bones will drop to pieces? Well, sweet ladies, fair gentlemen,"—he made a mock bow to the prisoners,—“you are welcome. After the voyage a little exercise will do you good. You will find the air of the fields wholesome; and the gentlewomen, I assure you, will discover that the drivers and overseers will willingly oblige any who want to dance with a skipping-rope.”

There were now twenty or thirty gentlemen,

¹From *For Faith and Freedom*. By Walter Besant. Chatto & Windus.

all of them merchants and planters, on board, and a man stepped forward with a book and pencil in hand, who was, I perceived, the salesman.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this parcel of servants"—(he called them a parcel, as if they were a bale of dry goods)—"is consigned to my care by Mr. George Penne, of Bristol, their owner. They are partly from that city and partly from London, though shipped at the port of Bristol. A tedious voyage, following after a long imprisonment in Newgate and Bridewell, hath, it is true, somewhat reduced them. But there are among them, as you will find on examination, many lusty fellows and stout wenches, and I doubt not that what you buy to-day will hereafter prove good bargains. They are to be sold without reserve, and to the highest bidder. Robert Bull,"—he read the first name on the list,—"*Robert Bull, shoplifter. Stand forth, Robert Bull.*"

There arose from the deck where he had been lying a poor wretch, who looked as if he could hardly stand, wasted with fever and privation, his eyes hollow (yet they looked full of wicked cunning). The planters shook their heads.

"Come, gentlemen," said the salesman, "we must not judge by appearances. He is at present, no doubt, weak, but not so weak as he looks. I warrant a smart cut or two of the whip would show another man. Who bids for Robert Bull?"

He was sold after a little parley for the sum of five pounds. Then the speaker called another, naming his offence as a qualification. No pillory could be more shameful. Yet the men looked dogged and the women laughed.

The sale lasted for three or four hours, the prisoners being knocked down, as they say, for various sums, the greatest price being given for three women who were young and strong. The reason, I have been told, is that the women make better servants, endure the heat more patiently, do not commonly drink the strong spirit which destroys the men, and, though they are not so strong, do more work.

Last of all, the man called my name. "*Alice Eykin, Rebel. Stand forth, Alice Eykin, Rebel.*"

"Do not go down among them," said the captain. "Let them see at once that yours is no common case. Stand here."

He led me to the top of the ladder or steps which they call the companion, leading from the waist to the quarter-deck.

"Madam," he said, "it will be best to throw back your hood."

This I did, and so stood before them all bare-headed.

Oh! ye who are women of gentle nurture, think of such a thing as this: to stand exposed to the curious gaze of rough and ribald men; to be bought and sold like a horse or an ox at the fair! At first my eyes swam and I saw nothing, and should have fallen but that the captain placed his hand upon my arm, and so I was steadied. Then my sight cleared, and I could look down upon the faces of the men below. There was no place whither I could fly and hide. It would be more shameful still (because it might make them laugh) to burst into tears. Why, I thought, why had I not accepted the captain's offer, and suffered my name to be entered as one of those who had died on the voyage and been buried in the sea?

Down in the waist the gentlemen gazed and gasped, in astonishment. It was no new thing for the planters to buy political prisoners. Oliver Cromwell sent over a shipload of Irishmen first, and another shipload of those engaged in the rising of Penruddock and Grove (among them were gentlemen, divines, and officers, of whom a few yet survived on the island). But as yet no gentlewoman at all had been sent out for political reasons. Wherefore, I suppose, they looked so amazed, and gazed first at me and then at one another, and then gasped for breath.

"Alice Eykin, gentlemen," said the salesman, who had a tongue which, as they say, ran upon wheels, "is a young gentlewoman, the daughter, I am informed, of the Rev. Comfort Eykin, Doctor of Divinity, deceased, formerly Rector of Bradford Orcas, in the county of Limerick, and sometime Fellow of his college at Oxford, a very learned divine. She hath had the misfortune to have taken part in the Monmouth Rebellion, and was one of those maids of Taunton who gave the duke his flags, as you have heard by the latest advices. Therefore, she is sent abroad for a term of ten years. Gentlemen, there can be no doubt that her relations will not endure that this young lady—as beautiful as she is unfortunate, and as tender as she is beautiful—should be exposed to the same hard treatment as the rogues and thieves whom you have just had put up for sale. They will, I am privately assured"—I heard this statement with amazement—"gladly purchase her freedom, after which, unless she is permitted to return, the society of our colony will rejoice in the residence among them of one so lovely and so accomplished. Meantime she must be sold like the rest."

"Did Monmouth make war with women for his followers?" asked a gentleman of graver aspect than most. "I for one will have no part or share in such traffic. Are English gentlewomen, because their friends are rebels, to be sent into the fields with the negroes?"

"Your wife would be jealous," said another, and they all laughed.

I understood not until afterwards that the buying and selling of such a person as I appeared to be is a kind of gambling. That is to say, the buyer hopes to get his profit, not by any work that his servant should do, but by the ransom that his friends at home should offer. And so they began to bid, with jokes rude and unseemly and much laughter, while I stood before them still bare-headed.

"Ten pounds," one began; "Twelve," cried another; "Fifteen," said a third; and so on, the price continually rising, and the salesman with honeyed tongue continually declaring that my friends (as he very well knew) would consent to give any ransom—any—so only that I was set free from servitude: until, for sixty pounds, no one offering a higher price, I was sold to one whose appearance I liked the least of any. He was a gross, fat man, with puffed cheeks and short neck, who had bought already about twenty of the servants.

"Be easy," he said, to one who asked him how he looked to get his money back. "It is not for twice sixty pounds that I will consent to let her go. What is twice sixty pounds for a lovely piece like this?"

Then the captain, who had stood beside me saying nothing, interfered.

"Madam," he said, "you can put up your hood again. And harkee, Sir,"—he spoke to the planter,—"*remember that this is a pious and virtuous gentlewoman, and*"—here he swore a round oath—"if I hear when I make this port again that you have offered her the least freedom—you shall answer to me for it. Gentlemen all," he went on, "I verily believe that you will shortly have the greatest wind-fall that hath ever happened to you, compared to which the Salisbury Rising was but a flea-bite. For the trials of the Monmouth rebels were already begun when I left the port of Bristol, and, though the judges are sentencing all alike to death, they cannot hang them all—therefore His Majesty's Plantations, and Barbadoes in particular, will not only have whole cargoes of stout and able-bodied servants, compared with whom these poor rogues are like so many worthless weeds, but there will also be many gentlemen, and perhaps gentlewomen—

like Madam here—whose freedom will be bought of you. So that I earnestly advise and entreat you not to treat them cruelly, but with gentleness and forbearance, whereby you will be the gainers in the end, and will make their friends the reader to find the price of ransom. Moreover, you must remember that though gentlemen may be flogged at whipping-posts, and beat over the head with canes, as is your habit with servants both black and white, when the time of their deliverance arrives they will be no longer slaves but gentlemen again, and able once more to stand upon the point of honour and to run you through the body, as you will richly deserve for your barbarity. And in the same way any gentlewomen who may be sent here have brothers and cousins who will be ready to perform the same act of kindness on their behalf. Remember that very carefully, gentlemen, if you please."

The captain spoke to all the gentlemen present, but in the last words he addressed himself particularly unto my new master. It was a warning likely to be very serviceable, the planters being one and all notoriously addicted to beating and whipping their servants. And I have no doubt that these words did a great deal towards assuring for the unfortunate gentlemen who presently arrived such consideration and good treatment as they would not otherwise have received.

The island of Barbadoes, as many people know, is one of the Caribby islands. It is, as to size, a small place, not more than twenty miles in length by fifteen in breadth, but in population it is a very considerable place indeed, for it is said to have as many people in it as the city of Bristol. It is completely settled, and of the former inhabitants not one is left. They were the people called Indians or Caribs, and how they perished I know not. The island had four ports, of which the principal is that of St. Michael or the Bridge, or Bridgetown, in Carlisle Bay. The heat by day is very great, and there is no winter, but summer all the year round. There is, however, a cool breeze from the sea which moderates the heat. A great number of vessels call here every year (there is said to be one every day, but this I cannot believe). They bring to the island all kinds of European manufactures, and take away with them cargoes of Muscovada sugar, cotton, ginger, and logwood. The island hath its shores covered with plantations, being (the people say) already more thickly cultivated than any part of England, with fewer waste places, commons and the like. The fruits which grow here are plentiful and deli-

cious—such as the pine-apple, the pappau, the guava, the bonanow, and the like—but they are not for the servants and the slaves. The fertility of the country is truly astonishing; and the air, though full of moisture, whereby knives and tools of all kinds quickly rust and spoil, is considered more healthy than that of any other West Indian island. But for the poor creatures who have to toil in the hot sun, the air is full of fatigue and thirst; it is laden with fevers, calentures, and sunstrokes. Death is always in their midst; and after death, whatever awaits them cannot, I think, be much worse than their condition on the island.

After the sale was finished, the captain bade me farewell, with tears in his eyes, and we were taken into boats and conveyed ashore, I, for my part, sitting beside my purchaser, who addressed no word at all to me. I was, however, pleased to find that among the people whom he had bought was the girl Deb, who had been my maid (if a woman who is a convict may have a maid who is a sister convict). When we landed, we walked from the quay or landing-place to a great building like a barn, which is called a barracoon, in which are lodged the negro slaves and servants before they go to their masters. But at this time it was empty. Hither came presently a certain important person in a great wig and a black coat, followed by two negro beadles, each carrying a long cane or stick. After commanding silence, this officer read to us in a loud voice those laws of the colony which concern servants, and especially those who, like ourselves, are transported for various offences. I forget what these laws were; but they seemed to be of a cruel and vindictive nature, and all ended with flogging and extension of the term of service. I remember, for instance—because the thought of escape from the middle of the ocean seemed to me mad—that, by the law, if anyone should be caught endeavouring to run away, he should be first flogged and then made to serve three years after his term was expired; and that no ship was allowed to trade with the island, or to put in for water, unless the captain had given security with two inhabitants of the island in the sum of £2000 sterling not to carry off any servant without the owner's consent.

When these laws had been read, the officer proceeded further to inform us that those who were thus sent out were sent to work as a punishment; that the work would be hard, not light; and that those who shirked their work, or were negligent in their work, would be reminded of their duties in the manner common

to plantations; that if they tried to run away they would most certainly be caught, because the island was but small; and that when they were caught, not only would their term of years be increased, but they would receive a dreadful number of lashes. He added, further, that as nothing would be gained by malingering, sulking, or laziness, so, on the other hand, our lot might be lightened by cheerfulness, honesty, and zeal. A more surly, ill-conditioned crew I think he must have never before harangued. They listened, and on most faces I read the determination to do no more work than was forced from them. This is, I have learned, how the plantation servants do commonly begin; but the most stubborn spirit is not proof against the lash and starvation. Therefore, before many days they are as active and as zealous as can be desired, and the white men, even in the fields, will do double the work that can be got out of the black.

Then this officer went away, followed by his beadles, who cast eyes of regret upon us, as if longing to stay and exercise their wands of office upon the prisoners' backs. This done, we were ordered to march out. My master's horse was waiting for him, led by a negro; and two of his overseers, also mounted and carrying whips in their hands, waited his commands. He spoke with them a few minutes, and then rode away.

They brought a long cart with a kind of tilt to it, drawn by two asses (here they call them assinegoes), and invited me courteously to get into it. It was loaded with cases and boxes, and a negro walked beside the beasts. Then we set out upon our march. First walked the twenty servants—men and women—newly bought by the master; after them, or at their side, rode the overseers, roughly calling on the laggards to quicken their pace, and crackling their whips horribly. Then came the cart in which I sat. The sun was high in the heavens, for it was not more than three of the clock; the road was white and covered with dust; and the distance was about six or seven miles, and we went slowly, so that it was already nigh unto sunset when we arrived at the master's estate.

Thus was I, a gentlewoman born, sold in the island of Barbadoes for a slave. Sixty pounds the price I fetched. Oh! even now, when it is all passed long since, I remember still with shame how I stood upon the quarter-deck, my hood thrown back, while all those men gazed upon me, and passed their ribald jests, and cried out the money they would give for me!

SISYPHUS.¹

[Sir Lewis Morris, poet, born near Caermarthen in 1834, and educated first at Sherborne School and afterwards at Jesus College, Oxford, where he obtained a chancellor's prize in 1855, and the English Essay Prize in 1858. He was called to the bar in 1861. The Queen conferred the honour of knighthood upon him in 1895. His first three volumes of poetry, called *Songs of Two Worlds by a New Writer*, appeared successively in 1872, 1874, and 1875. They were well received, but did not achieve anything like the popularity of *The Epic of Hades*, which was published in 1877. In this volume are described the impressions of one who passes from the modern world of living men into the Greek Hades, and the poet reads into the old stories of sin and punishment a sort of allegory of modern morality and philosophy. Besides the works already mentioned Sir Lewis Morris has published: *Gwen, a drama in monologue*; *The Ode of Life*; *Songs Unsung*; *Gyda, a tragedy*; *Songs of Britain*; *A Vision of Saints*.

The extract, which we have Sir Lewis's permission to print, describes the sin and the punishment of Sisyphus.]

I marked against the hardly dawning sky
A toilsome figure standing, bent and strained,
Before a rocky mass, which with great pain
And agony of labour it would thrust
Up a steep hill. But when upon the crest
It poised a moment, then I held my breath
With dread, for, lo! the poor feet seemed to clutch
The hill-side as in fear, and the poor hands
With hopeless fingers pressed into the stone
In agony, and the limbs stiffened, and a cry
Like some strong swimmer's, whom the mightier
stream

Sweeps downward, and he sees his children's eyes
Upon the bank; broke from him; and at last,
After long struggles of despair, the limbs
Relaxed, and as I closed my fearful eyes,
Seeing the inevitable doom—a crash,
A horrible thunderous noise, as down the steep
The shameless fragment leapt. From crag to crag
It bounded ever swifter, striking fire
And wrapt in smoke, as to the lowest depths
Of the vale it tore, and seemed to take with it
The miserable form whose painful gaze
I caught, as with the great rock whirled and dashed
Downward, and marking every crag with gore
And long gray hairs, it plunged, yet living still,
To the black hollow; and then a silence came
More dreadful than the noise, and a low groan
Was all that I could hear.

When to the foot
Of the dark steep I hurried, half in hope
To find the victim dead—not recognizing
The undying life of Hell—I seemed to see
An aged man, bruised, bleeding, with gray hairs,
And eyes from which the cunning leer of greed
Was scarcely yet gone out.

A crafty voice
It was that answered me, the voice of guile
Part purified by pain:

"There comes not death
To those who live in Hell, nor hardly pause

Of suffering longer than may serve to make
The pain renewed, more piercing. Long ago,
I thought that I had cheated Death, and now
I seek him; but he comes not, nor know I
If ever he will hear me. Whence art thou?
Comest thou from earthly air, or whence? What
power

Has brought thee hither? For I know indeed
Thou art not lost as I; for never here
I look upon a human face, nor see
The ghosts who doubtless here on every side
Suffer a common pain, only at times
I hear the echo of a shriek far off,
Like some faint ghost of woe which fills the pause
And interval of suffering; but from whom
The voice may come, or whence, I know not, only
The air teems with vague pain, which doth distract
The ear when for a moment comes surcease
Of agony, and the sense of effort spent
In vain and fruitless labour, and the pang
Of long-deferred defeat, which waits and takes
The world-worn heart, and maddens it when all
Heaven, conscience, happiness, are staked and lost
For gains which still elude it.

Yet 'twas sweet,
A King in early youth, when pleasure is sweet,
To live the fair successful years, and know
The envy and respect of men. I cared
For none of youth's delights; the dance, the song,
Allured me not; the smooth, soft ways of sense
Tempted me not at all. I could despise
The follies that I shared not, spending all
The long laborious days in toilsome schemes
To compass honour and wealth, and, as I grew
In name and fame, finding my hoarded gains
Transmuted into Power. The seas were white
With laden argosies, and all were mine.
The sheltering moles defied the wintry storms,
And all were mine. The marble aqueducts,
The costly bridges, all were mine. Fair roads
Wound round and round the hills—my work. The
gods

Alone I heeded not, nor cared at all
For aught but that my eyes and ears might take,
Spurning invisible things, nor built I to them
Temple or shrine, wrapt up in life, set round
With earthly blessings like a god. I rose
To such excess of wealth and fame and pride,
My people held me god-like. I grew drunk
With too great power, scoffing at men and gods,
Careless of both, but not averse to fling
To those too weak themselves, what benefits
My larger wisdom spurned.

Then suddenly
I knew the pain of failure. Summer storms
Sucked down my fleets even within sight of port.
A grievous blight wasted the harvest-fields,
Mocking my hopes of gain. Wars came and drained
My store, and I grew needy, knowing now
The hell of stronger souls, the loss of power
Wherein they exulted once. There comes no pain
Deeper than to have known delight of power,
And then to lose it all. But I, I would not
Sit tame beneath defeat, trimming my sails
To wait the breeze of Fortune—fickle breath

¹ From *The Epic of Hades*. By Lewis Morris. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

Which perhaps might breathe no more—but chose instead

By rash conceit and bolder enterprise
To win her aid again. I had no thought
Of selfish gain, only to be and act
As a god to those, feeding my sum of pride
With acted good.

But evermore defeat

Dogged me, and evermore my people grew
To doubt me, seeing no more the wealth, the force,
Which once they worshipped. Then the lust of power
Loved, not for the sake of others, but its own,
Grew on me, and the pride which can dare all,
Save failure only, seized me. Evil finds
Its ready chance. There were rich argosies
Upon the seas: I sank them, ship and crew,
In the unbetraying ocean. Wayfarers
Crossing the passes with rich merchandise
My creatures, hid behind the crags, o'erwhelmed
With rocks hurled downward. Yet I spent my gains
For the public weal, not otherwise; and they,
The careless people, took the piteous spoils
Which cost the lives of many, and a man's soul,
And blessed the giver. Empty venal blessings,
Which sting more deep than curses!

For awhile

I was content with this, but at the last
A great contempt and hatred of them took me,
The base, vile churls! Why should I stain my soul
For such as those—dogs that would fawn and lick
The hand that fed them, but, if food should fail,
Would turn and rend me? I would none of them,
I would grow rich and happy, being indeed
Godlike in brain to such. So with all craft,
And guile, and violence I enriched me, loading
My treasures with gold. My deep-laid schemes
Of gain engrossed the long laborious days,
Stretched far into the night. Enjoy, I might not,
Seeing it was all to do, and life so brief
That ere a man might gain the goal he would,
Lo! Age, and with it Death, and so an end!
For all the tales of the indignant gods,
What were they but the priests'? I had myself
Broken all oaths; long time deceived and ruined
With every phase of fraud the pious fools
Whom oath-sworn Justice bound; battered on blood;
And what was I the worse? How should the gods
Bear rule if I were happy? Death alone
Was certain. Therefore must I haste to heap
Treasure sufficient for my need, and then
Enjoy the gathered good.

But gradually

There came—not great disasters which might crush
All hope, but petty checks which did decrease
My store, and left my labour vain, and me
Unwilling to enjoy; and gradually
I felt the chill approach of age, which stole
Higher and higher on me, till the life,
As in a paralytic, left my limbs
And heart, and mounted upwards to my brain,
Its last resort, and rested there awhile
Ere it should spread its wings. But even thus,
Tho' powerless to enjoy, the insatiate greed
And thirst of power sustained me, and supplied
Life's spark with some scant fuel, till it seemed,

Year after year, as if I could not die,
Holding so fast to life. I grew so old
That all the comrades of my youth, my prime,
My age, were gone, and I was left alone
With those who knew me not, bereft of all
Except my master passion—an old man
Forlorn, forgotten of the gods and Death.

So all the people, seeing me grow old
And prosperous, held me wise, and spread abroad
Strange fables, growing day by day more strange—
How I deceived the very gods. They thought
That I was blest, remembering not the wear
Of anxious thought, the growing sum of pain,
The failing ear and eye, the slower limbs,
Whose briefer name is Age: and yet I trow
I was not all unhappy, though I knew
It was too late to enjoy, and though my store
Increased not as my greed—nay, even sunk down
A little, year by year. Till, last of all,
When now my time was come and I had grown
A little tired of living, a trivial hurt
Laid me upon my bed; and as I mused
On my long life and all its villainies,
The wickedness I did, the blood I shed,
The guile, the frauds of years—they came with news,
One now, and now another; how my schemes
Were crushed, my enterprises lost, my toil
And labour all in vain. Day after day
They brought these tidings, while I longed to rise
And stay the tide of ill, and raved to know
I could not. At the last the added sum
Of evil, like yon great rock poised awhile
Uncertain, gathered into one, o'erwhelmed
My feeble strength, and left me ruined and lost,
And showed me all I was, and all the depth
And folly of my sin, and racked my brain,
And sank me in despair and misery,
And broke my heart and slew me.

Therefore 'tis

I spend the long, long centuries which have come
Between me and my sin, in such dread tasks
As that thou sawest. In the soul I sinned:
In body and soul I suffer. What I bade
My minions do to others, that of woe
I bear myself; and in the pause of ill,
As now, I know again the bitter pang
Of failure, which of old pierced thro' my soul
And left me to despair. The pain of mind
Is fiercer far than any bodily ill,
And both are mine—the pang of torture-pain
Always recurring; and, far worse, the pang
Of consciousness of black sins sinned in vain—
The doom of constant failure.

Will, fierce Will!

Thou parent of unrest and toil and woe,
Measureless effort! growing day by day
To force strong souls along the giddy steep
That slopes to the pit of Hell, where effort serves
Only to speed destruction! Yet I know
Thou art not, as some hold, the primal curse
Which doth condemn us, since thou bearest in thee
No power to satisfy thyself, but rather,
The spring of act, whereby in earth and heaven
Both men and gods do breathe and live and are,

Since Life is Act and not to Do is Death—
I do not blame thee: but to work in vain
Is bitterest penalty: to find at last
The soul all fouled with sin and stained with blood
In vain; ah, this is hell indeed—the hell
Of lost and striving souls!"

Then as I passed,

The halting figure bent itself again
To the old task, and up the rugged steep
Thrust the great rock with groanings. Horror chained
My parting footsteps, like a nightmare dream
Which holds us that we flee not, with wide eyes
That loathe to see, yet cannot choose but gaze
Till all be done. Slowly, with dreadful toil
And struggle and strain, and bleeding hands and
knees,

And more than mortal strength, against the hill
He pressed, the wretched one! till with long pain
He trembled on the summit, a gaunt form,
With that great rock above him, poised and strained,
Now gaining, now receding, now in act
To win the summit, now borne down again,
And then the inevitable crash—the mass
Leaping from crag to crag. But ere it ceased
In dreadful silence, and the low groan came,
My limbs were loosed with one convulsive bound.
I hid my face within my hands, and fled,
Surfeit with horror.

ROYAL VISITORS ON THE ISLAND OF FLOWERS.¹

[James Payn, one of the most popular novelists of our day, was born in 1830, and educated at Eton, at the Royal Academy, Woolwich, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was originally intended for the army, but devoted himself to literature. He died in 1893. In 1853 Mr. Payn became Editor of *Chambers' Journal*; and in 1882 he succeeded Mr. Leslie Stephen as Editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*. His novels are characterized by an abundance of incident, great liveliness of dialogue, and a genial and thoroughly wholesome presentment of life and character. They are too numerous for us to give a complete list of them. But among the best are: *Lost Sir Massingbred*; *By Proxy*; *High Spirits*; *A Confidential Agent*; *Under One Roof*; *A Grape from a Thorn*.

A Prince of the Blood, from which, with permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus, we extract the following picturesque scene, is an excellent example of Mr. Payn's manner of mingling the characters and circumstances of commonplace life with incidents of romantic adventure. Edith Norbury, the heroine, is in love with a young barrister, Charles Layton. Her uncle and guardian, who is a thorough-going scoundrel, opposes the marriage, and carries her off to India to separate her from her lover. But Layton gets an Indian appointment and takes his passage on board the same ship—the *Ganges*—that carries the Norburys. The ship is wrecked; Mr. Norbury is drowned; and Charles Layton is believed to be drowned also. Edith and her aunt, Miss Sophia Norbury, with all the survivors of the crew—among whom may be mentioned Marston, first mate, Redmayne, second mate, and Lewis Conolly, midshipman—are cast upon a beautiful island, the name of which they afterwards discover to be Faybur,

and make themselves very much at home there—constructing dwelling-houses and pursuing civilized occupations. From one or two chance indications they suspect the island to have been not altogether unvisited before they came to it, and they speculate upon the possibility of being interrupted by savages. Our extract describes the first visit they receive from inhabitants of the neighbouring island of Breda.]

One morning, as the two ladies sat in the porch, Edith with paint-brush in hand, finishing a little water-colour sketch of their rampart—she had begun the day before, which Master Conolly had begged of her, and Aunt Sophia reading aloud from Walter Scott, the young midshipman came flying towards them through the passage that connected the two bays. His face was flushed with excitement more than speed, his eyes sparkled, his voice trembled with the weight of his news, as he exclaimed:

"Some one has come at last!"

"Some one!" shrieked Aunt Sophia, dropping *Quentin Durward* from her lap. "Do you mean the savages?"

He shook his head.

"Great Heaven! Is it an English ship?"

The poor lady's ecstasy was but short-lived, for the lad shook his head again.

At the same time Edith uttered a deep sigh, which he mistook for one of regret.

"I don't know what they are," he said; "come and see with your own eyes."

Edith rose at once to accompany him, and Aunt Sophia, rather than be left by herself, followed her example. As they rounded the rock, a singular spectacle presented itself. The whole ship's company had the attitude of a state of siege. Every man was at the post assigned to him, on the barricade or at the guns, with the exception of three persons—the captain, Mr. Marston, and the Hindoo interpreter, Gideon Ghorst—who were standing on the verge of the sea at a short distance—for it was high tide—the first with a white flag in his hand, the other two each with a branch of a tree, in token of amity. The reason for this strange demonstration was not far to seek. In the harbour, about fifty feet from the shore, were too large canoes kept in a state of rest by their paddles; their construction was most curious and graceful. They were between thirty and forty feet long, hollowed apparently out of a single stem. A balance log, at least twenty feet long, was carried by each at the extremity of two immensely long elastic outriggers, the whole presenting the appearance of excessive lightness and buoyancy. From stem to stem the canoes were filled with the most gorgeous flowers, heaped up in such profusion that they almost concealed their tenants.

¹ From *A Prince of the Blood*. By James Payn. Chatto & Windus.

These consisted in each case of nine persons, whose appearance was so extraordinary that it was little wonder that the midshipman had been unable to classify or describe them. With the exception of one individual, who, like a native of India, wore waistcloth and turban, they were all clothed in dazzling white; their garments, without having the stiffness of the European cut, fitted almost as closely, so as to admit of the freest use of the limbs. Their arms only, and, as was presently seen, their legs below the knee, were bare. Round their foreheads were circlelets of red flowers, and also round their waists, which, contrasting with the hue of their attire, shone like crowns and zones of fire. Mr. Redmayne, who had advanced to the ladies backwards for the first time in his life, his eyes being riveted on this amazing scene, handed Aunt Sophia a field-glass.

"What do you make of them, Miss Norbury?" he inquired excitedly.

The lady's scrutiny was long and keen. "I think they are angels," presently she murmured, in awestruck tones, and passed on the glass to Edith.

If grace of form constitute an angel, Aunt Sophia's diagnosis would have been correct. So far as the assisted eye could judge of these strange visitors, they were indeed glorious specimens of humanity. Their colour was a fine bronze, no darker than that of a European who has lived long in a sultry climate; their hair was black, and very luxuriant, though so neatly arranged and confined in braids and plaits that it was difficult to judge of its length. No more feminine appearance was thereby imparted to them, however, than by the fillets worn by our street athletes; their forms—to judge by the two who were standing up and directing the rowers with their hands—were too majestic and suggestive of strength.

Had the castaways been the savages whom they had presupposed their visitors would be, they might well have imagined that those they thus beheld were gods. Astonishment, however, was by no means confined to one side. The eyes of the new-comers ranged over the encampment, the guns, and the little group of men on the shore, with the wildest surprise.

Presently the captain, raising his voice so that it could be heard by both parties, directed the interpreter to address them in Malay, which was immediately done. Thereupon the native with the turban spoke a few hurried words with the man upstanding on his canoe, and then replied, "Who are you, whom we find upon our 'Island of Flowers'; and are you at

peace with us or at war?" Then the interpreter, in obedience to the captain's orders, replied that they were unfortunate Englishmen who had lost their ship upon the reef, and that they were their friends.

On this the two leaders interchanged a word or two, and without a moment of hesitation the canoes were paddled to shore. This was done with such rapidity that the captain was unable, as it had been his intention to do, to go into the water to meet them, a sign of confidence and conciliation in such cases. He instantly, however, pressed forward, stretching out his hand to one of the leaders. The latter took it daintily in his palm, and considered it with much attention, the others crowding round with expressions of wonder and delight. They had, as their companion the Malay explained, never seen a white man before, and the blue veins in his hands were what was exciting their surprise.

The captain on this rolled up his sleeve to let them see that this specialty was not only local, whereupon they showed him their own arms, which were, in their turn, also peculiar, being tattooed from the wrist to the shoulder, with every description of flowers. One of the two leaders had evidently a superiority over his fellow, for which it was difficult to account; his manner was less dignified, and his curiosity and wonder more openly expressed; and on seeing the captain button his waistcoat, which happened to have come undone, he burst into a musical laugh, which was instantly echoed by the rest. His face was the most good-natured, though without weakness, that it is possible to imagine, and his gentle and unsuspicious manners were those of a child. This personage, as the Malay, who could speak a little English, gave them to understand, was Masiric, brother of King Taril, who ruled the neighbouring island.

At a word from the captain, the rest of the officers came out of the encampment to be introduced to the visitors. They naturally held out their hands, which, however, the others declined, their curiosity in that direction having been sufficiently gratified. On being informed, however, that shaking hands was a proof of friendship, they entered upon that exercise with great enthusiasm, nor could they be easily induced to leave it off. It being breakfast-time, some tea and sweet biscuits were brought down for the strangers, who partook of the beverage with seeming enjoyment; nor was it discovered till long after that they thought it the nastiest that had ever passed their lips. In every movement, look, and

word, they were, in short, the pink of courtesy, and the most cordial relations were at once established between the two parties.

As they sat upon the ground at their repast, Edith's curiosity to get a nearer view of them induced her, in company with Mr. Redmayne, to approach the group. No sooner did they catch sight of her than all with one accord uttered a cry of joy mingled with awe, and leaping to their feet rushed away to their canoes. From thence they presently returned, laden with flowers, and advancing towards her with every demonstration of respect, heaved them

up at her feet, and then prostrated themselves on the sand.

"What shall I say to them?" she inquired eagerly of the interpreter. "What is it they take me for?"

"They worship flowers," explained the Malay, "and they take you for their goddess."

"And a very natural error to fall into," said Mr. Redmayne, under his breath.

[The end of the story is that when the castaways are rescued and taken back to England, Edith is betrothed to Tarilam, Crown Prince of Breda. But her first lover turning up again, the prince magnanimously withdraws in favour of the Englishman.]

GENTLEMAN JOHN.¹

[The Right Rev. William Walsham How, Lord Bishop of Wakefield. Born Dec. 13, 1823. Consecrated Bishop Suffragan of Bedford in 1879; translated to Wakefield in 1888. Died in 1897.

When the Rev. William Walsham How was consecrated Bishop of East London, he was well known as a writer of theological pamphlets. His "Plain Words" were almost as widely circulated as Ryle's "Tracts". Both writers exercised a powerful influence on religious thought from an unimportant position. In the Bishop of Wakefield this fact

is significant. He has made his position by being always faithful in that which is least. His simple goodness and unsparing work gave him an influence in East London which men of stronger natural power might never have acquired. The work of welding together the clergy in that unfashionable part of London was a task only possible to one who was endowed with the power of sympathy shown in the series of sonnets called "My Clergy", which appear in the same volume from which we take the following poem.]

It's a tale you want, sirs? Well, to be sure, it's a right down nasty day,
And the quarry's uncommon dirty where them fossils mostly lay.
But when they told me to meet you, and show you the way to go,
I thought I'd best look out a few of the shells and things, you know:
You can have them up at my cottage; there's a tidy lot, I think;
You can give the men at the quarry just a shilling or two for drink.
P'raps you'll be coming again, sirs; I should like to take you round,
And we'd have a look at the shale stuff where them butterflies are found;
Of course I know that's not what they are; it's the name they call them by;
They were telling me they're the ancientest things that ever lived, well nigh;
You'll know all about 'em, sirs, no doubt. I ask your pardon, though.
You're wanting to hear some sort of a tale to while the time, I know.
Well, I'm taken rather aback, sirs, like a parson the other day,
A stranger that came to our church; he's a friend of the squire's they say;
Well, our parson was took right poorly in the middle of a prayer,
So he sends and asks the stranger to preach to us then and there:
So he ups and gets in the pulpit, and gives out a decent text;
Then he hums and haws and stammers till you wonder what he'll do next.
Thinks I to myself, well, I don't know but what I could do as well,
It's a curious sort of parson that's got no tale to tell.
And now you ask for a story, I'm taken aback, you see,
And maybe the stranger parson could do it better than me.
I haven't been foreman here, sirs, not much above a year;
It was my wife that brought me, she was born and bred up here;
So I don't know much of the old-world things the folk about might know;
And somehow one doesn't hear such now, as one used to long ago.
We're getting desperate now, sirs, now there's such a lot of schools;
And the young ones with their learning, they count us old ones fools,
Why there's lots of words where I was bred one used to hear men speak,

¹ From Poems. By the Right Reverend the Bishop of Wakefield. W. Wells Gartner.

That nowadays they don't understand any more than if 'twere Greek.
 I was down there just at Christmas-time, but I scarcely knew the place,
 They've got a railway-station now, and the church clock's got a new face,
 And the old pews in the church all gone, and the old storks on the green;
 It's all right, I daresay, but dear! what changes I have seen!
 Them Christmas carols too—no doubt they were something old and queer—
 "Three ships came sailing on the sea", and "The running of the deer",—
 Why, I used to sing them once myself; well, they're gone with all the rest:
 The parson's taught them new ones, but I liked the old ones best.

I'm "something slow at starting", you say? Well, I won't deny it's true;
 But I'm thinking and thinking all the time what tale I can find for you.
 Well, p'raps it's as good as another:—so gentlemen, if you please,
 I'll tell you a bit of a story that happened over the seas.
 It's nothing to do with hereabouts, nor with days of long ago,
 If there arn't much in it, you'll please excuse, but I'll tell you what I know.
 I've had a roving life, you see, and some few years gone by,
 We thought we'd go to America our fortune there to try.
 We'd got a cousin there doing well, and so it came to pass,
 We sold what bits we had, and away we sailed with our little lass.
 Well, we didn't make our fortune, but that's neither here nor there;
 We went to some mining works far West, and a roughish lot we were.
 I might have done better in time no doubt, but I wasn't content to stay;
 It was no fit place for the missis, nor yet for our little May.
 They were godless, rowdy chaps, and they'd drink, and fight, and curse:—
 I arn't so very particular, but I knew they made me worse.

One day there came to our quarries a fellow seeking a job;
 Not like the rest of our chaps a bit—he looked a sort of a nob;
 Tall, good-looking enough, with his clothes well-made but worn;
 But his hands they were soft and white as a girl's—he wasn't to labour born.
 He was very quiet and silent, we chaps all call'd him high;
 Well, p'rhaps he was, and p'rhaps he wasn't; you'll know more by and by.
 They gave him work, and at it he went, and blistered his hands with the pick;
 He worked as if he was paid by the piece,—there was none of us worked so quick.
 Of course we didn't best like it, but he wasn't one to ask
 Leave of another man, you see, when he'd set his mind to a task.
 He got some rough words, you may be sure, from the chaps he worked among,
 But they never could get his blood up, tho' they didn't oil the tongue:
 Till one day one of them says to his mate, "When a fellow never speaks,
 It's my belief as he's robbed a bank, and run away from the beaks."
 Then you should have seen the flash in his eye, and his cheeks in a burning glow,
 And down with the pick, and up with his fist, and he floors him with just one blow;
 Then back to his work as if nothing had passed, and the chaps all looking on;—
 But somehow after that day it was he got nicknamed "Gentleman John".
 They got to like him middling at last, for they soon began to learn,
 Give him a chance, and he'd always do a fellow a kindly turn.
 He lived out a bit beyond us, and passed by every day,
 But he never passed without a smile and a word for our little May.
 Sometimes, when he'd see her out of doors, he'd give a turn to his hand,
 Ever so slight, but the little lass (bless her!) she'd understand;
 And she'd slip her little hand in his, and trot along by his side,—
 He never said much to her, I think, but the child was satisfied.
 And when he got to his door he'd stoop, and just say, "Good-bye, May",
 And give her a kiss on her forehead, and send her skipping away.

A sweet little thing our May is, with soft brown hair, and blue-eyed,
 Tho' I that shouldn't say it;—you'll pardon a father's pride:

I am a bit foolish about her, I know; well, gentlemen, let that pass;
But somehow I think I never saw a bonnier little lass.
She's a way of smiling all over like, with eyes and mouth and chin—
But bless me, sirs, I can never stop if on this tack I begin.

Well, months went on, and then for two days no Gentleman John came by,
The missus wondered, and as for the child, she looked like going to cry;
So the second evening I just stepped on to see what I could learn—
“Down with the fever”, was what they said, “and a terrible nasty turn”.
When I came back, my wife got up, and looked at me as she stood,—
I know that look; it means to say as arguing's no good,—
“I must go and nurse him,” was all she said, and I didn't say her nay,
And she went that night, and we were left—that's me and little May.

My wife (God bless her!) I often said as she was born a nurse,
(If ever you gentlemen's taken bad, may you never have a worse!)
The way she'd go about the room, so gentle and smiling and bright,
Noticing every little thing, and putting all tidy and right!
And she'd sit with her work beside the bed, waiting till you would stir,—
Why there's children there as would only take their physic stuff from her.
That woman where John was lodging, she never could keep awake
To give you your physic, nor notice when the pillows wanted a shake;
One time she'd seem to forget you, and another she'd give you no peace,
And she'd smoke the milk in the pudding, and bring up the broth all grease.
Well-meaning, no doubt; but what of that? There's well-meaning folks I've known
That had better learn to do something well, and let well-meaning alone.
No, sirs, my wife was right, I say; she knew what her conscience bid:
She said as she'd go and nurse him,—and go and nurse him she did.

The child she fretted a bit at first, and seemed like quite subdued,
Her singing and laughing was stopped, and she scarce could take her food:
And the sort of scare that was in her eye (she'd no need to use her tongue)
When I came home with the latest news—it was curious in one so young.
I always went of an evening, after my work was done,
And my wife she'd come to a window, and tell me how things went on;
And when she couldn't leave him, or was resting tired out quite,
A Bible put up in the window would tell me that all was right.
He moidered and rambled off and on for six weeks night and day;
But one thing we couldn't understand—he was always calling May:
And now he'd call her his sweetheart, and now his darling wife,—
We couldn't help laughing a bit, you know, tho' he hung betwixt death and life.
We said not a word to May, for indeed we were something vexed,
It seemed so silly, and what to think of it all we were right perplexed.
Well, at last one day he fell asleep, and slept like a little child;
And when he woke he'd come to himself, and he looked at my wife and smiled;
And he asked her what was the matter, and what had made him so weak,
And she told him about his illness, but she wouldn't let him speak;
Not then at least; but after a while, when he seemed to mend a bit,
She fancied he'd something on his mind, tho' he never hinted it.
But one fine day he'd been lying still, when he asked her sudden and quick,
“Did I talk any nonsense, missus, when I was lying sick?”
So she laughed, and told him, of course, he'd talked some little foolish and wild,
As they mostly do in the fever, and how he'd been calling the child.
So he lay a little silent, and then says, “Missus, some day
I'll tell you all about it, but it wasn't *your* little May.”

She learnt it by little and little; for he told her as he could;
He liked to talk about the past, and he said it did him good.

And my wife, I know how she'd sit there, speaking scarcely a word,
 But looking as if it were all her own—the trouble, I mean, she heard.
 Somehow men liked to tell her their bits of troubles and scares;
 She'd mostly find them some comfort to drive away their cares.
 Well, the story was sad enough, sirs, as you'll hear before it's done;
 May, you see, was the parson's daughter, and he was the squire's son.
 I thought he'd a bit of breeding, and I said so all along,
 Tho' I blame the fellow, and so did my wife, and she told him he'd done wrong.
 "Why, what had he done?" Beg pardon, sirs, I was letting my thoughts run on;
 I suppose he *was* a bit headstrong and proud;—but all that's past and gone.
 You see, sirs, telling a story 's like driving out here from town,
 Sometimes you'll be going up hill, and sometimes you'll be going down.
 Well, they'd played together as boy and girl, and he showed my missus one day
 A picture he'd got of her as a child—it was desperate like our May.
 But it wasn't till John was growing up, leastwise no more a boy,
 And May was as bright as a summer morning, but getting a little coy.
 When her brother brought a young college chap to spend a week or two,
 A nice young fellow enough, John said, but till then he never knew
 He cared so much for the girl; but now he found that he couldn't bide
 That another fellow was all day long a-dangling at her side;
 While he that met them just now and then, could see, tho' she was but a child,
 He was over head and ears in love, and it almost drove him wild.
 The parson, he was a busy man, and had other things in hand,
 And the parson's wife wasn't over strong, so the young ones took command;
 They planned all sorts of frolics, and John was asked to come,
 But he couldn't stand it, and made excuse that he'd things to do at home.
 At last the young fellow went away, and John and May they met,
 It was on the pathway thro' the fields,—he was out of sorts like yet,
 And was brooding and thinking and wondering, as he leant his arms on the stile,
 When May come up on a sudden:—she always used to smile,
 But now she looked grave, as she asked him, speaking hurried and low,
 What had been the matter that he should have treated them so?
 "Why, May, you didn't care?" he said, but she only answered "John!"
 And ran down the path like a wild thing, and left him brooding on.
 But somehow she gave him just one look, as she said the word and went,
 It might have been nothing, he said to himself, but it made him more content.

Well, they didn't see much of each other for two or three years from then;
 He was sent to travel in foreign parts with a couple of other men.
 But when they met, tho' he didn't speak, in his secret heart he knew
 He loved her better and better, and he fancied she knew it too.
 He was the second son, was John; the brother was seldom there,
 He was a good bit older, and of course was the son and heir;
 Something wild, I fancy, from what the other let fall;
 But anyhow it seems he didn't get on with his father at all.

Now the squire had got a scheme in his head, which he thought of early and late,
 That John should marry a girl they knew that would come to a big estate:
 There was nothing amiss in the girl, John said; she could sing, and dance, and ride:
 She was all very well to be friends with,—but May was his joy and pride.
 At last one evening his father the squire—a silentish sort of man—
 He took him aside, and then in a nervous, hasty way began:—
 It was time, he said, he should settle, high time; and why should he wait and wait,
 When a girl was ready to have him who would come to a fine estate?
 A girl he liked too, sensible, it wasn't a chance to lose;
 If ever he should have a daughter, she was just the sort he'd choose;
 He'd make him a good allowance:—but John, dumbfounded, you see,
 At first, broke in, and told him plain out that it couldn't be;

He was vexed to go against him, but what could he do or say?
 For, if ever he married, he'd marry no other girl but May.
 Then his father's brow grew black, and the storm broke fierce and fast,
 And bitter words were spoken, that left their sting as they passed;
 And John, he made up his mind he would go and fight his way,
 For come what would, he would marry no other girl but May.

Well, just as he left his father, all hot and trembling still,
 Who should he meet but May, on the pathway up the hill.
 How could he help it? He told her all; and there in the evening light,
 They promised to wait for each other, happen what happen might.
 And now, sirs, comes the wrong of it all, for it happened May was sent
 To stay with some friends near Liverpool, and there it was John went
 To settle his plans for crossing the sea, and somehow it came about
 That he got her to marry him secretly the day before he went out.
 They met at the church, and they parted there, and as he went away,
 He gave her one kiss on the forehead, and just said, "Good-bye, May."
 It was selfish of him to do such a thing. Dear me! and we little guess
 What a heap of trouble and sorrow may come from a little selfishness!
 He showed my wife the wedding-ring, and the marriage-lines as well:
 She didn't take notice, she said, and so the name she never could tell.
 It seems they'd come to some sort of terms, for he'd promised his father that he
 Would send neither message nor line to the girl for two years from over the sea.
 It's curious how we can take ourselves in:—he was mainly honest and true,—
 But to promise he wouldn't write to the girl, and then such a thing to do!
 He wasn't at ease in his mind, no doubt, and that made him silent and glum:
 And it's my belief, when a fellow's done wrong, the punishment's sure to come.
 He vexed himself at getting no news, waiting from fall to fall;
 And as he durstn't tell the truth, he wouldn't write home at all.
 My wife, she pleaded again and again, when she found he was getting strong,
 He should just go back, and confess to all, and try and undo the wrong.
 She spoke to him straight and open, and told him his sin was pride;
 He should humble himself to his father;—but anyhow *there* was his bride:
 She didn't pretend to be learned, but somehow it seemed to her plain
 His duty was just to take ship, and go back to England again.
 Well, John, poor fellow, he listened, and it came to him more and more
 That she was advising him right, tho' it made him sad and sore;
 For he'd hoped to get on and make money, and his luck was bad from the first,
 And now, with his months of illness, why, matters had come to the worst.
 He wasn't over strong yet, you see; and he'd money enough to go:
 And the two years were all but over; and at last it was settled so.
 The child was half broken-hearted, and the mother about the same,—
 You see we'd been fond of the fellow ever since he came.
 He was gentler after his illness too, and when all alone with my wife,
 He'd talk quite grave, and be making schemes for a better sort of a life.
 And she'd often say, when we talked of him, in her quiet sort of a way,
 That's a man that, if I mistake not, will do right good work some day.

Well, gentlemen, I must close my tale, for it's brighter overhead,
 And the rain has stopped, and I think there'll be time to look at the fossil-bed.
 There isn't much more to tell:—Poor John! he took his passage across
 In the Ocean King; you can't have forgot the story of her loss!
 She was never heard of more, you know, nor any soul on board;
 Bits of wreckage and floating spars was all the sea restored.
 There was many a tear for others; but it's only us that knew
 That John had sailed in that vessel with all its luckless crew.
 I haven't much to spare, sirs, but I'd give five pounds to-day
 If I could only get tidings of that poor young widowed May.

SAMUEL JOHNSON AND HIS HOUSEHOLD.¹

[Leslie Stephen, born 1832, educated at Eton, King's College, and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, of which college he is a fellow. Mr. Leslie Stephen is a thoughtful and scholarly student and critic of literature and moral philosophy. He has given special attention to the writings of the English philosophers of the eighteenth century, and one of his most important works is devoted to this subject. From 1871 to 1888 he edited the *Cornhill Magazine*; in 1888 he began to edit the *Dictionary of National Biography*, a great work still in progress. In 1883 he was appointed Clark Lecturer on English Literature at Cambridge University, but resigned the appointment in the same year. His published works are—*The Playground of Europe*, a record of Alpine adventure, 1871; *Essays on Free-Thinking and Plain-Speaking*, 1873; *Hours in a Library: Three Series*, 1874-79; *A History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, 1876; *The Science of Ethics*, 1882; *Life of Henry Fawcett*, 1885; and *Lives of Johnson, Pope, and Swift* in the "English Men of Letters Series". Mr. Leslie Stephen is the son of the late Sir James Stephen, sometime Under-secretary for the Colonies, and Professor of Modern History at Cambridge University. With the permission of Messrs. Macmillan we take the following extract from his life of Johnson.]

Though the reports of Johnson's talk represent his character in spite of some qualifications with unusual fulness, there were many traits very inadequately revealed at the Mitre or the Club, at Mrs. Thrale's, or in meetings with Wilkes and Reynolds. We may catch some glimpses from his letters and diaries of that inward life, which consisted generally in a long succession of struggles against an oppressive and often paralysing melancholy. Another most noteworthy side to his character is revealed in his relations to persons too humble for admission to the tables at which he exerted a despotie sway. Upon this side Johnson was almost entirely loveable. We often have to regret the imperfection of the records of

That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

Everywhere in Johnson's letters, and in the occasional anecdotes, we come upon indications of a tenderness and untiring benevolence which would make us forgive far worse faults than have ever been laid to his charge. Nay, the very asperity of the man's outside becomes endeared to us by the association. His irritability never vented itself against the helpless, and his rough impatience of fanciful troubles implied no want of sympathy for real sorrow. One of Mrs. Thrale's anecdotes is intended to show Johnson's harshness:—"When I one

day lamented the loss of a first cousin killed in America, 'Prythee, my dear,' said he, 'have done with canting; how would the world be the worse for it, I may ask, if all your relations were at once spitted like larks and roasted for Presto's supper?' Presto was the dog that lay under the table while we talked." The counter version given by Boswell is, that Mrs. Thrale related her cousin's death in the midst of a hearty supper, and that Johnson, shocked at her want of feeling, said, "Madam, it would give you very little concern if all your relations were spitted like those larks, and roasted for Presto's supper." Taking the most unfavourable version, we may judge how much real indifference to human sorrow was implied by seeing how Johnson was affected by a loss of one of his humblest friends. It is but one case of many. In 1767, he took leave, as he notes in his diary, of his "dear old friend, Catherine Chambers," who had been for about forty-three years in the service of his family. "I desired all to withdraw," he says, "then told her that we were to part for ever, and, as Christians, we should part with prayer, and that I would, if she was willing, say a short prayer beside her. She expressed great desire to hear me, and held up her poor hands as she lay in bed, with great fervour, while I prayed, kneeling by her, in nearly the following words"—which shall not be repeated here—"I then kissed her," he adds. "She told me that to part was the greatest pain that she had ever felt, and that she hoped we should meet again in a better place. I expressed, with swelled eyes, and great emotion of kindness, the same hopes. We kissed and parted—I humbly hope to meet again and part no more."

A man with so true and tender a heart could say sincerely, what with some men would be a mere excuse for want of sympathy, that he "hated to hear people whine about metaphysical distresses when there was so much want and hunger in the world". He had a sound and righteous contempt for all affectation of excessive sensibility. "Suppose," said Boswell to him, whilst their common friend Barette was lying under a charge of murder, "that one of your intimate friends were apprehended for an offence for which he might be hanged." "I should do what I could," replied Johnson, "to bail him, and give him any other assistance; but if he were once fairly hanged, I should not suffer." "Would you eat your dinner that day, sir?" asks Boswell. "Yes, sir; and eat it as if he were eating it with me. Why, there's Barette, who's to be

¹ From *Samuel Johnson*. By Leslie Stephen. "English Men of Letters Series." Macmillan & Co.

tried for his life to-morrow. Friends have risen up for him on every side; yet if he should be hanged, none of them will eat a slice of plum-pudding the less. Sir, that sympathetic feeling goes a very little way in depressing the mind." Boswell illustrated the subject by saying that Tom Davies had just written a letter to Foote, telling him that he could not sleep from concern about Baretti, and at the same time recommending a young man who kept a pickle-shop. Johnson summed up by the remark: "You will find these very feeling people are not very ready to do you good. They *pay* you by *feeling*." Johnson never objected to feeling, but to the waste of feeling.

In a similar vein he told Mrs. Thrale that a "surly fellow" like himself had no compassion to spare for "wounds given to vanity and softness", whilst witnessing the common sights of actual want in great cities. On Lady Tavistock's death, said to have been caused by grief for her husband's loss, he observed that her life might have been saved if she had been put into a small chandler's shop, with a child to nurse. When Mrs. Thrale suggested that a lady would be grieved because her friend had lost the chance of a fortune, "She will suffer as much, perhaps," he replied, "as your horse did when your cow miscarried." Mrs. Thrale testifies that he once reproached her sternly for complaining of the dust. When he knew, he said, how many poor families would perish next winter for the want of the bread which the drought would deny, he could not bear to hear ladies sighing for rain on account of their complexions or their clothes. While reporting such sayings, she adds, that he loved the poor as she never saw anyone else love them, with an earnest desire to make them happy. His charity was unbounded; he proposed to allow himself one hundred a year out of the three hundred of his pension; but the Thrales could never discover that he really spent upon himself more than £70, or at most £80. He had numerous dependants, abroad as well as at home, who "did not like to see him latterly, unless he brought 'em money". He filled his pockets with small cash, which he distributed to beggars in defiance of political economy. When told that the recipients only laid it out upon gin or tobacco, he replied that it was savage to deny them the few coarse pleasures which the richer disdained. Numerous instances are given of more judicious charity. When, for example, a Benedictine monk, whom he had seen in Paris, became a Protestant, Johnson supported him for some months in London, till he could get a living.

Once coming home late at night, he found a poor woman lying in the street. He carried her to his house on his back, and found that she was reduced to the lowest stage of want, poverty, and disease. He took care of her at his own charge, with all tenderness, until she was restored to health, and tried to have her put into a virtuous way of living. His house, in his later years, was filled with various waifs and strays, to whom he gave hospitality and sometimes support, defending himself by saying that if he did not help them nobody else would. The head of his household was Miss Williams, who had been a friend of his wife's, and after coming to stay with him, in order to undergo an operation for cataract, became a permanent inmate of his house. She had a small income of some £40 a year, partly from the charity of connexions of her father's, and partly arising from a little book of miscellanies published by subscription. She was a woman of some sense and cultivation, and when she died (in 1783) Johnson said that for thirty years she had been to him as a sister. Boswell's jealousy was excited during the first period of his acquaintance, when Goldsmith one night went home with Johnson, crying "I go to Miss Williams"—a phrase which implied admission to an intimacy from which Boswell was as yet excluded. Boswell soon obtained the coveted privilege, and testifies to the respect with which Johnson always treated the inmates of his family. Before leaving her to dine with Boswell at the hotel, he asked her what little delicacy should be sent to her from the tavern. Poor Miss Williams, however, was peevish, and, according to Hawkins, had been known to drive Johnson out of the room by her reproaches, and Boswell's delicacy was shocked by the supposition that she tested the fulness of cups of tea by putting her finger inside. We are glad to know that this was a false impression, and, in fact, Miss Williams, however unfortunate in temper and circumstances, seems to have been a lady by manners and education.

The next inmate of this queer household was Robert Levett, a man who had been a waiter at a coffee-house in Paris frequented by surgeons. They had enabled him to pick up some of their art, and he set up as an obscure practitioner in physic amongst the lower people in London. He took from them such fees as he could get, including provisions, sometimes, unfortunately for him, of the potable kind. He was once entrapped into a queer marriage, and Johnson had to arrange a separation from his wife. Johnson, it seems, had a good

opinion of his medical skill, and more or less employed his services in that capacity. He attended his patron at his breakfast; breakfasting, said Percy, "on the crust of a roll, which Johnson threw to him after tearing out the crumb". The phrase, it is said, goes too far; Johnson always took pains that Levett should be treated rather as a friend than as a dependant.

Besides these humble friends, there was a Mrs. Desmoulins, the daughter of a Lichfield physician. Johnson had had some quarrel with the father in his youth for revealing the confession of the mental disease which tortured him from early years. He supported Mrs. Desmoulins none the less, giving house-room to her and her daughter, and making her an allowance of half a guinea a week, a sum equal to a twelfth part of his pension. Francis Barber has already been mentioned, and we have a dim vision of a Miss Carmichael, who completed what he facetiously called his "seraglio". It was anything but a happy family. He summed up their relations in a letter to Mrs. Thrale. "Williams," he says, "hates everybody; Levett hates Desmoulins, and does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both; Poll (Miss Carmichael) loves none of them." Frank Barber complained of Miss Williams's authority, and Miss Williams of Frank's insubordination. Intruders who had taken refuge under his roof brought their children there in his absence, and grumbled if their dinners were ill-dressed. The old man bore it all, relieving himself by an occasional growl; but reproaching any who ventured to join in the growl for their indifference to the sufferings of poverty. Levett died in January, 1782; Miss Williams died, after a lingering illness, in 1783, and Johnson grieved in solitude for the loss of his testy companions.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL.¹ (1892.)

[George Edward Bateman Saintsbury, born Oct., 23, 1845, educated at King's College School, London, and graduated at Merton College, Oxford, B.A., 1863, M.A., 1878. After some years of schoolmastering Mr. Saintsbury devoted himself in 1876 to literature and journalism, and has won a strong position as a critic. He was appointed in 1895 to the professorship of English Literature in Edinburgh University. He has published *A Life of Dryden*, in the "English Men of Letters Series"; *A Short History of*

French Literature; Essays on French Novelists; a volume of *Miscellaneous Essays* (from which we quote); and *Corrected Impressions: Essays on Victorian Writers*.]

I could give plenty of details of many novels published in the last twenty years and more. But very few indeed of their characters and their incidents and stories have taken rank with Partridge at the theatre, with Habakkuk Mucklewrath's dying denunciation of Claverhouse, with Elizabeth Bennet's rejection of Darcy, with Esmond breaking his weapon before Beatrix's princely lover, with Lavengro teaching Armenian to Isobel Berners, with Amyas flinging his sword into the sea. I must confess also that I hold a creed which may seem to some people, perhaps to most, irrational, and even childish. I do not think that there is exactly the same amount of genius and of talent always present on the earth, but I do think that in the blossoming times of the intellect the genius and the talent are pretty constant in their total amount. If you get the sum spread widely about, you get the kind of work which is now abundant, and nowhere so abundant as in the novel. Of the immense number of novels now written, a very large proportion cannot be called in any true sense bad, and of the still considerable number which are written by our best men there are few which may not be called in a very real sense good. The great models which they have before them, the large rewards of successful writing, and (for why should not a man magnify his own office?) the constant exposure and reprobation of the grosser faults of novel-writing on the part of critics, have brought about a much higher general level of excellence, a better turn-out of average work, than was ever known before. But, either from the very fact of this imitating and schoolmastering, or from sheer haste, or what not, we do not seem to get the very best things.

Undoubtedly, therefore, the return to the earliest form of writing, to the pure romance of adventure, is a very interesting thing indeed. We do not want here a detailed criticism of the books which have shown it. The point is, that in all, the writers have deliberately reverted to the simpler instead of the more complicated kind of novel, trusting more to incident, less to the details of manner and character. I hold that they have done rightly and wisely. For the fictitious (as distinguished from the poetic) portraiture of manners and the fictitious dissection of character deal for the most part with minute and superficial points, and when those points have been attacked over and over again, or when the

¹ *Miscellaneous Essays*, by George Saintsbury. Percival & Co.

manners and characters of a time have become very much levelled and mannerized, an inevitable monotony and want of freshness in the treatment comes about. This seems to have been the case more or less in all European languages for a long time past. Except in the most insignificant details, manners have altered very little for the last half-century—a stability which has not been a little increased by the very popularity of the novels themselves. A boy or girl now learns manners less from life than from books, and reproduces those manners in his or her own fresh generation. The novel has thus “bred in and in”, until the inevitable result of feebleness of strain has been reached. But the incidents, and the broad and poetic features of character on which the romance relies, are not matters which change at all. They are always the same, with a sameness of nature, not of convention. . . . There is no danger of repetition here; on the contrary, the more faithful the repetition the surer the success, because the artist is only drawing deeper on a perennial source. In the other case he is working over and over again in shallow ground, which yields a thinner and weedier return at every cropping.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE TILL.

[Douglas Jerrold, born in London, 3d January, 1803; died at Kilburn, London, 8th June, 1857. Midshipman, printer, dramatist, journalist, novelist, essayist, humorist—and potent in all the many parts he played. His success was won by dint of hard honest work; his end came in the sunshine of success. He was noted for saying “sharp things”: he should also have been noted for saying them only when falsehood of some sort or other called them forth. He was one of the earliest contributors to *Punch*, in which the *Caudle Lectures* and other popular sketches first appeared. It was as a dramatist and humorist that he was best known; but it was the productions of his more serious moods which exhibited his best powers, whilst they showed his earnest sympathy with all who struggled and hoped, and his love of rural life. This is most apparent in the *Chronicles of Clovernook*, which, according to his son—Mr. Blanchard Jerrold—was his pet work. “The *Chronicles* are a fragment of what it was originally intended by the author they should be,” says Mr. B. Jerrold in his interesting preface to the admirable edition of his father’s works issued by Messrs. Bradbury, Evans and Co.; “but the fragment, it was his belief, had a better chance of reaching the hands of future generations, than the rest of his works. All the qualities of his genius shine their brightest here. The study of benignant nature is rich and rare. The ‘Legends’ have purposes in them, from which the author, being in downright earnest with the world, could never long wean his fancy.”

The following “Tragedy of the Till” is one of the legends, told by that most delightful of modern Friar Tuks, “The Hermit of Bellyfalle”. The book is full of

quaint fancies, and presents a world in which the wrongs of our world are humorously set right.]

“It is a strange tale, but it hath the recommendation of brevity. Some folks may see nothing in it but the tricksiness of an extravagant spirit; and some, perchance, may pluck a heart of meaning out of it. However, be it as it may, you shall hear it, sir.

“There was a man called Isaac Pugwash, a dweller in a miserable slough of London, a squalid denizen of one of the foul nooks of that city of Plutus. He kept a shop; which, though small as a cabin, was visited as granary and store-house by half the neighbourhood. All the creature-comforts of the poor—from bread to that questionable superfluity, small-beer—were sold by Isaac. Strange it was, that with such a trade Pugwash grew not rich. He had many bad debts, and of all shopkeepers, was most unfortunate in false coin. Certain it is, he had neither eye nor ear for bad money. Counterfeit semblances of majesty beguiled him out of bread and butter, and cheese, and red herring, just as readily as legitimate royalty struck at the Mint. Malice might impute something of this to the political principles of Pugwash, who, as he had avowed himself again and again, was no lover of a monarchy. Nevertheless, I cannot think Pugwash had so little regard for the countenance of majesty as to welcome it as readily when silvered copper as when sterling silver. No, a wild, foolish enthusiast was Pugwash, but in the household matter of good and bad money he had very wholesome prejudices. He had a reasonable wish to grow rich, yet was entirely ignorant of the by-ways and short-cuts to wealth. He would have sauntered through life with his hands in his pockets and a daisy in his mouth; and dying with just enough in his house to pay the undertaker, would have thought himself a fortunate fellow; he was, in the words of Mrs. Pugwash, such a careless, foolish, dreaming creature. He was cheated every hour by a customer of some kind; and yet to deny credit to anybody—he would as soon have denied the wife of his bosom. His customers knew the weakness, and failed not to exercise it. To be sure now and then, fresh from conjugal counsel, he would refuse to add a single

1 The chief dramatic works of Douglas Jerrold are: *Black-eyed Susan*; *The Rent-day*; *Nell Gwynne*; *Time Works Wonders*; *The Bubbles of the Day*; *The Prisoner of War*; *The Cat's Paw*, &c. His miscellaneous works are: *Cakes and Ale*; *Men of Character*; *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures*; *Punch's Letters to his Son*; *The Man Made of Money*; *Story of a Feather*; *St. Giles and St. James*; *Chronicles of Clovernook*, &c.

herring to a debtor's score; no, he would not be sent to the workhouse by anybody. A quarter of an hour after, the denied herring, with an added small loaf, was given to the little girl sent to the shop by the rejected mother,—‘he couldn't bear to see poor children wanting anything.’

“Pugwash had another unprofitable weakness. He was fond of what he called nature, though in his dim, close shop, he could give her but a stifling welcome. Nevertheless, he had the earliest primroses on his counter,—‘they threw,’ he said, ‘such a nice light about the place.’ A sly, knavish customer presented Isaac with a pot of polyanthus, and, won by the flowery gift, Pugwash gave the donor ruinous credit. The man with wall-flowers regularly stopped at Isaac's shop, and for only sixpence Pugwash would tell his wife he had made the place a Paradise. ‘If we can't go to nature, Sally, isn't it a pleasant thing to be able to bring nature to us?’ Whereupon Mrs. Pugwash would declare that a man with at least three children to provide for had no need to talk of nature. Nevertheless, the flower-man made his weekly call. Though at many a house, the penny could not every week be spared to buy a hint, a look of nature for the darkened dwellers, Isaac, despite of Mrs. Pugwash, always purchased. It is a common thing, an old familiar cry,” said the Hermit—“to see the poor man's florist, to hear his loud-voiced invitation to take his nosegays, his penny-roots; and yet is it a call, a conjuration of the heart of man overlabboured and desponding—walled in by the gloom of a town—divorced from the fields and their sweet healthful influences—almost shut out from the sky that reeks in vapour over him;—it is a call that tells him there are things of the earth beside food and covering to live for; and that God in his great bounty hath made them for all men. Is it not so?” asked the Hermit.

“Most certainly,” we answered; “it would be the very sinfulness of avarice to think otherwise.”

“Why, sir,” said the Hermit benevolently smiling, “thus considered, the loud-lunged city bawler of roots and flowers becomes a high benevolence, a peripatetic priest of nature. Adown dark lanes and miry alleys he takes sweet remembrances—touching records of the loveliness of earth, that with their bright looks and balmy odours cheer and uplift the dumpish heart of man; that make his soul stir within him, and acknowledge the beautiful. The penny, the ill-spared penny—for it would buy a wheaten roll—the poor housewife pays for

root of primrose, is her offering to the hopeful loveliness of nature; is her testimony of the soul struggling with the blighting, crushing circumstance of sordid earth, and sometimes yearning towards earth's sweetest aspects. Amidst the violence, the coarseness, and the suffering that may surround and defile the wretched, there must be moments when the heart escapes, craving for the innocent and lovely; when the soul makes for itself even of a flower a comfort and a refuge.”

The Hermit paused a moment, and then in blither voice resumed. “But I have strayed a little from the history of our small tradesman, Pugwash. Well, sir, Isaac for some three or four years kept on his old way, his wife still prophesying in loud and louder voice the inevitable workhouse. He would so think and talk of nature when he should mind his shop; he would so often snatch a holiday to lose it in the fields, when he should take stock and balance his books. What was worse, he every week lost more and more by bad money. With no more sense than a buzzard, as Mrs. Pugwash said, for a good shilling, he was the victim of those laborious folks who make their money with a fine independence of the state, out of their own materials. It seemed the common compact of a host of coiners to put off their base-born offspring upon Isaac Pugwash; who, it must be confessed, bore the loss and the indignity like a Christian martyr. At last, however, the spirit of the man was stung. A guinea, as Pugwash believed of statute gold, was found to be of little less value than a brass button. Mrs. Pugwash clamoured and screamed as though a besieging foe was in her house; and Pugwash himself felt that further patience would be pusillanimity. Whereupon, sir, what think you Isaac did? Why, he suffered himself to be driven by the voice and vehemence of his wife to a conjurer, who in a neighbouring attic was a sidental go-between to the neighbourhood—a vender of intelligence from the stars to all who sought and duly fee'd him. This magician would declare to Pugwash the whereabout of the felon coiner, and—the thought was anodyne to the hurt mind of Isaac's wife—the knave would be law-throttled.

“With sad indignant spirit did Isaac Pugwash seek Father Lotus; for so, sir, was the conjurer called. He was none of your common wizards. Oh no! he left it to the mere quack-salvers and mountebanks of his craft to take upon them a haggard solemnity of look, and to drop monosyllables, heavy as bullets, upon the ear of the questioner. The mighty and magnificent hocuspocus of twelvepenny magicians was

scorned by Lotus. There was nothing in his look or manner that showed him the worse for keeping company with spirits: on the contrary, perhaps, the privileges he enjoyed of them served to make him only the more blithe and jocund. He might have passed for a gentleman, at once easy and cunning in the law; his sole knowledge, that of labyrinthine sentences made expressly to wind poor common sense on parchment. He had an eye like a snake, a constant smile upon his lip, a cheek coloured like an apple, and an activity of movement wide away from the solemnity of the conjurer. He was a small, eel-figured man of about sixty, dressed in glossy black, with silver buckles and flowing periwig. It was impossible not to have a better opinion of sprites and demons, seeing that so nice, so polished a gentleman was their especial pet. And then, his attic had no mystic circle, no curtain of black, no death's head, no mummy of apocryphal dragon—the vulgar catch-pennies of fortune-telling trader. There was not even a pack of cards to elevate the soul of man into the regions of the mystic world. No, the room was plainly yet comfortably set out. Father Lotus reposed in an easy chair, nursing a snow-white cat upon his knee; now tenderly patting the creature with one hand, and now turning over a little Hebrew volume with the other. If a man wished to have dealings with sorry demons, could he desire a nicer little gentleman than Father Lotus to make the acquaintance for him? In few words Isaac Pugwash told his story to the smiling magician. He had, amongst much other bad money, taken a counterfeit guinea; could Father Lotus discover the evil-doer?

"'Yes, yes, yes,' said Lotus, smiling, 'of course—to be sure; but that will do but little: in your present state—but let me look at your tongue.' Pugwash obediently thrust the organ forth. 'Yes, yes, as I thought. 'Twill do you no good to hang the rogue; none at all. What we must do is this—we must cure you of the disease.'

"'Disease!' cried Pugwash. 'Bating the loss of my money, I was never better in all my days.'

"'Ha! my poor man,' said Lotus, 'it is the benevolence of nature, that she often goes on, quietly breaking us up, ourselves knowing no more of the mischief than a girl's doll, when the girl rips up its seams. Your malady is of the perceptive organs. Leave you alone, and you'll sink to the condition of a baboon.'

"'God bless me!' cried Pugwash.

"'A jackass with sense to choose a thistle from a toadstool will be a reasoning creature

to you! for consider, my poor soul,' said Lotus in a compassionate voice, 'in this world of tribulation we inhabit, consider what a benighted nincompoop is man, if he cannot elect a good shilling from a bad one.'

"'I have not a sharp eye for money,' said Pugwash modestly. 'It's a gift, sir; I'm assured it's a gift.'

"'A sharp eye! An eye of horn,' said Lotus. 'Never mind, I can remedy all that; I can restore you to the world and to yourself. The greatest physicians, the wisest philosophers, have, in the profundity of their wisdom, made money the test of wit. A man is believed mad; he is a very rich man, and his heir has very good reason to believe him lunatic; whereupon the heir, the madman's careful friend, calls about the sufferer a company of wizards to sit in judgment on the suspected brain, and report a verdict thereupon. Well, ninety-nine times out of the hundred, what is the first question put, as test of reason? Why, a question of money. The physician, laying certain pieces of current coin in his palm, asks of the patient their several value. If he answer truly, why truly there is hope; but if he stammer, or falter at the coin, the verdict runs, and wisely runs, mad—incapably mad.'

"'I'm not so bad as that,' said Pugwash, a little alarmed.

"'Don't say how you are—it's presumption in any man,' cried Lotus. 'Nevertheless, be as you may, I'll cure you, if you'll give attention to my remedy.'

"'I'll give my whole soul to it,' exclaimed Pugwash.

"'Very good, very good; I like your earnestness, but I don't want all your soul,' said Father Lotus, smiling—'I want only part of it: that, if you confide in me, I can take from you with no danger. Ay, with less peril than the pricking of a whitlow. Now, then, for examination. Now, to have a good stare at this soul of yours.' Here Father Lotus gently removed the white cat from his knee, for he had been patting her all the time he talked, and turned full round upon Pugwash. 'Turn out your breeches' pockets,' said Lotus; and the tractable Pugwash immediately displayed the linings. 'So!' cried Lotus, looking narrowly at the brown holland whereof they were made—'very bad, indeed; very bad; never knew a soul in a worse state in all my life.'

"Pugwash looked at his pockets, and then at the conjurer: he was about to speak, but the fixed, earnest look of Father Lotus held him in respectful silence.

"'Yes, yes,' said the wizard, still eyeing

the brown holland, 'I can see it all; a vagabond soul; a soul wandering here and there, like a pauper without a settlement; a ragamuffin soul.'

"Pugwash found confidence and breath. 'Was there ever such a joke?' he cried; 'know a man's soul by the linings of his breeches' pockets!' and Pugwash laughed, albeit uncomfortably.

"Father Lotus looked at the man with philosophic compassion. 'Ha, my good friend!' he said, 'that all comes of your ignorance of moral anatomy.'

"Well, but, Father Lotus,——

"Peace,' said the wizard, 'and answer me. You'd have this soul of your's cured?'

"If there's anything the matter with it,' answered Pugwash. 'Though not of any conceit I speak it, yet I think it as sweet and as healthy a soul as the souls of my neighbours. I never did wrong to anybody.'

"Pooh!' cried Father Lotus.

"I never denied credit to the hungry,' continued Pugwash.

"Fiddle-de-dee!' said the wizard very nervously.

"I never laid out a penny in law upon a customer; I never refused small-beer to——

"Silence!' cried Father Lotus; 'don't offend philosophy by thus bragging of your follies. You are in a perilous condition; still you may be saved. At this very moment, I much fear it, gangrene has touched your soul: nevertheless, I can separate the sound from the mortified parts, and start you new again as though your lips were first wet with mother's milk.'

"Pugwash merely said——for the wizard began to awe him——'I'm very much obliged to you.'

"Now,' said Lotus, 'answer a few questions, and then I'll proceed to the cure. What do you think of money?'

"A very nice thing,' said Pugwash, 'though I can do with as little of it as most folks.'

"Father Lotus shook his head. 'Well, and the world about you?'

"A beautiful world,' said Pugwash; 'only the worst of it is, I can't leave the shop as often as I would to enjoy it. I'm shut in all day long, I may say, a prisoner to brick-dust, herrings, and bacon. Sometimes, when the sun shines, and the cobbler's lark over the way sings as if he'd split his pipe, why then, do you know, I do so long to get into the fields; I do hunger for a bit of grass like any cow.'

"The wizard looked almost hopelessly on Pugwash. 'And that's your religion and business? Infidel of the counter! Saracen of the till! However——patience,' said Lotus, 'and let us conclude.—And the men and women of the world, what do you think of them?'

"God bless 'em, poor souls!' said Pugwash. 'It's a sad scramble some of 'em have, isn't it?'

"Well,' said the conjurer, 'for a tradesman, your soul is in a wretched condition. However, it is not so hopelessly bad that I may not yet make it profitable to you. I must cure it of its vagabond desires, and above all make it respectful of money. You will take this book.' Here Lotus took a little volume from a cupboard, and placed it in the hand of Pugwash. 'Lay it under your pillow every night for a week, and on the eighth morning let me see you.'

"Come, there's nothing easier than that,' said Pugwash, with a smile, and reverently putting the volume in his pocket——(the book was closed by metal clasps, curiously chased)——he descended the garret stairs of the conjurer.

"On the morning of the eighth day Pugwash again stood before Lotus.

"How do you feel now?' asked the conjurer with a knowing look.

"I haven't opened the book——'tis just as I took it,' said Pugwash, making no further answer.

"I know that,' said Lotus; 'the clasps be thanked for your ignorance.' Pugwash slightly coloured; for to say the truth, both he and his wife had vainly pulled and tugged, and fingered and coaxed the clasps, that they might look upon the necromantic page. 'Well, the book has worked,' said the conjurer, 'I have it.'

"Have it! what?' asked Pugwash.

"Your soul,' answered the sorcerer. 'In all my practice,' he added, gravely, 'I never had a soul come into my hands in worse condition.'

"Impossible!' cried Pugwash. 'If my soul is, as you say, in your own hands, how is it that I'm alive? How is it that I can eat, drink, sleep, walk, talk, do everything, just like any body else?'

"Ha!' said Lotus, 'that's a common mistake. Thousands and thousands would swear, ay, as they'd swear to their own noses, that they have their souls in their own possession; bless you,' and the conjurer laughed maliciously, 'it's a popular error. Their souls are altogether out of 'em.'

"Well,' said Pugwash, 'if it's true that you have, indeed, my soul, I should like to have a look at it.'

"In good time,' said the conjurer; 'I'll bring it to your house, and put it in its proper lodging. In another week I'll bring it to you; 'twill then be strong enough to bear removal.'

"And what am I to do all the time without it?' asked Pugwash, in a tone of banter. 'Come,' said he, still jesting, 'if you really have my soul, what's it like——what's its colour; if indeed souls have colours?'

"Green—green as a grasshopper, when it first came into my hands," said the wizard; 'but 'tis changing daily. More; it was a skipping, chirping, giddy soul; 'tis every hour mending. In a week's time, I tell you, it will be fit for the business of the world.'

"And pray, good father—for the matter has till now escaped me—what am I to pay you for this pain and trouble; for this precious care of my miserable soul?"

"Nothing," answered Lotus, 'nothing whatever. The work is too nice and precious to be paid for; I have a reward you dream not of for my labour. Think you that men's immortal souls are to be mended like iron pots, at tinker's price? Oh, no! they who meddle with souls go for higher wages.'

"After further talk Pugwash departed, the conjurer promising to bring him home his soul at midnight, that night week. It seemed strange to Pugwash, as the time passed on, that he never seemed to miss his soul; that, in very truth, he went through the labours of the day with even better gravity than when his soul possessed him. And more; he began to feel himself more at home in his shop; the cobbler's lark over the way continued to sing, but awoke in Isaac's heart no thought of the fields: and then for flowers and plants, why, Isaac began to think such matters fitter the thoughts of children and foolish girls, than the attention of grown men, with the world before them. Even Mrs. Pugwash saw an alteration in her husband; and though to him she said nothing, she returned thanks to her own sagacity, that made him seek the conjurer.

"At length the night arrived when Lotus had promised to bring home the soul of Pugwash. He sent his wife to bed, and sat with his eyes upon the Dutch clock, anxiously awaiting the conjurer. Twelve o'clock struck, and at the same moment Father Lotus smote the door-post of Isaac Pugwash.

"Have you brought it?" asked Pugwash.

"Or wherefore should I come?" said Lotus. 'Quick: show a light to the till, that your soul may find itself at home.'

"The till!" cried Pugwash; 'what the devil should my soul do in the till?'

"Speak not irreverently," said the conjurer, 'but show a light.'

"May I live for ever in darkness if I do!" cried Pugwash.

"It is no matter," said the conjurer: and then he cried, 'Soul, to your earthly dwelling-place! Seek it—you know it.' Then turning to Pugwash, Lotus said, 'It is all right. Your soul's in the till.'

"How did it get there?" cried Pugwash in amazement.

"Through the slit in the counter," said the conjurer; and ere Pugwash could speak again, the conjurer had quitted the shop.

"For some minutes Pugwash felt himself afraid to stir. For the first time in his life he felt himself ill at ease, left as he was with no other company save his own soul. He at length took heart, and went behind the counter that he might see if his soul was really in the till. With trembling hand he drew the coffer, and there, to his amazement, squatted like a tailor, upon a crown-piece, did Pugwash behold his own soul, which cried out to him in notes no louder than a cricket's—'How are you? I am comfortable.' It was a strange yet pleasing sight to Pugwash, to behold what he felt to be his own soul embodied in a figure no bigger than the top joint of his thumb. There it was, a stark-naked thing with the precise features of Pugwash; albeit the complexion was of a yellower hue. 'The conjurer said it was green,' cried Pugwash; 'as I live, if that be my soul—and I begin to feel a strange, odd love for it—it is yellow as a guinea. Ha! ha! Pretty, precious, darling soul!' cried Pugwash, as the creature took up every piece of coin in the till, and rang it with such a look of rascally cunning, that sure I am Pugwash would in past times have hated the creature for the trick. But every day Pugwash became fonder and fonder of the creature in the till: it was to him such a counsellor, and such a blessing. Whenever the old flower-man came to the door, the soul of Pugwash from the till would bid him pack with his rubbish: if a poor woman—an old customer it might be—begged for the credit of a loaf, the Spirit of the Till, calling through the slit in the counter, would command Pugwash to deny her. More: Pugwash never again took a bad shilling. No sooner did he throw the pocket-piece down upon the counter, than the voice from the till would denounce its worthlessness. And the soul of Pugwash never quitted the till. There it lived, feeding upon the colour of money, and capering, and rubbing its small scoundrel hands in glee as the coin dropped—dropped in. In time, the soul of Pugwash grew too big for so small a habitation, and then Pugwash moved his soul into an iron box; and some time after, he sent his soul to his banker's—the thing had waxed so big and strong on gold and silver."

"And so," said we, "the man flourished, and the conjurer took no wages for all he did to the soul of Pugwash?"

"Hear the end," said the Hermit. "For

some time it was a growing pleasure to Pugwash to look at his soul, busy as it always was with the world-buying metals. At length he grew old, very old; and every day his soul grew uglier. Then he hated to look upon it; and then his soul would come to him, and grin its deformity at him. Pugwash died, almost rich as an Indian king; but he died, shrieking in his madness, to be saved from the terrors of his own soul."

"And such the end," we said; "such the Tragedy of the Till? A strange romance."

"Romance," said the Sage of Bellyfulle; "sir, 'tis a story true as life. For at this very moment how many thousands, blind and deaf to the sweet looks and voice of nature, live and die with their souls in a Till?"

THE TRAVELLER;

OR A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

[Oliver Goldsmith, born at Pallas, Leinster, Ireland, 10th November, 1728; died in London, 4th April, 1774. The pathetic and yet amusing narrative of his early years is well known; his wanderings at home and on the Continent, his misfortunes and final settlement in London, are familiar to most readers. Of his works there is only one opinion: his histories are full of errors in the statement of facts; but are models of English composition; his imaginative works—poems, comedies, and novels—are classics. Lately, *The Traveller*, like other important productions of his genius, we fear, has been more talked about than read, and therefore we reproduce it here. "*The Traveller*," wrote Sir S. Egerton Brydges, "is indeed a very finished and a very noble poem. The sentiments are always interesting, generally just, and often new; the imagery is elegant, picturesque, and occasionally sublime; the language is nervous, highly finished, and full of harmony."]

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger slants the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire:
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair:
Bless'd be those fenets with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;

Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care:
Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And placed on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.

Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour
crown'd:

Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains that dress the flowery vale!
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone raiser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows bless'd.

But, where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease.
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind:
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
And honour sinks, where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state, to one loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely bless'd.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date
When commerce proudly flourished through the state:
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form:
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,

But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteor's glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturesous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those hills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.

Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redress'd.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtue's o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcon's cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispersed on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch fault'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So bless'd a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Their are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here:
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land;
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,

And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming bless'd, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unbless'd,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm-connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-loved wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!
Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fabled Hydaspes glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!

Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
 With daring aims irregularly great;
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of human kind pass by;
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
 By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand,
 Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
 True to imagin'd right, above control,
 While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
 Too bless'd indeed were such without alloy,
 But foster'd even by freedom, ills annoy;
 That independence Britons prize too high,
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
 The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown:
 Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled.
 Ferments arise, imprisoned factions roar,
 Represt ambition struggles round her shore,
 Till overwrought, the general system feels
 Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
 As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
 Pictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
 Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
 And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
 Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
 The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
 Where kings have toiled, and poets wrote for fame,
 One sink of level avarice shall lie,
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonoured die.

Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
 I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
 Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
 And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel
 The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
 Thou transitory flower, alike undone
 By proud contempt or favour's fostering sun,
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
 I only would repress them to secure:
 For just experience tells, in every soil,
 That those who think must govern those that toil;
 And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
 Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.
 Hence, should one order disproportioned grow,
 Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
 Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
 Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
 Except when fast-approaching danger warms:
 But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
 Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
 When I behold a factious band agree
 To call it freedom when themselves are free;

Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
 Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
 The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
 Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
 Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
 Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
 Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
 I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, Brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
 When first ambition struck at regal power;
 And thus polluting honour in its source,
 Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
 Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
 Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
 Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
 Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste;
 Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
 Lead stern depopulation in her train,
 And over fields where scattered hamlets rose,
 In barren solitary pomp repose?
 Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
 The smiling long-frequented village fall?
 Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,
 The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
 Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
 To traverse climes beyond the western main;
 Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
 And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
 Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways,
 Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
 And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;
 There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
 And all around distressful yells arise,
 The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
 To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,¹
 Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
 And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
 That bliss which only centres in the mind:
 Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,
 To seek a good each government bestows?
 In every government, though terrors reign,
 Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
 How small, of all that human hearts endure,
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
 Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
 Our own felicity we make or find:
 With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
 The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
 Luke's iron crown,² and Damiens' bed of steel,
 To men remote from power but rarely known,
 Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

¹ This line is said in Croker's *Donnell* to have been written by Dr. Johnson, as were also the last ten lines of the poem, with the exception of the last couplet but one.

² Referring to the torture of a red-hot iron crown fixed round the head of a rebel in Hungary.

"HALF A LOAF IS BETTER THAN
NO BREAD."

In the ancient city of Dort, or Dordrecht, in South Holland, on the banks of a canal, dwelt, where his father and grandfather resided before him, Jan Dirk Peereboom. By trade he was a timber-merchant, and was the purchaser of large rafts which were brought down the Rhine for sale, and there broken up; and as there were many saw-mills in Dort, and ship-building forming a large branch of its industry, Jan Dirk Peereboom was a thriving man. He prided himself considerably in being an inhabitant of the same city which gave birth to Gerard Vessius and the brothers De Witt. But Jan Dirk Peereboom lacked somewhat of the usual Dutch prudence in his marriage, for instead of entering into the blessed state of wedlock with the daughter of a neighbouring merchant, where the interests of trade could have also been united, he made an alliance that much disturbed the consciences of his relatives, who were lineal descendants of those excellent and learned worthies who translated the Bible into the Dutch language, John Bogerman, William Baudart, and Gerson Bucer. The alliance into which Jan Dirk Peereboom entered was caused by the timber-merchant, when on a visit to Amsterdam, becoming fascinated with the charms of Madame Coralie Comifo, a principal *danseuse* of the theatre, and who was in high vogue at the period in the principal city of Holland.

She was a widow; and the cause of her becoming so had created considerable interest amongst the frequenters of the opera; for Monsieur Comifo, getting rich and corpulent on an extravagant salary, was representing Zephyr in a newly imported ballet from Paris, and in which he had to fly lightly through the air; this aerial feat was to be accomplished by the means of wires which were affixed to a sort of pair of stays which were laced round the body of the fat Zephyr, and by which he was to be guided in various directions across the stage. But Monsieur Comifo forgetting his weight, and only thinking of his consequence, insisted on performing this principal part. He got safely through the rehearsals, but alas! on the first night of the representation, as he was most gracefully floating through the scenic air, the wires suddenly snapped, and, piteous to relate, down came Zephyr with such force, that he effectually made his way plump through the stage of the Amsterdam theatre, which,

from the peculiar construction of that aquatic city, could not boast of the convenience of a *mezzanità* floor: so poor Monsieur Comifo unfortunately fell into the muddy water, on a level with the canals, and surrounded by the huge piles on which the edifice was erected. Before efficient aid could be obtained, for Dutch stage-carpenters are habitually slow, Zephyr was drowned. This proved a considerable damper to the performance of the evening; and some practical economists amongst the spectators, with a proper and exact feeling of commercial arrangement, went and demanded back the price of admission from the money-taker, as the manager of the theatre had made a breach of his contract. This being refused, the proceeding opened the door to several petty lawsuits, and the case being a novel one, and quite without precedent, the aforesaid *suits*, which at first were so small that they would barely fit anybody, became gradually enlarged, until they completely enveloped the persons of the fattest and wealthiest burgomasters.

We will not dwell on this painful subject, but skip over a six months' widowhood, when the still charming Madame Coralie was enabled again to skip over the stage with her customary grace and elasticity.

It was about this time that Jan Dirk Peereboom arrived in Amsterdam on business, and having partaken of a pleteous dinner, and indulged in exciting potations, resolved to finish his day's amusement by a visit to the theatre. But oh! when he saw the celebrated Coralie voluptuously dressed—he stared—he was breathless—he fell over head and ears in love with her.

The love of a Dutchman is not of so ardent a nature as his own Geneva; he usually takes it "cold without," but in the instance of Jan Dirk Peereboom it was like igniting a cask of spirits—he was all in a blaze; he endeavoured to smoke off his passion, but in vain; the more pipes he smoked, the more enamoured he grew, he neglected all his timber concerns.

"Adieu, for him.

The dull engagements of the bustling world!
Adieu the sick impertinence of praise!
And hope, and action! for with her alone,
By streams and shades, to steal these sighing hours.
Is all he asks, and all that Fate can give."

We have quoted the above lines from *Ache-inside* to give a proper notion of the condition of Jan Dirk Peereboom.

The friends at Dort could not divine what had come to him, or what detained him so long at Amsterdam. Jan Dirk now thought, that as he had observed that perseverance and

money can carry everything in the world before them, that he would try their effect. He accordingly obtained an introduction to Madame Coralie Comifo, where he made himself as agreeable as he could, but that was not very sprightly; by his looks and manner he soon discovered to the cunning Frenchwoman that he was her devoted slave. She acted her part to admiration, giving him no encouragement, but at the same time, apparently unconsciously, displaying in a hundred little ways the charms that had captivated him.

Jan Dirk could no longer endure to exist without the fair widow, so he abruptly told her the amount of his fortune, and that, if she refused to accept him for her mate, he would inevitably drown himself in the deepest and muddiest canal.

Now Coralie had a tender heart: she had already lost one lover by drowning (poor Zephyr!), and she took into consideration that the property of Jan Dirk Peereboom was a very comfortable thing to retire upon, that dancing nightly was a great exertion, and that dancing cannot last for ever, though Holbein has endeavoured to perpetuate it in his painted moral "The Dance of Death;" she therefore implored time to consider. Jan Dirk was delighted, for he knew enough of the world to be aware, that if a female demands "time to consider," she has already fully made up her mind. It soon came to preliminaries. At the expiration of six months, the conclusion of Madame Coralie Comifo's theatrical engagement, she was to quit the stage, to be married to Jan Dirk Peereboom according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, as she professed that creed, and was very particular; as well as being also united to him in the Presbyterian form, in which Jan Dirk had been brought up; that her own property was to remain in her possession, and that she was to have the unlimited power of spending it as she pleased. The love of Jan Dirk Peereboom also occasioned him to give way to a most tyrannical requisition, which was no less than that he was to leave off smoking his pipe, as the smell of tobacco was offensive to the olfactory nerves of the fair widow. Coralie made also some other stipulations, which savoured more of a cautious engagement with a playhouse director than an agreeable understanding with a good-natured husband; but these occurred from habit, the lady in her day having always been in turmoil with her managers. Amongst the articles specified, her favourite poodle *Mouton* (almost as big as a sheep) was, if she required it, to travel with them; and although she did not condescend to

give her private reasons for this measure, she had frequently found the great benefit of her large white, glossy, curled poodle being her *compagnon du voyage*. This will require a little explanation, but will simply solve itself thus. Madame Coralie, not being permanently attached to the Académie Royale at Paris, frequently visited the provincial theatres of France and the Continent generally. Now everybody who has travelled abroad is aware that there is not the same attention paid by landladies, and chambermaids, and garçons, to the airing of bed-sheets as is practised in England. Indeed, we have heard of the garçon sprinkling the bed-clothes with water in the interim between the departure of one nightly occupant and the arrival of another. Madame Coralie had undergone the usual result of this refreshing proceeding, and rheumatism was consequent; and as rheumatism is decidedly the worst disorder, and the most readily taken, that a public or private dancer can experience, she, with that ingenuity for which French women have always been admired, after dismissing the chambermaid or garçon, ordered Mouton to jump into the bed. The warm silken poodle was so thoroughly accustomed to this, that it became a matter of perfect habit, and if any damp was in the sheets or coverlets, Mouton extracted it unheeded and unhurt, rendering her beloved mistress perfectly safe from the ravages of cold or *sciatica*, and leaving a minor annoyance only, in the shape of that most active, industrious, and (as it has been proved in this enlightened age) intellectual animal, the *Pulex irritans*.

The six months glided away, and Jan Dirk Peereboom, after having been kept in the state of misery so delightful to a lover, at length was united to the object of his passion.

He had not dared to mention the matter to his grave friends at Dort. It could not be supposed that the descendants of the celebrated Synod, who were rigid Calvinists, would countenance a marriage with a French opera-dancer. Perfectly aware of this, Jan Dirk Peereboom, accompanied by Madame, went to Paris.

With infinite astonishment Peter Bogerman, auctioneer and agent at Dort, received directions from Jan Dirk Peereboom to dispose of his house, timber-wharf, stock in trade, ships, barges, &c. &c.

The announcement was the subject of conversation in Dort for one entire month. But when the sedate, plodding, and money-getting merchants ascertained that Jan Dirk had actually married Madame Coralie Comifo, there

was a general commotion of tobacco-puffs, turning up the whites of the eyes, hemming, and lamentations at his gross imprudence. The spinsters of Dort were utterly enraged.

Jan Dirk Peereboom, in the height of his honey-moon, made the reflection that he had married to please himself, not to gratify his friends. He therefore visited with his beloved Coralie all the places of public amusement, and partook of every gaiety that the fascinating city of Paris afforded.

We have in a former page hinted that Monsieur Zephyr Comifo had an extravagant salary for the performances of himself and wife, and this was rendered exceedingly necessary, as both Monsieur and Madame were very expensive in their *habits*, stage and otherwise.

Madame Coralie figured away three pairs of shoes nightly, and the fact is recorded to introduce a personage who will turn out to be of some importance towards the end of this narrative.

This individual was named Scheck Stalman, and at the period we are describing he was in thriving circumstances at Amsterdam as a ladies' shoe-maker; he was manufacturer to Madame Coralie Comifo.

When Jan Dirk Peereboom first paid his addresses to the enchanting Coralie, she was struck by the resemblance in features between her lover and her *cordonnier*.

Scheck Stalman had an excellent customer in Madame Coralie; and though he was occasionally obliged to give her considerable credit, yet, when she did pay, she paid most liberally. He was also in the habit of discounting the notes of hand of Monsieur Comifo, at a large rate per cent., which the improvidence of the dancer rendered necessary; Stalman was therefore a very useful person to Madame, and knew exactly the length of her foot.

But Scheck Stalman in heart was a great rogue, he prospered for a time; but when a Dutchman is a rogue, perhaps from their extreme punctuality in business, and exactness in keeping accounts, the rogue cannot escape detection so long as in other countries. And about the period of our tale some new fiscal arrangements with the French government introduced without a duty the manufactures in which Scheck Stalman excelled, and his trade declined at the moment that he had made some unlucky and over-reaching bill-discounting speculations. All his attempts to reinstate himself proving ineffectual, he in despair committed a forgery, for which, when convicted, he was condemned to a singular punishment, we believe peculiar to Holland, and which has

a refinement of cruelty to recommend it that could only have entered the imagination of a Dutch or a China man.

Scheck Stalman was condemned to seven years' imprisonment, and to live without salt to his food.

The consequence of this sentence to the unhappy beings who have the misfortune to fall under it is that they become dreadfully infested with worms.

Some, whose obstinate spirits could never be subdued, used in bravado and ridicule to call this punishment the *Diet of Worms*.

As we cannot help Scheck Stalman in his predicament, however large the bump of benevolence may be on our cranium, there he must remain, and return we to Jan Dirk Peereboom and his bride.

The Dort auctioneer, Peter Bogerman, after writing several letters of remonstrance to Jan Dirk, but without any avail, proceeded slowly, but surely, to sell the effects to the very best advantage; but the worthy agent, and nearly all the town of Dort, were sore on account of Jan Dirk Peereboom's marriage; for his family had been mixed up with an extraordinary event, well recorded in the province. This event has been variously related; and at the period it occurred it created so great a sensation, that the money coined at the mint of the city (pieces of which are to be seen to this day), dollars, stivers, and doights, bore the impress of a milkmaid milking a cow.

Well, what was the occasion of this? Why, the Spaniards, under the cruel Duke of Alva, undertook suddenly to surprise the town of Dort. They made forced marches in the night, and arriving within five miles of the city, 3500 soldiers were placed in ambush, to wait for an opportunity to attack.

In the neighbourhood of Dort resided a farmer, by name Booser; his riches consisted of a large number of cows, from which he supplied the town with milk and butter. When his dairymaids went to their avocations in the morning at a very early hour, one buxom lass, Elizabeth Peereboom, espied some soldiers in strange uniforms lying on the ground behind the hedges. With great presence of mind she insisted on her companions milking the cows as usual, and singing merrily; when they had completed their task, they returned unmolested with their pails to the farm. Elizabeth Peereboom now went to Booser, and related what she had seen. He was sorely alarmed, but took her with him on a horse to Dort, where he aroused one of the burgomasters, who lost no time in sending for the aid of a force

from Rotterdam. The government then commanded the sluices to be opened, which speedily laid under water the ground on which the Spaniards were in ambush, and a great number of them were drowned. The timely information and presence of mind of Elizabeth Peereboom thus saved the city, and she was afterwards munificently rewarded with a handsome annuity, not only on her own life, but to her heirs for ever.

We have made this digression, because Jan Dirk Peereboom, being a descendant of the noble-spirited milkmaid, was in the present receipt of this same annuity, which made him care the less about giving up his timber trade.

All for a time went on gaily with the new-married couple, but at length the husband began to discover that he was dragged too often to the theatres in the evenings, and he grew sick of the eternal *pirouetting* of the various *corps de ballet*, particularly as Madame criticized every dancer with much severity, though she insisted on seeing them perform. The mornings of Jan Dirk Peereboom began now to wear heavily for the want of his counting-house and timber-yard. He had relinquished his accustomed employ.

"A want of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed'd."

His circulation of blood became sluggish, his spirits sunk, he grew pettish and fretful; he brooded over every little vexation or inconvenience; he not only increased his real, but conjured up imaginary evils, and got no sympathy with any one in either; his original and grand resource in his bachelorship, under any calamity, was a pipe of tobacco; and of this, under his marriage articles, he was deprived.

Jan Dirk Peereboom certainly preferred the smell of his late pipe to all the fragrant and subtle Parisian perfumes in which his wife delighted.

Jan Dirk thought he would endeavour to pave the way to resume, with Madame's permission, his favourite recreation, so he turned over in his mind as to how he should introduce the subject of tobacco; and as they were sitting together, he suddenly said,—

"Did I ever tell you a curious thing that happened to a nephew of mine, of my own name, whom I sent out as a supercargo to Batavia, from whence he was to proceed with a freight to Japan?"

"Never, my dear," replied Madame Coralie Peereboom, yawning.

"Then I will," continued Jan Dirk, "for I think it will amuse you."

"Don't let it be a very long story, *mon ami*," again yawned the lady.

This was a discouraging commencement, but Jan was a Hollander, and possessed perseverance; if he was flung in a ditch, he could raise an embankment.

"If I tire you, Coralie, with my relation," said he, "you can but stop me."

"What relation was he?" asked Madame.

"My nephew, Jinks Peereboom," continued Jan, "a staid demure clerk, who had been brought up with a proper respect for his superiors, and with a knowledge of what is due from man to man in any part of the globe; and under his immediate charge was placed a valuable commodity already imported from our other settlements, a ton of tobacco."

"Ah, *mon Dieu*!" exclaimed Coralie, "don't mention that filthy drug, which would poison our apartments, and tincture, with its odious smell, our linen,—nay, our food; and, moreover, our poor poodle Mouton cannot endure it; it positively makes his dear eyes water."

Jan Dirk perceived that he had not made much progress: he however persevered.

"Well, Jinks Peereboom——"

"Who did you say he was?" inquired Madame, languidly.

"My nephew. Well, the youth conducted himself with credit, arrived at Samarang——"

"Where is that, dear? in Africa?" asked Coralie.

"No, my love, Asia."

"And where is Asia?" said Coralie, with a prodigious yawn; "somewhere in America, I suppose?"

The imperturbable Dutchman was aroused to a smile by this remark; but he felt somewhat of a superiority, for the first time, that he exceeded his wife in geographical knowledge. He did not think it worth while to discompose her good opinion of herself by any remark on her profound ignorance, but continued his narrative.

"When Jinks Peereboom discharged his cargo at Batavia, the ship was newly freighted with Dutch goods and the tobacco for Japan——"

"Why do you lay that stress on tobacco, my dear?" said Coralie.

"Because," replied Jan Dirk, "I consider it to be the most cordial, cheering, and valuable vegetable production supplied by nature. I am sure it saved Jinks Peereboom's life. I have said the lad was well brought up, and he had been informed that the Japanese were a very polished, polite, and ceremonious people, and when his ship arrived at the island of

Desima, on which is situated the Dutch factory, Jinks perceived certain of the inhabitants waiting to receive him, two of whom, in long flowing gowns, held white wands in their hands. As Jinks Peereboom was fond of respect, he took it as a very great compliment that two chamberlains, or gentlemen-ushers, should have been appointed to superintend his disembarkation.

"As he landed, these two Japanese chamberlains saluted him very respectfully, but Jinks was rather surprised, on casually turning round, to observe that one of them had placed his white wand against his back from the ground, as if taking his altitude; however, he said nothing until they arrived at the Dutch governor's dwelling. The governor was a rough Hollander, who hated anything like ceremony; and when, after dinner, Jinks was expressing his extreme satisfaction at the marks of respect with which he had been received on his landing by the chamberlains with their wands of office, the Dutch governor, albeit not a laughing man, roared outright in Jinks' face.

"Ha! ha! ha! chamberlains, indeed! Bless your simplicity, young man! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Jinks could not comprehend the governor, who soon explained,—

"Are you not aware—ha! ha! ha!—that this part of the world is most unhealthy in climate for Europeans?—not one constitution in ten can resist it. The Japanese always have an eye to business; those chamberlains, as you call them,—ha! ha! ha!—are the undertakers here, and they took the earliest opportunity on your arrival to measure you for your coffin! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Jinks Peereboom was aghast, but became somewhat relieved by the governor asking him if he had brought plenty of tobacco. Jinks replied in the affirmative.

"Then," said the governor, "your only chance is to smoke morning, noon, and night, as I do."

"The filthy wretches!" exclaimed Coralie; in fact, the lady was as much exasperated against the Indian weed as James the First and sapient, of "Counter-blast" memory.

Jan Dirk Peereboom now positively pined in the absence of his pipe. He was a man of his word, and he had promised to abandon the luxury in his wife's presence. He had held out now some months, but he could no longer resist. One day a party was made up, consisting of several *artistes* of the Grand Opera, to go to St. Cloud, on a sort of pic-nic recreation, and Mynheer and Madame Peereboom were included in the invitation. Jan Dirk, who for

some time past had been nauseated with the society of dancers, made up his mind to be taken ill on the morning of the event, not so very bad as to prevent his dear Coralie from joining her friends, but sufficiently indisposed to afford an excuse for staying away. He, however, had very little difficulty in persuading his wife to go and enjoy the day in the fresh air with her light-hearted companions. But directly the carriages, with their gay occupants and eatable and drinkable contents, had rattled away from the door, the Dutchman, with a feeling of satisfaction to which he had been a stranger for some time past, involuntarily exclaimed,—

"Now I will go and make a day of it!"

He had promised not to smoke at home, but that was no reason why he might not take a whiff of tobacco abroad; so he repaired to the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal, where he was not long in scenting out the *Estaminet d'Hollande*, which he briskly entered, and was speedily furnished with the objects of his desire—tobacco and an Amsterdam gazette. The room was so full of smoke, reeking from the lips and the bowls of the pipes of the *habitués*, that he could scarcely discern a feature in the company; but each frequenter was enjoying himself, and not caring a straw for any one else.

Here Jan Dirk Peereboom filled his pipe again and again without intermission, until he had whiffed off three dozen replenishments, with a liquid accompaniment of veritable Schiedam, by way of atonement for the time he had lost since his wedding-day. He resumed his accustomed placidity, and glanced, as well as the clouds of smoke permitted, at the Amsterdam gazette, when his eye caught an *advertentie*:—

"Jinks Peereboom begs leave to acquaint his friends and the public that he has commenced the business of general broker at Dort on his own account, and trusts that his long experience in the house of Messrs. Clarenbach and Voute, as well as in the service of his uncle Jan Dirk Peereboom, will enable him to do justice to those friends who may be pleased to favour him with their commands.

"His office is established at No. 14 west side of the Great Canal Street, where all orders will meet with immediate attention."

Jan Dirk sighed as he read the modest advertisement of his nephew, and inwardly wished that he himself had put forth such an announcement to the public. Another newspaper, the *Amsterdam Courant*, was lying on a table, around which sat three Dutch merchants, smoking at each other like rival steam-boats. In this paper was a fac-simile of young Jinks'

advertisement. Jan Dirk's back was toward this party, but he had the infinite mortification to listen to a dialogue broken all to bits by pipe-puffs, to the following effect:—

1st Smoker.—“I see by this paper that Peereboom the younger is commencing business.” (*Puff, puff.*)

2d Smoker.—“What a confounded ass his uncle Jan Dirk made of himself by marrying that French dancer! Three years hence, he will not have a stiver to bless himself with.” (*A huge puff.*)

3d Smoker.—“Oh! fool as Jan Dirk has been, he knows how to take care of his money!” (*Puff.*)

2d Smoker.—“Then he goes the right way about it, for this very morning I saw his wife with a gay party of people in three carriages, apparently going out of town for a *fête* for the day.”

1st Smoker.—“That is not done for nothing.” (*Puff's.*)

2d Smoker.—“His credit is gone at Dort, although he must still be rich, besides being the holder of the milkmaid's annuity; and, I warrant me, he will soon melt down his guilders in the bank of Amsterdam.”

These remarks made Jan Dirk Peereboom feel very uncomfortable, and he was reluctant to discover himself, after having been stigmatized as an ass and fool, without resenting it; he in his own defence puffed up such a cloud of smoke that he became invisible; for, indeed, now he began to think that he had done rather a weak thing.

After the Dutch merchants had quitted the *estaminet*, Jan Dirk ventured to go home, where, subsequent to some uneasy reflections, he reclined himself at full length on a sofa, and went fast asleep. When Madame Coralie Peereboom returned from her country excursion, having inhaled during the whole day the pure air of St. Cloud, her senses were mightily annoyed by the strong odour of odious tobacco (and the French tobacco being a government monopoly, it is notoriously the worst on the face of the globe).

“*O mon Dieu!*” she exclaimed as she entered, “these fumes will annihilate me! What has happened during my absence?”

And then she discovered Jan Dirk snoring heavily. She shook him up briskly, but he was not at all inclined to stir; and under the influence of the smoking, the Schiedam, and his wounded feelings, as well as the peculiar irritability which most persons have felt at certain periods at being waked from a nap, he, for the first time since his marriage, exhibited

his real Dutch temper. The air and temperature of the climate of Holland has, as a matter of course, an effect on the national character, and incline to produce phlegmatic disposition both of body and mind. And yet a Dutchman is irascible, especially if heated with liquor. Therefore, when Coralie, shaking his arm, in a shrill tone of voice demanded where he had been, he replied,—

“What is that to you?”

“Jan Dirk, what have you been about?”

Mynheer Peereboom answered with a hiccup,—

“Why do you expect I should tell you when I don't know myself?”

“Indeed, sir!” said Coralie impatiently, “I see no reason why I should not ask you.”

“If women were to always have their wills,” grunted Jan Dirk, “the world would be rarely governed!”

“How, what is all this?” exclaimed Madame, in a tone of utter surprise, “did you not marry me for love?”

“Yes, and you married me for money; so you have your reward, and I have mine!”

“What is it that now offends you?” asked Coralie, a little subdued.

Jan Dirk answered gloomily, “Two clergymen!”

“What, in the name of Heaven, have they done to you?” inquired Madame.

“They married me!” groaned Dirk, “fettered me in both churches—Catholic and Protestant;—I find that I have been a great fool!”

“I am glad to observe that you have some discernment,” tartly replied Coralie; and she indignantly left the room, told her *fille de chambre* that Monsieur had unaccountably come home in a state of intoxication, and that she intended to lock herself in her chamber, and to see him no more that night.

Jan Dirk stretched himself on the sofa, and presently fell into a profound slumber.

Here was the first open matrimonial dispute.

Coralie could scarce believe what she heard, for, with a considerable portion of French vanity, she imagined that her husband was devoted in his affection for her, though she was aware that she had never loved him.

The obstinate nature of Jan Dirk Peereboom would not permit him to make any concession in the morning, although the facile French woman gave every opportunity; so that the slight wound, which might have been healed by the soothing bandage of common sense and good temper, gradually grew more and more inflamed, until it created a constant petulance in the wife and moody brutality in the husband.

And in this miserable way did they pass eight years, occasionally travelling from place to place, occasionally residing in Paris. Coralie, to dissipate thought, dissipated her own money, over which Jan Dirk had no control, while Mynheer Peereboom, whenever he could find an opportunity, steeped his cares in Schiedam, cognac, and tobacco.

This ill-paired couple were now, for the first time in their lives, in the agreeable city of Aix-la-Chapelle, with a view of the benefit that Jan Dirk Peereboom might derive from the mineral waters; for, from his inebriated habits, his health had commenced visibly to decline: he was about fifteen years older than Coralie. But all the bathing in the emperor's spring, and all the drinking the sulphureous waters of a temperature of about 143° Fahrenheit, proved of no avail to Jan Dirk.

One day as the man and wife were being driven in a carriage east of Aix-la-Chapelle, to the neighbouring little town of Burtschied, Coralie, looking out of the window, beheld a face she well remembered, although she had not seen its owner for years.

The said owner was standing at the door of a mean-looking shop, overhung with one antiquely built story. The wares in the window, though few, did not accord with the appearance of the warehouse, being of superior form and workmanship. Madame Coralie recognized Scheek Stalman; but oh, how altered in appearance! instead of the bustling, well-fed, rich, supercilious *cordonnier*, who once had all the better part of the ladies of Amsterdam on his books, peered from the portal, as if almost ashamed to breathe fresh air (probably because he had been of late years unaccustomed to it), the prison-discharged criminal, who had been sentenced to *live on food without salt*, with a pale cadaverous countenance furrowed with the traces of care and suffering. Madame Peereboom could not resist remarking that the indisposition that had reduced her husband still rendered their features as much alike as when he and Stalman were both in robust health. She took an after opportunity to drive over alone to Burtschied, when she entered the little shop, and, to the surprise of Stalman, introduced herself, and gave him an order to supply her with her *chaussure*. He expressed himself in terms of gratitude at this unexpected visit and employ. From old associations, Madame Coralie Peereboom did Stalman, in his reduced circumstances, other charitable kindnesses.

Jan Dirk Peereboom decayed gradually, and, being of a superstitious turn of mind, added

to his ailments of body, he beckoned Coralie to his bedside, and, in great confidence, communicated to her that he had heard, during the preceding night, continually the death-watch clicking. The study of entomology at this period being very little attended to, the terror that this noise inflicted upon hypochondriac persons frequently caused the event imagined to be prognosticated. Madame Peereboom could not instil any sort of confidence into her husband by laughing at the affair; and he lay restless and oppressed, listening to the heart-sickening tick of a small beetle, that was, in its own mode of merriment, giving an affectionate call to its female companion.

A few days more passed, and Jan Dirk rapidly declined. He then told Coralie that he had not made any will!

The physician of Aix-la-Chapelle who attended was a perfect stranger to them, and as he had to visit a vast number of equally perfect strangers who resorted to Aix-la-Chapelle when it was too late to render them the slightest professional service, he was quite contented to receive his fees, without being very particular as to further intimacy or any inquiries into affairs.

Madame Peereboom became exceedingly anxious when she heard that Jan Dirk was likely to die intestate; she was aware that she never would have any claim to the "Milkmaid's Annuity," as that must, by the original grant, descend to the next male akin bearing the name of Peereboom; but still, with Jan Dirk's saving habits latterly, there must be a considerable sum in the bank of Amsterdam. Coralie had no one to advise with her—she was at a distance even from her dancing friends, and while she was reflecting as to how she should act, the Angel of Death suddenly arrested the body and soul of her husband.

After the first shock was over, she resumed her presence of mind. She felt she was utterly ruined to all intents and purposes, as no will had been made in her favour; she racked her theatrical brains, which, by the way, had often assisted the stage inventions of her former husband, to devise a scheme by which she might secure to herself the property of her second. At length she hit upon a notion which she imagined would prove infallible.

Coralie was a woman of adventurous character, and had to contend with difficulty from early youth. The first thing she did was to refrain from giving any alarm in the ready-furnished house in which they resided; it was evening, and she securely locked up the bed-chamber door, wherein poor Jan Dirk Peereboom

lay. The next step was to wrap herself up in a large silk mantle, secretly to make her way through the garden-door unobserved, even by a servant, and to walk hastily to the little town of Burtscchied, where she suddenly rapped at the door of the humble shop of Scheck Stalman. He was utterly surprised at beholding Madame Coralie, and thought that she had come to rebuke him because he had not finished her blue silk shoes; and yet it was a strange time of night for her to come alone. Coralie then thus addressed Stalman:—

"You are under some obligations to me?"

"Greater than I can ever possibly repay," answered the *cordonnier*.

"You must immediately come with me to Aix-la-Chapelle, and without asking any questions," said Madame.

"I am ready," replied Stalman, promptly.

And they quitted the house together, and walked on in the dark; during which Coralie told Stalman what had occurred to her husband, that he had died without a will, remarked on the extraordinary resemblance existing between the two persons, and then, rogue as she certainly was, proposed that Stalman should go to bed in the house, personate Jan Dirk Peereboom, and dictate a will in her favour, and that she would so amply reward him, that he would be provided for during the remainder of his existence.

There was a plausible reason for supposing that this expedient would succeed, as they were all strangers in the city of Aix-la-Chapelle.

The great difficulty to be overcome was to introduce Stalman into the house unseen. Coralie unlocked the garden-gate, and told him to remain concealed in a summer-house until she came to fetch him.

She then went in-doors, and going to the room where she had left her *fille de chambre* at work, said to her suddenly,—

"How has your master been during my absence?"

"VERY QUIET INDEED," said the unconscious girl, who had oftentimes been disturbed by the effects of Jan Dirk's drunkenness.

"I do not like that quiet," remarked Coralie, "it bodes no good; go you, my good girl, for the doctor, you know where he lives, and tell him I wish to speak to him immediately."

The chamber-maid obeyed her mistress. Madame then sent her other servant, who officiated as her cook, to the poulterer's, to buy the smallest and tenderest chicken she could find, to make some broth.

Having despatched them both on these errands, she admitted Stalman at the garden-

door, made him ascend to a spare bed-room, where he got into bed, and, attired in a night-gown and cap of Jan Dirk Peereboom's, his own worm-eaten frame made him exactly to resemble a man in the last stage of life. There were plenty of empty physic-bottles to place about the room.

The cook returned first home, and began busily to prepare the chicken-broth for her poor master; she even shed some honest tears into the stew-pan, by way of salting it mildly.

Then arrived the *fille de chambre* with the physician, and this was the moment that required all the dexterous art of Coralie as an actress.

She told the doctor that her husband had aroused, and was so far better that she had been induced to remove him to a fresh bed, and was now in a mild slumber, from which she should not like to hazard awaking him, apologized for bringing him out, but handed him his fee, and at the same moment, after sending the *fille de chambre* out of the room, she in a confidential tone acquainted the physician with that which he before knew, that they were strangers in the city, and that she would be eternally under obligation to him, as her husband had neglected the extremely necessary obligation of every man who had anything to bequeath,—in fact, he had not made his will; if he (the physician) would be good enough to recommend to her an honest attorney.

The physician immediately stated that he had a brother, a most respectable person, who followed the law;—and if he had stated that he had also a cousin that was an undertaker, he would not have spoken falsely. They were a profitable sort of family circle amongst themselves, as far as turmoils, tumours, wills, medicine, and coffins went.

The physician took his departure, promising to send his brother the lawyer, but ventured to entertain sanguine hopes that the patient might recover, although at the moment he felt perfectly confident that there was a job for his cousin the undertaker.

Madame Peereboom was thus far completely successful, but she continued in a state of considerable anxiety until the attorney arrived, attended by two clerks as witnesses; she took them up to the chamber where Stalman was in bed, entreating them to go very gently that her poor husband might not be disturbed; the attorney and the two clerks, led by Coralie, entered the room on tiptoe.

"He is awake," said Madame; and addressing Stalman, who, from the effect of the Diet of Worms, certainly looked the character he re-

presented to the life, or rather, we should say, to the death—raised his head from the pillow, and rolled his eyes so horribly, that the very clerks were alarmed; he spoke, with apparent difficulty, "Who are these people?"

Coralie replied, "My dear, did not you express a wish that I should send for a professional gentleman, to receive directions about your property?"

Stalman sighed, "Ah! we know not how soon calamity may fall on us in this world. I shall not be long in it."

The attorney here interposed in a bland tone of voice, saying, "Put reliance in Heaven, sir; never give up hope. I am certain you will recover. I see it in your face."

The two clerks winked at each other; and the attorney, notwithstanding that which he had just uttered, lost no time in preparing the necessary document.

"And now, my poor sufferer," said Madame Coralie Peereboom, "to whom will you bequeath your property?"

The attorney had commenced writing the customary preamble, when Scheck Stalman, having been lifted up by his supposed wife—looked as if every instant he was going to give up the ghost; he then uttered distinctly, but in a faint voice, "To you, my beloved Coralie, I bequeath half of my estate."

"Half?" said Coralie, faintly.

"Half," repeated Stalman. "The other half of my estate," continued the impostor, "I hereby bequeath to Scheck Stalman, shoemaker of Burtshied, and formerly of Amsterdam."

The widow was thunderstruck at being so entrapped, any one might have knocked her down with a straw, the reply was so different from that which she expected; but in the cleft stick in which she had placed herself she did not dare to negative the will of Stalman, for fear of losing the whole of the property; while the cunning old rogue in bed was laughing in his sleeve at the thought of dividing with her the fruits of a project which Madame Peereboom had intended for her own sole benefit (a small annuity excepted for the shoemaker.)

There was now no alternative left for her; but it was with great bitterness and mortification that, falling into her own trap, she saw Stalman (his hand shaking very much, and the pen almost guided by the attorney) sign J. D. Peereboom to the will, which was duly attested by the two clerks. The testament was taken away to be registered, and affidavits were made by the clerks, before the proper legal authorities, that the testator at the period of

signing it was so dreadfully ill that the signature was hardly to be recognized as the handwriting (when compared with the real sign-manual of Jan Dirk) of the husband of Madame Coralie Peereboom.

The moment the attorney and clerks were gone, Madame flew at Stalman, and overloaded him with reproaches for his roguery and ingratitude; and as she was rating him vehemently, he very calmly advised her to hold her tongue, or her servants would overhear her, and then every stiver would be lost, that the best thing for her to consider was how to get him, unobserved, out of the house again; and then to send for the undertaker to prepare the funeral of her real husband. At last he talked so sensibly to her, getting louder and louder in his tone every minute, that Coralie Peereboom was compelled to own the truth of the proverb which we have thus displayed, that

"HALF A LOAF IS BETTER THAN NO BREAD."
—*Fraser's Magazine.*

GILLE MACHREE.

*Gille machree,*¹

Sit down by me,

We now are joined, and ne'er shall sever;

This hearth's our own,

Our hearts are one,

And peace is ours for ever!

When I was poor,

Your father's door

Was closed against your constant lover;

With care and pain

I tried in vain

My fortunes to recover.

I said, "To other lands I'll roam,

Where Fate may smile on me, love;"

I said, "Farewell, my own old home!"

And I said, "Farewell to thee, love!"

Sing *Gille machree*, &c.

I might have said,

My mountain maid,

Come live with me, your own true lover;

I know a spot,

A silent cot,

Your friends can ne'er discover,

Where gently flows the waveless tide

By one small garden only;

Where the heron waves his wings so wide,

And the linnet sings so lonely!

Sing *Gille machree*, &c.

¹ Brightener of my heart.

I might have said,
My mountain maid,
A father's right was never given
True hearts to curse
With tyrant force
That have been blest in heaven.
But then, I said, "In after years,
When thoughts of home shall find her,
My love may mourn with secret tears
Her friends, thus left behind her."
Sing *Gille machree*, &c.

Oh, no, I said,
My own dear maid,
For me, though all forlorn for ever,
That heart of thine
Shall ne'er repine
O'er slighted duty—never.
From home and thee though wandering far,
A dreary fate be mine, love;
I'd rather live in endless war,
Than buy my peace with thine, love.
Sing *Gille machree*, &c.

Far, far away,
By night and day,
I toiled to win a golden treasure,
And golden gains
Repaid my pains
In fair and shining measure.
I sought again my native land,
Thy father welcomed me, love;
I poured my gold into his hand,
And my guerdon found in thee, love.
Sing *Gille machree*,
Sit down by me,
We now are joined, and ne'er shall sever;
This hearth's our own,
Our hearts are one,
And peace is ours for ever.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

DARA.¹

When Persia's sceptre trembled in a hand
Wilted with harem-heats, and all the land
Was hovered over by those vulture ills
That snuff decaying empire from afar,
Then, with a nature balanced as a star,
Dara arose a shepherd of the hills.

He who had governed fleecy subjects well
Made his own village by the self-same spell
Secure and quiet as a guarded fold;
Then, gathering strength by slow and wise degrees,
Under his sway, to neighbour villages
Order returned, and faith, and justice old.

Now when it fortune'd that a king more wise
Endued the realm with brain and hands and eyes,
He sought on every side men brave and just;
And having heard our mountain shepherd's praise,
How he refilled the mould of elder days,
To Dara gave a satrapy in trust.

So Dara shepherded a province wide,
Nor in his viceroy's sceptre took more pride
Than in his crook before; but envy finds
More food in cities than on mountains bare;
And the frank sun of natures clear and rare
Breeds poisonous fogs in low and marish minds.

Soon it was hissed into the royal ear,
That, though wise Dara's province, year by year,
Like a great sponge, sucked wealth and plenty up,
Yet, when he squeezed it at the king's behest,
Some yellow drops, more rich than all the rest,
Went to the filling of his private cup.

For proof, they said, that, wheresoe'er he went,
A chest, beneath whose weight the camel bent,
Went with him; and no mortal eye had seen
What was therein, save only Dara's own;
But, when 'twas opened, all his tent was known
To glow and light with heaped jewels' sheen.

The king set forth for Dara's province straight;
There, as was fit, outside the city's gate,
The viceroy met him with a stately train,
And there, with archers circled, close at hand,
A camel with the chest was seen to stand:
The king's brow reddened, for the guilt was plain.

"Open me here," he cried, "this treasure-chest!"
'Twas done; and only a worn shepherd's vest
Was found therein. Some blushed and hung the
head;

Not Dara; open as the sky's blue roof
He stood, and "O my lord, behold the proof
That I was faithful to my trust," he said.

"To govern men, lo all the spell I had!
My soul in these rude vestments ever clad
Still to the unstained past kept true and leal,
Still on these plains could breathe her mountain
air,
And fortune's heaviest gifts serenely bear,
Which bend men from their truth and make
them reel.

"For ruling wisely I should have small skill,
Were I not lord of simple Dara still;
That sceptre kept, I could not lose my way."
Strange dew in royal eyes grew round and bright,
And strained the throbbing lids;—before 'twas
night

Two added provinces blest Dara's sway.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

¹ From *Under the Willows and Other Poems*; by James Russell Lowell. London: Macmillan & Co.

WHY LADY HORN'BURY'S BALL WAS POSTPONED.¹

[Henry Kingsley, born 1830; died at Cuckfield, Sussex, 24th May, 1876. He was a novelist and journalist of remarkable power. Upon leaving Oxford, in 1853, he proceeded to Australia, where he spent five years. Shortly after his return to England he became for some time editor of the *Edinburgh Daily Review*. For that journal he acted as war correspondent during eight weeks of the Franco-Prussian war; and, after the famous battle of Sedan, was the first Englishman who entered the town. His chief works are: *The Recollections of Geoffrey Hamlyn*; *Ravenshoe*; *The Hillyars and the Burtens*; *Austin Elliot*; *Mademoiselle Mathilde*; *Stretton*; *Hetty*; *Old Margaret*; *Leighton Court*; *Silcote of Silcotes*; *The Lost Child*; *Oakshott Castle*; *Hornby Mills*; and *The Grange Garden* (his last novel). *The Recollections of Geoffrey Hamlyn* is generally regarded as his most successful book; but there is good workmanship in all he wrote.]

COURT JOURNAL, April 12th.—“Lady Hornbury's ball on May 2d is unavoidably postponed.”

“What is the matter?” said all the world and his wife. On this occasion the world and his wife were very easily satisfied; Sir John must have had another stroke, and Lady Hornbury would soon be the most beautiful widow in England of her age, while her daughter Edith would be one of the greatest heiresses. The male line was notoriously extinct. Sir John was a shrewd man of business, a little apt to be near, and the very last man in the world to enrich unnecessarily a successor to his house in the shape of a new husband for Lady Hornbury. The world and his wife were easily satisfied; one of the pleasantest houses in London would be closed that season, and of course Lady Hornbury could not go out in the present state of her husband's health. So said the world that week; but the world was astonished out of all propriety when it went into the Park next day to find Sir John—faultlessly dressed and as upright as if paralysis and he had never made acquaintance—riding his celebrated bay, with his faultlessly appointed groom quite a long way behind him, by no means close to him, as he used to ride when Sir John was likely to have a seizure. The world, in short, was utterly puzzled; the more so when he answered that Lady Hornbury was perfectly well, but had been called suddenly from town on business, and would probably not appear for a considerable time. Sir John was a man who generally did his own

business as well as his wife's, and it seemed very strange that he should be riding about so coolly in the Park, and Lady Hornbury gone away on business. Mystery was added to mystery when Hunter, of the Dragoons, came on the scene and reported himself returning from the camp at Chalons, where he had been professionally examining the French cavalry: he said that he had met Lady Hornbury at the station at Calais, just getting into the Paris train. Here was a great mystery; Edith Hornbury was at school in Paris, and was to come out at the great ball now postponed. What on earth was the matter?

Sir John and Lady Hornbury were, deservedly, nearly the most popular people in London; they were wealthy, clever, kindly, and good-humoured. He was much older than she, but she was absolutely devoted to him, and never left him for an instant in his very numerous illnesses, one of which had resulted in a very dangerous attack of paralysis. There was perfect confidence between them, although Sir John had hitherto left all matters relating to his daughter to the care of his wife, only asking from time to time how the girl was getting on. She was all that could be desired; discreet, beautiful, accomplished, and perfectly obedient in everything, a most model young lady in every respect: early in her life she had shown a will of her own, but it seemed to have been perfectly subdued by her parents' kindness and indulgence. An event which had taken place a year before this had shown her submission in the most remarkable way. She had been staying at a country house, her old Aunt Hornbury's, where there was a large general society, and a style of living under the careless, good-humoured old maid most conducive to mild flirtation, or, what the old lady called it, “the young people being happy together.” The old lady, however, drew a pretty sharp line in these matters, and thinking that Edith's attention was a little too much engaged by a very handsome young fellow, a Mr. Holmsdale, wrote to her mother quietly, and Edith went very submissively home. Her mother never mentioned the matter to her, and all was perfectly secret, until, some months after, the maid who had been with her at her aunt's tremblingly told her that Miss Edith was corresponding with this Mr. Holmsdale, and handed her a letter, of which the following were the contents:—

“Sir—Once more I request you to cease this utter folly. I have unfortunately once told you that you are not indifferent to me, and for that one expression in a moment of

¹ From *Hornby Mills and Other Stories*, by Henry Kingsley.

weakness I am to be persecuted to death. You must take your final answer, and further letters from you, sir, will be instantly laid before my father."

"I think that our girl has behaved very well indeed," said Sir John, when his wife showed him the letter. "Deuced well. I wish my sister would keep her house in better order. The girl shan't go *there* again. I think we are very well out of it; give me the letter."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Send it to him addressed in my handwriting, with my name signed in the corner. I shall send it under cover to my sister; her butler knows his address. Who is this Holmsdale?"

"I don't know; the villain!" exclaimed Lady Hornbury.

"We don't know that he is a villain, my dear," said Sir John; "he must be a gentleman, or my sister would never have had him to her house."

"A clandestine correspondence!" said Lady Hornbury, bridling.

"My dear, did we have no clandestine correspondence when I was a younger brother, and a dragoon, with five hundred a year, and you a fine lady, with Lord Bumpster at your heels everywhere? Did not you tell me once that if your mother pressed on the match with him that you would run away with me on five hundred a year and your own fortune, and trust to my poor brother Tom to get us something? And you would have done it, my lady, come."

"I was very young and foolish," said Lady Hornbury.

"Well, and Edith is young and wise," said Sir John, kissing her. "Now the first thing to do is to turn that maid of Edith's out of the house."

"Why, we owe her much," said Lady Hornbury.

"I tell you that no right-thinking young woman would have betrayed a kind and gentle young mistress like Edith in a love affair," said the atrocious dragoon, Sir John. "What would you have said to your own maid in old times if she had done it to you?"

The *argumentum ad hominem* was a little too much for honest Lady Hornbury, and she had to laugh again. "But," she added, "if we send her away she will talk about the matter all over the town and country."

"Well, then, double her wages and let her stay," said Sir John; "but don't let me see her. And as for Edith, let her have change

of scene; give her a year's school somewhere. Send her to Comtesse d'Aurillac, at Paris; she can't come to any harm with that old dragon."

"My daughter will come to no harm anywhere," said Lady Hornbury, proudly.

"That I am quite sure of, my dear. But the society at the old lady's pension is very agreeable, none but the very best legitimist girls, and no followers allowed."

"I would not be vulgar, Sir John, if I were in your place," said the lady; "will you *ever* forget the barracks?"

"You were very nearly knowing a good deal about them yourself, my lady, that night when you proposed to run away with me."

Lady Hornbury swept out of the room majestically and left Sir John laughing. There was very little conversation between mother and daughter, for Edith found in a day or two, by an answer which came from Holmsdale, that her father and mother knew everything. She was completely impassive in their hands; but apparently the Holmsdale wound had gone a little deeper than her mother had thought for. Edith spoke very little, and seemed cheerful at the thought of going to Paris. In a week she was with the Comtesse d'Aurillac.

Every letter from the comtesse breathed delighted admiration for her charming and beautiful pupil. Since madame had been forced by the lamentable occurrences of the Revolution (her two aunts perished in the September massacres) to take pupils, she had never had such a pupil as Edith. She was the admiration of every one who had seen her, and the brightest star in her little legitimist galaxy: everything went perfectly well for three months, and Sir John and Lady Hornbury were delighted.

About this time there came to Sir John and Lady Hornbury a lumbering young nobleman of vast wealth, who was in some sort a connection of theirs; so near that they called him cousin. He called one morning to say that he was going to Paris, and to burden himself with any commissions to Edith.

"I should like to see my old playmate very much," he said. "I was a lover of hers when we were in the schoolroom; I should like very much to see her once more, though I suppose she is getting too fine for me."

There was not the slightest objection to his seeing as much of his cousin as he chose, and Lady Hornbury wrote a note in her best French (Madame d'Aurillac did not speak English, nor did Lord Lumberton speak French), whereby

the Comtesse d'Aurillac was requested to receive Lord Lumberton as one of their own family. The comtesse received him in French, and he responded in English: he stayed on in Paris, and in two months the comtesse found it necessary to write to Lady Hornby as follows:—

"MADAME,—My Lord Lumberton's visits are extremely frequent here, and I should be very glad to know your instructions as regards them. I have not the least reason to believe that anything has passed between milord and your beautiful daughter, but at the same time, madame, I think that he thinks of her a little more than he does of my other young ladies, while she treats him with merely the kindness of a cousin. I observe that in our little family parties she prefers dancing with M. de Rocroy, a gentleman of the very highest refinement and introduction, until lately gentleman-in-waiting to his most Christian Majesty Henri V. at Frohsdorf (whom may the holy saints have in their keeping!); M. de Rocroy, however, appears as indifferent to her as she is to him. This feeling of milord Lumberton's may ripen into an attachment, or it may not. I only await your instructions as to my management in this affair."

"What shall we do now?" said Lady Hornby to her husband.

"Do!" said Sir John. "Nothing at all. If Lumberton likes to fall in love with her, I don't see why we should put a spoke in his wheel. The lad is a good honest fellow enough, and would make any woman in the world happy. Old d'Aurillac says that she doesn't care for him, so there is no immediate danger: let Lumberton go to her, but don't say anything to the girl herself. Write and tell old d'Aurillac that we approve of his visits."

"But Edith is not out," said Lady Hornby.

"My banker's book tells me that," said Sir John. "If she can make up her mind before she does come out, all the better for her."

"He may gain her affections before she has had an opportunity of choosing."

"That is precisely what happened to yourself, and if you don't regret it I am sure I don't; you know that we were engaged before you came out. No, there is not an unmarried man in London whom I would prefer to Lumberton."

"But, Sir John, submissive as Edith is now, you must remember the time, not so very long ago, when she had both a will and temper of her own. Any attempt to force her inclinations would be fatal."

"When will a woman learn to argue?" said Sir John, testily. "I don't want to force her

inclinations, I only want her to receive Lumberton's visits. If you don't wish Lumberton to see her, you are doing the very best thing to make her think more of him by sending him to the right-about without the ghost of a cause."

Lady Hornby gave way after a time, good-humouredly. She was a woman, and, good and honest as she was, would very much have liked to have had Edith out in London, and to have gone through that game of chess with eligible suitors as castles and knights, and with ineligible suitors as pawns, in which every British mother delights. But she yielded; Lumberton would most certainly "do." She wrote to Madame d'Aurillac at once before she went out, and, being in a hurry, wrote in English. What follows is part of her letter:—

"Both Sir John and I quite approve of Lord Lumberton's visits. Edith and he were cousins and playmates, and the matter is quite a family one."

Which madame, with the aid of a dictionary, translated to mean that the two families had agreed on a *mariage de convenance* in the French fashion.

The effect of this wonderful discovery on the part of madame was singularly delightful to Lord Lumberton, who was by this time honestly head over heels in love with his cousin; and also singularly and terribly disagreeable to poor Edith, who, for reasons of her own, was nearly out of her mind. Whenever Lord Lumberton came now he was left alone with her, Madame d'Aurillac always quitting the room after a short time, with a far-seeing air, as though she was looking towards St. Petersburg to see if the ice was breaking up so as to allow of navigation; and the young ladies leaving also with that air of *espièglerie* or archness of which some Parisian ladies are mistresses, and which has occasioned more than one British islander, while suffering from the spleen, to long to throw his boots at their heads. Lumberton desired to do nothing of the kind; he was in love, and he liked it, though sometimes he would have wished when they were alone that he had something to say for himself. Edith of course knew that he loved her, and she had no dislike for him, but would chat with him over old times, about his sisters, his horses, his dogs, and such things, which helped him on wonderfully. Edith knew that some day or another he would speak, and she was quite ready for him. Good fellow as he was, she would as soon have married a chiffonier. She never alluded to his attentions to her mother, and Madame d'Aurillac only occasionally mentioned his presence at her house as a matter of

form. So matters went on for months, until there came a cataclysm. Lady Hornbury received this letter:—

"MADAME,—When I receive a viper into my bosom, or a snake into my house, what do I do? I expel that snake or that viper. Madame, I have discovered a snake in the form of your daughter's maid, Rose Dawson, and I have expelled her with ignominy, having first had her boxes searched by warrant from the Juge d'Instruction. Madame, we found four thousand francs in gold, which we could not retain, so she is gone free.

"My eyes, madame, have long been directed in a certain quarter. I have now, in consequence of the Revolution, to address my attention to the forming of young ladies. I have therefore an eye not readily deceived. I have noticed for a long time looks of intelligence pass between M. de Rocroy and your daughter's beautiful, but wicked, maid. I saw an intrigue, and I watched; last night they were in the shrubbery together for an hour, and at last I came on them as they were saying farewell. Him I banished my house at once, telling him that his sacred majesty Henri V. (whom the virgin and saints preserve till he comes to his own!) should hear of this violation of my hearth. Her I despatched as you have heard. I have broken the truth to your sweet and gentle daughter, who has acquiesced, though with sorrow."

"I told you that girl was no good," said Sir John. "You had better send for her home and provide for her, or she will be talking about the Holmsdale business with emendations and additions. I shall, if Lumberton ever says anything to me about Edith, tell him the whole of that matter."

"I suppose we ought," said Lady Hornbury. "If Lumberton cannot see how well she behaved, he is unworthy of her; but wait till he speaks, for it is not everybody's business. I don't think that he cares much for her. I hear nothing of it from Madame."

But Lumberton spoke very shortly afterwards. He spoke kindly, honestly, and tenderly. He said he would wait any time she chose, that she should come out and look round in the London world to see if there was any one she liked better, but that he would not take No as an answer now. He looked so noble and manly in his faith and honour, that for one instant she felt inclined to confide everything to him, but she felt a chill as she reflected that she was in France, and that a deadly duel would be the consequence. She had been ready for him very long, and she was ready for him now.

"Cousin," she said, "if you think that I do not love you and respect you for what you have said, you are very much mistaken; but I vow before Heaven that if you ever speak to me like this again I will enter the Romish church and take the veil."

"Edith!"

"Do you remember in old times my starving myself for a day because I was not allowed to go to Lady Maitland's children's ball?"

"Yes, I remember it."

"I will starve myself for good if you ever speak to me like this again. Now you must go; you must go at once."

"Never to meet again?"

"Never until you have given up all intention or hope of mentioning this subject to me."

"Then it is never," said the poor young gentleman. "Good-bye, Edith." And so he went.

"I could have managed him in no other way," thought Edith, after he had gone. "Poor fellow! how happy he will make some good woman when he has forgotten me." . . .

On the 11th of April Lady Hornbury received the following telegram:—

"D'Aurillac, Rue St. Honoré, Paris, to Lady Hornbury, Portland Place, London. Come instantly. Frightful trouble about Edith."

"What on earth is the matter now?" said Sir John.

"I can't conceive," said Lady Hornbury.

"Edith must be ill. I must hurry away. Put off the ball."

And so we have got round to the beginning of the story again.

We must, however, leave Lady Hornbury to go to Paris, and stay in London with Sir John for a short time. Sir John took his ride in the Park very comfortably in spite of Madame d'Aurillac's telegram, he not believing that anything very great was the matter. During his ride he met with an old friend who inquired after his wife, and on being told that she was gone to Paris, asked Sir John to come and take dinner with him. Sir John declined, on the ground that his lawyer was coming to dine with him, and to discuss very particular business. "Indeed," he said, "old Compton is so very urgent and mysterious that he makes me a trifle uneasy: his news is very disagreeable, because he says that he will only discuss it after dinner."

"That looks bad," said his old friend, laughing. "I'll bet you five pounds that you have lost some money."

"I suppose I have," said Sir John. "I

shall sell that horse and groom yonder. What will you give me for them?"

"I'll take the horse," said his old friend, "but I won't have the groom. You and your wife have an ugly trick of making your servants so comfortable that they are discontented everywhere else."

So they parted, and Sir John went home to dinner at six, the hour in which he delighted, but at which he never was allowed to dine when Lady Hornbury was at home. Mr. Compton was very punctual, but was evidently very serious; and before dinner was over Sir John had calculated his losses at about from ten to twenty thousand pounds. When the servants were out of the room, and Mr. Compton proposed business, that gentleman looked so very grave that Sir John thought he should be well out of it with fifty thousand.

"Now, frowner, how much is it?" said Sir John, laughing. "How much is it? Put a name to the figure, and have it over."

"To what figure, Sir John?"

"To the figure of the sum I have lost. You look so black that I have put it at fifty thousand pounds. Is it the colliery?"

"The colliery is doing splendidly, Sir John. The sixty-fathom level has been struck, and the seam is seven feet thick. But——"

"What is it, then?"

"Sir John, did you ever hear of your brother, Sir Thomas's, domestic life?"

"Yes," said Sir John.

"Do you remember a certain Marchioness de Toul?"

"And poor Tom's connection with her? Certainly."

"I fear that he married her."

"Then why on earth did he keep his marriage secret?"

"He was not proud of it," said Mr. Compton.

"It was a discreditable affair from beginning to end. She found that by her conduct she had lost all claim upon society, and she led him a terrible life, accusing him, perhaps with reason, of having cut her off from the world she loved so well. She got terribly anxious about her future state—superstitiously so. She left him to enter a religious house at Amiens."

"Yes," said Sir John.

"I fear," said Mr. Compton, "that he had married her before she left him: in fact, I know it."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Sir John.

"Yes; and I fear that, out of mere spite to him and to his family, she concealed the fact that she had a son by him in that religious house. Such is apparently the case, however,

and according to the other party's statements, that same son is alive."

"This is too monstrous to be true!" said Sir John.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mr. Compton. "You never can reckon on an angry woman. It would seem that she left with the lady superior at her death a packet which was not to be opened for twenty-four years. This trust was handed from one lady-superior to another, and was opened last year only. It contains, according to the other party, the proofs of her marriage and of the birth of this boy, which the other party have verified and are prepared to bring into court to-morrow. The other party have a terrible case, and Watson and Hicks are about the most respectable and safe firm in London."

"Then I have never been Sir John Hornbury at all?" said Sir John, with a coolness which utterly astonished Mr. Compton.

"If their story is right," said Mr. Compton.

"We have got to see about that."

"What became of this boy?"

"He was given over to the Jesuits, and was brought up at Stonyhurst. His mother provided for him partly with the nine thousand pounds which she had drawn from the estate in three years, and partly from her own property, which was a very good one. The Jesuits were honest stewards for the boy, according to Watson and Hicks, and although he refused to become a priest, the young man is pretty well off."

"Do you believe this story?"

Mr. Compton did not speak one word, but shook his head.

"Ruin?" said Sir John, quietly.

"It looks very much like it," said Mr. Compton. "I have been busy about the thing without troubling you, and I cannot at present see that we have a leg to stand on. But I come to the strangest part of the whole story. This young man will make any compromise which you please on your own terms; will leave you in possession of the estates and title for your life; will do anything you can suggest, on one condition."

"You amaze me. What is his condition?"

"The hand of Miss Edith."

"Like his impudence," exclaimed Sir John, "to ask Edith to marry him before she has seen him. Why, Compton," he went on, almost violently, "if Edith were to offer to save me by such an unnatural match, I would refuse my consent in such terms as would render a renewal of the offer impossible. I would sooner live in a garret on bread than consent to such

an arrangement. And Edith, my own daughter, do you think that she would degrade herself by marrying a man she did not love? You know her better, Compton?"

"I do, Sir John, and I know you pretty well also. Of course neither of you would consent for an instant—only——"

"We shall have nothing, then," said Sir John, "if this be true. My poor Mary, my poor Mary!"

"You will have Lady Hornbury's fortune, Sir John, five hundred a year."

"Aye, but he will want that. I must be £300,000 in his debt."

"It is settled on herself."

"Aye, but I will make her give it to him—every penny; she never disobeyed me yet, and she will not now."

Mr. Compton looked at his old friend with eyes which were brightened with admiration.

"And this," he thought, "is the man whom the world calls mean in money matters, and jealous of his young wife?" "Sir John," he continued aloud, "I have something to tell you which will surprise you more than anything, my dear old friend. This young man has told Watson in confidence, and Watson has told *me* in confidence, that he not only knows Miss Edith, but is absolutely certain that he gained her affections eight months ago when she was staying with her aunt. Mr. Holmsdale says——"

"What!" cried Sir John.

"Mr. Holmsdale—by-the-by, I forgot to tell you that the young gentleman who claims to be Sir Richard Hornbury goes by the name of Holmsdale, which the Jesuits gave him (they seem to have given him none of their evil ways, for he is behaving very well)—Mr. Holmsdale says that he is absolutely certain that his attentions would not be disagreeable to Miss Edith, and should his claim, on examination, be allowed by you, he asks you to put the question to the young lady herself."

"Why, Compton," said Sir John, solemnly, striking his hand on the table, "Lady Hornbury and I sent that young man to the right-about with a flea in his ear eight months ago. I believe Edith did care for him, though she behaved splendidly, sir; nobly."

"Of that I have no doubt," said Mr. Compton. "Now the question is, supposing all things go wrong with us, will you——?"

"You must ask her mother about that. If Edith really cares for the man, I would drop my title and live quietly at Huntly Bank on a thousand a year. I should be sorry to lose my servants and horses, but Mary could go into

society as well as Mrs. Hornbury as she could as Lady Hornbury. No, if she cares for this man, and he is really the man——"

"Of which we are not sure as yet," interrupted Mr. Compton.

"Of which we are not sure as yet," repeated Sir John; "I would do anything I could for peace. For, Compton, we must not take this into court without a very good case; a better one than we have at present. I am not going to throw £100,000 into Watson and Hicks' lap, and leave you unpaid."

"I'd fight the matter for you if you were bankrupt to-morrow, Sir John," exclaimed Mr. Compton.

"I have not the least doubt of it at all, you obstinate old man. Now I will go to bed and sleep over it. I should like to see this Holmsdale. Have you any idea whether he knew of this when he first knew my daughter?"

"Yes," said Mr. Compton, "as Watson pointed out to me, he had been to them about his claim before he ever saw her. His affection for her is utterly disinterested. When he got his dismissal from her he waited to see if he could see her again, and win her affections entirely without letting her know the fearful power in his hands. Watson says—and Watson knows young men pretty well—that Mr. Holmsdale will not move in the matter at all during your life unless Miss Edith marries some one else. That is Watson's opinion. I am of opinion that he might if he was to find a young lady more accessible than Miss Edith, but that is all guess-work. Has Miss Edith any predilections in another quarter?"

"That good ass Lumberton seems smitten," said Sir John, "but I don't think old d'Aurillac has given him much chance. Good night!"

We must now leave Sir John to his own thoughts, and take flight to Paris, where the most terrible events were taking place. Lady Hornbury got to the Hôtel Meurice by two o'clock in the day, and by half-past two she was in the salon of Madame d'Aurillac, in the Rue St. Honoré, awaiting that lady's pleasure with deep anxiety. She had not asked for Edith, considering it wiser to see the duenna herself. It is worthy of note that Lady Hornbury had been thinking matters over, and had come to the conclusion that Edith was not ill. Having allayed her maternal fears on this point without the least foundation, she had travelled on alone, and by thinking about her sea-sickness, the rumbling of the railway, and her postponed ball, she had arrived in Paris extremely cross, and was just nourishing a mortal hatred against Madame d'Aurillac for having tele-

graphed instead of writing more fully, when that good lady entered the room in full war paint and feathers, looking daggers. Lady Hornbury saw that there was going to be a fight, and was determined that she would not be the last to begin it. The conversation was carried on in French, which was greatly to Madame d'Aurillac's advantage. But then Lady Hornbury had a great advantage in not understanding the most stinging of Madame's points, and so preserving a coolness which deserted that lady at one period of the conversation.

"How do you do, madame, and how is my daughter Edith? May I ask the reason of this mysterious telegram, and whether my daughter is ill?"

"I am not in the least degree aware of the state of your daughter's health, madame."

"Would you be kind enough to explain yourself, madame?"

"Certainly. Your daughter left here five days ago."

"And where is she gone, if you please?" said Lady Hornbury.

"Into Burgundy."

"With your leave, madame?"

"No, madame, without my knowledge. I have nourished a viper in my bosom which I was weak enough not to expel."

"If you allude to my daughter as a viper, madame, you forget *yourself*; and as for expelling her, she seems to have expelled *herself*. Are any further explanations convenient?"

"I have been most grossly deceived, yet I have borne everything. Madame, when I took your daughter into my house, did you say a word about the clandestine correspondence with Holmsdale?"

"Certainly not," said Lady Hornbury. "It was no business of yours: and what you choose to call a clandestine correspondence was limited to a single letter from her, in which she forbade Mr. Holmsdale to speak to her."

"Madame, her late maid tells quite another story," said Madame d'Aurillac.

"If madame chooses to believe the word of a discharged and most unprincipled servant in preference to mine, I can only pity madame: my daughter is incapable of a mean or underhanded action."

"I think that you will change your opinion of Madame Rocroy directly," said Madame d'Aurillac.

"Madame Rocroy? I never heard of the woman," said Lady Hornbury.

"Your daughter Edith is now Madame Rocroy," said Madame d'Aurillac. "She was

married four days ago secretly at the mairie of this arrondissement, and afterwards at the Carmelite chapel in the Rue de Brissac, and at the Protestant church in the Rue d'Aguesseau."

Though Madame d'Aurillac said this while she was looking straight into the eyes of Lady Hornbury, the Englishwoman never flinched or changed colour. Her mouth was as dry as dust, and her heart going wildly, but she never moved a muscle before the Frenchwoman. "Not before her," she thought, "not before that woman."

"And who," she asked, "is the gentleman whom madame has selected for my son-in-law?"

"Madame is kind enough to throw the blame on me. I thank madame very much indeed for allowing me to admit a viper to my house, and then throwing the blame of what has happened on me."

"Now, my dear madame," said Lady Hornbury, who by this time had managed to moisten her dry mouth and get her heart a little quiet. "We do not want any more vipers, if you please; we have had vipers enough. I must ask you civilly to give me an account of this matter from beginning to end, first requesting you to give me your honour as a D'Aurillac that my daughter was married as you say."

"Madame de Rocroy," said Madame d'Aurillac, "has made a marriage which I should have recommended myself had it been sanctioned by your ladyship. M. de Rocroy is a gentleman in every way worthy of the best woman in France, and of fortune, not large, but good. He is a gentleman high in favour with his majesty Henri V., as these jewels will show. It would seem that his majesty condescended to take interest in the love affairs of M. de Rocroy, and knew what was going on, for these jewels have arrived only to-day from Frohsdorf as a bridal present for Madame Rocroy. Here are the jewels, my lady; perhaps you will take charge of them."

"Thank you," said Lady Hornbury, coolly. "I may as well take them until my daughter arrives in England: they are very fine jewels; indeed, I think that I will wear them myself until my daughter, Madame —, what name did you say?"

"Rocroy."

"Ah! Rocroy claims them. And now, my dear creature, how did all this come about? I am really dying to know."

"Insular wretch!" thought Madame d'Aurillac; "she cares nothing for her daughter."

There was a wild, nearly bursting heart behind Lady Hornbury's broad bosom which told another tale though; and one sentence

was ringing in the ear of her mind continually—"It will kill John; it will kill John:" but she faced the Frenchwoman as though she had no fox under her tunic.

"In consequence of your directions with regard to the visits of Lord Lumberton as the fiancé of Miss Hornbury——"

"None such were given," said Lady Hornbury, interrupting.

"I beg madame's pardon. Here is madame's letter, in which you told me that his visits were a family affair."

"I wish I had written in French," said Lady Hornbury.

"I wish you had, madame. I suppose that with that letter in my hand I may be excused from blame."

"Go on with your tale, and we will talk about blame afterwards," said Lady Hornbury, who felt a trifle guilty, though she would have died sooner than show it.

"In consequence of that letter I admitted Lord Lumberton's visits; nay, after I had discovered the affair Holmsdale, I encouraged them."

Lady Hornbury nodded, and sneezed in the most unconcerned manner, and said, "Go on, madame, for you begin to interest me."

"I encouraged his visits, knowing what I knew, and at last he proposed to her. She refused him with scorn, and he told me of it. I went to her and told her that in consequence of the affair Holmsdale she was destined to marry that young man by her parent's orders."

"Oh, you told her *that*, did you, madame?" said Lady Hornbury.

"Yes, madame; I considered that I was acting under your instructions, and I told her that. I told her that she must give Lord Lumberton a favourable answer in five days. On the second day after that she was gone, and at night the young Comte de Millefeurs came and told me all that had happened: he had acted as groomsman, and his sister as bridesmaid."

"How very nice of them," said Lady Hornbury. "You have not got such a thing as a hair-pin, have you, countess? for I slept in the train last night, and my hair is coming down. Now about this young Millefeurs. He is quite respectable?"

"He is gentleman-in-waiting to his majesty Henri V."

"Ah! we call him Comte de Chambord; I respect your prejudices; he will claim his title as King of France some day, and I wish he may get it." (This vulgarity was utterly lost on Madame d'Aurillac.) "Well, madame, if you

will send me a note of my daughter's expenses here to my hotel to-night I will discharge it. May I ask, had you any suspicions of the attentions of M. de Rocroy towards my daughter?"

"Madame's memory is short. I thought that his attentions were directed to your daughter's maid, and so I discharged her; she was only the go-between subsidized by Rocroy."

"Ah! I see," said Lady Hornbury. "Well, madame, I suppose that neither of us has much cause to talk about this matter. I do not want to talk about it, and I should think you did not either. *You had better not.* If you hold your tongue I will hold mine; if you speak I will ruin you: you depend on your pension; and affairs of this kind, so grossly misconducted as this has been by you, would ruin a dozen pensions."

So Lady Hornbury got into her fiacre and went to the Hôtel Meurice after her great victory. Madame d'Aurillac would have given a year's income had she seen her in her bedroom, alone with her maid, an old friend, who had been her nurse in times gone by.

"Pinner," said Lady Hornbury, throwing herself in a chair, "I have borne up before that woman, but I am going to die."

"What is the matter, my lady?" said the maid, kneeling before her.

"I never can face Sir John. And oh, my Edith! my Edith! dearer than ever, why could you not have trusted your mother?"

"Is Miss Edith dead?" asked the frightened maid.

"No, Pinner; but she has married a Frenchman, and deceived us all. Oh, Madame d'Aurillac, I will remember *you*!"

Pinner got her mistress to bed as soon as possible. Lady Hornbury wrote a letter to her daughter, *poste restante*, Dijon, full of tenderness and kindness, only regretting that Edith had not confided in her, and putting her entirely in the right about Lord Lumberton's attentions. "I will not conceal from you the fact, my darling, that we should have liked you to marry Lord Lumberton, but that old idiot, Madame d'Aurillac, mistook everything. As for this Rocroy of yours, give him a box on the ears for me, and tell him that I will give him another when I meet him."

That was the way that Lady Hornbury got out of the difficulty: was she a wise woman, or was she not? I think that she was wise. She said to Pinner before she cried herself to sleep, "She shall love me still, though that miserable old Frenchwoman made her distrust me. We must be off by the first train to Calais, and

I must break it to Sir John. That woman d'Aurillac will send in her bill to-night. Wait up and pay it. It will be 10,000 francs, or thereabouts. Don't haggle; I'll give her *her* receipt some day."

Sir John slept over Mr. Compton's astonishing communication, and he came to this conclusion, that it was in all probability perfectly true.

In the first place, it was obvious that Compton believed it, and Compton was the first solicitor in London. It was also obvious that Watson believed it, and Watson was the last man in the world to take up a case unless he was as good as certain. Compton *might* still find something not known as yet, but it seemed highly improbable. Sir John quietly acquiesced in the matter as far as he was concerned: the worst thing was the breaking it to his wife.

"How will she take it?" he repeated to himself a hundred times over. "There will be one explosion when I tell her the truth about Compton's story, and another when I order her to give up her fortune. I wonder how she will go through with it. Poor sweetheart, she has never seen trouble yet."

Here she was, late the next day, fresh from Paris with a new bonnet and a frank smile. "Now, John," she said, "you may kiss me, but if you rumple my bonnet you rumple two pound four, and so I warn you. And how are you, my dear?"

"I am as well as ever I was, I think," said Sir John. "I am wonderfully well. But I will come up to your dressing-room while you change your dress for dinner, for I have some very heavy news to tell you."

"I suppose that you have heard about half the truth, John," she said. "Come up and tell your story, then I will tell mine. Any one to dinner?"

"Mr. Compton."

"The very man," she said. "Now, my dear, tell me your story while I am dressing."

"Mary, I fear we are utterly ruined."

"How? In money?" she asked, combing her hair.

"I fear so."

"How very curious! Have you been speculating?"

"No. I am, it would seem, not Sir John Hornbury at all."

"Don't say another word," she cried. "I know what is the matter. Tom was married, and had a son."

"My darling, I fear that it is only too true."

"I *knew* it," she said, looking at him trium-

phantly, and plying her hair-brushes. "I knew it as soon as you spoke. Tell me all about it, and don't keep me waiting. I was certain it was that when you spoke."

Sir John sat down and told her the whole matter, as Compton had related it, from beginning to end.

"Well," she said, "surprises will never cease in the world. At all events, we have my fortune, and we can be very comfortable on that."

"Mary," said Sir John.

"Yes, dear."

"If this man is proved to be my nephew, I shall owe him about £300,000."

"I am afraid so; but we never can pay it."

"We can pay him your £15,000."

"If you think it necessary to your honour, of course I will obey you; but it leaves us penniless. I suppose that we ought to give it. I will tell you what I can do better than most women—I can give music lessons."

"You are not afraid of the future, then, without a penny?"

"Not in the least. I have got you, John, and it will go hard but what I will keep you. I am not afraid so long as you are with me."

"Come here, you golden woman, and sit on my knee," said Sir John.

She came, and their cheeks were together, and her brown hair was mingling with his gray hair, and they sat in the silence of love.

"Then you do not mind it?" he asked.

"I don't see that there is anything to mind in it," she said. "I like money and society more than most, but I love you better than all. We are not the first people who have lost their money, and we sha'n't be the last. I should have liked my fifteen thousand pounds for your sake, but it must go if it turns out that we have been living false lives."

"Edith could make everything straight for us," said Sir John.

"How?"

"The claimant is that young man Holmsdale who was in love with Edith. He will never move in the matter during my lifetime if Edith marries him. He says that he has won her love could the match be brought about. And, by the way, how is Edith, for I had forgotten to ask you?"

"Now this is checkmate," said Lady Hornbury. "How is Edith? Why, Edith is as well as a bride can expect to be. Edith, living in that atmosphere of lies which every Frenchwoman carries about with her, has been frightened by old D'Aurillac into running away with a French count. Edith is now Madame de Roroy."

"Is he a gentleman?" asked Sir John.

"Oh yes; a man about Frohsdorf. By-the-by, here are the jewels which the Comte de Chambord sent her."

"She might have done worse," said Sir John. "Has he money?"

"He has enough," said Lady Hornbury.

"Well, then, under the circumstances, we really must not grumble," said Sir John.

"Now come, let us go down and meet old Compton."

Old Compton was waiting for them, and dinner was waiting for all three of them; but old Compton wanted a few words on business before they went into the dining-room.

"Sir John," he said, "you have, I suppose, put her ladyship in possession of the facts?"

"I have," said Sir John.

"My lady," said Mr. Compton, "I have been at work ever since I spoke to Sir John, and I have to tell your ladyship that we have not a leg to stand on; those Jesuits are good men of business."

"Well, we have prepared our minds. We are beggars."

"Sir John told you the terms of the compromise?"

"Yes," said Lady Hornbury, "but such a compromise happens to be impossible. My daughter Edith has married a Frenchman. She is now Madame de Rocroy."

"Madame de *what!*" shouted old Compton.

"Madame de Rocroy," said Lady Hornbury.

"My daughter's husband's name is Richard de Rocroy."

"Have the goodness to bring me a glass of wine," said old Compton, "I am faint."

Lady Hornbury rang the bell violently, and, not waiting for the footman, hurried Mr. Compton and Sir John into the dining-room, where she poured out a glass of wine.

"Don't you see what you have done?" said Mr. Compton, after he had drunk his wine.

"Not in the least," said Lady Hornbury.

"Don't you see that your daughter has married Holmsdale, the very man we wanted her to marry? This Holmsdale, whom I believe to be your nephew, always has taken the title of Rocroy in France. Your daughter has married her cousin, and we are uncommonly well out of it. Sir John, do you forget everything when you forget that the family name of the De Toul was Rocroy?"

"I had completely forgotten it," said Sir John. And so they went to dinner and discussed matters very quietly.

"How could this astounding result have come about?" said Sir John.

"It is perfectly plain to me now that we have to thank the folly and stupidity of the Comtesse d'Aurillac for this," said Lady Hornbury. "She put things in a false light to Edith, and Edith was foolish enough to believe that we should force her into a marriage with Lumberton. Well now, what do you say about my going to Dijon and taking Mr. Compton?"

"Or what do you say to my going to Dijon and taking Lady Hornbury?" said Mr. Compton.

"Well, you must fight it out on the way as to who is the commander-in-chief," said Sir John, "but you had better both go. Compton, you have full power to act for me with this man. I feel sure that I shall like him. Mary, my love, what do you say to dropping the title, and becoming Mrs. Hornbury?"

"I think on the whole that it would be the best thing to do for Edith's sake. The world will say some hard things of us—will say, for example, that we discovered the justice of the claim, and sacrificed our daughter to save ourselves, but we, knowing otherwise, can laugh at that. However, nothing can be done until I have taken Mr. Compton to Dijon."

Edith had written a letter to her mother, which had crossed that lady's; she was therefore profoundly astonished, as she was sitting alone deeply anxious, to see her mother come sailing into the room, and saying, "My sweet Edith, get me some tea. I am as tired as if I had walked all the way. Where is your cousin?"

"My cousin, mamma?"

"I should say your husband. Don't you know that you have married your cousin, and are Lady Hornbury? Come here and kiss me, you curious child. So he has never told you."

Meanwhile Mr. Compton and Edith's husband had been in conversation. At first that young gentleman refused emphatically to touch the estates, titles, or anything else, save a decent allowance from Sir John. The most that he could be got to do was this: he was to be received as a nephew of Sir John's and heir to the baronetcy at Sir John's death, drawing such money as should be decided on from the estates. The marriage was to be immediately announced, and Sir John was at once to be told to do so.

"Now, my dear sir, I want to ask you to do a certain thing very much."

"I will do it," said Richard Hornbury.

"Go at once, to-morrow, to Frohsdorf; and take your wife with you. You are pretty sure of a welcome there."

"I see," said the bridegroom, laughing.

People in London have got over the matter very easily. Sir John appeared in the Park on his famous horse, and told everybody his own version of the affair. His daughter Edith had married her cousin Dick abroad, and her mother had gone over to see her. The bride and bridegroom were staying with the Comte de Chambord at Frohsdorf: the jewels which the bride had received from the legitimist aristocracy were very handsome, monstrous handsome: the girl had won everybody's heart over there.

The world was a little puzzled about this new nephew of Sir John's, and also rather amazed at the suddenness of the marriage; but there came half a dozen other things to wonder about, and so the postponement of Lady Hornbury's ball was soon forgotten.

TO A CHILD.

Whose imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,
And curly pate, and merry eye,
And arm and shoulder round and sleek,
And soft and fair?—thou urchin sly!

What boots it who with sweet caresses
First called thee his,—or squire or hind?
Since thou in every wight that passes
Dost now a friendly playmate find.

Thy downcast glances, grave, but cunning,
As fringed eyelids rise and fall;
Thy shyness, swiftly from me running,
Is infantine coquetry all.

But far a-field thou hast not flown;
With mocks and threats, half-lisp'd, half-spoken,
I feel thee pulling at my gown,
Of right good-will thy simple token.

And thou must laugh and wrestle too,
A mimic warfare with me waging;
To make, as wily lovers do,
Thy after-kindness more engaging.

The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,
And new-cropt daisies are thy treasure:
I'd gladly part with worldly pelf
To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet, for all thy merry look,
Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
The weary spell or hornbook thumping.

Well; let it be!—through weal and woe,
Thou know'st not now thy future range;
Life is a motley shifting show,
And thou a thing of hope and change!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

WIND AND STARS.

The stars are shining fixed and bright,
I stand upon the windy height,
Alone with sorrow and the night:

O stars so high, from earth apart,
Ye are the hopes that stirred my heart;
O wind, its beating wings thou art.

The wind may rave, the starry spheres
Unheeding shine, nor moved by fears
Nor shaken into trembling tears.

O hush, wild heart, regarded not;
Sink to the level of thy lot,
In pity sink, and be forgot.

ISA CRAIG-KNOX.

A BLIND BOY'S SONG.¹

Oh! tell me the form of the soft summer air,
That tosses so gently the curls of my hair!
It breathes on my lip, and it fans my warm cheek,
Yet gives me no answer, tho' often I speak.
I feel it play o'er me refreshing and kind,
Yet I cannot touch it—I'm blind! oh! I'm blind!

And music, what is it? and where does it dwell?
I sink, and I mount, with its cadence and swell;
While touch'd to my heart with its deep thrilling strain,
Till pleasure, till pleasure is turning to pain.
What brightness of hue is with music combined?
Will any one tell me? I'm blind! oh! I'm blind!

The perfumes of flowers that are hovering nigh,
What are they? On what kind of wings do they fly?

Are not they sweet angels, who come to delight
A poor little boy, that knows not of sight?
The sun, moon, and stars are to me undefined,
Oh! tell me what light is: I'm blind! oh! I'm blind!

HANNAH F. GOULD.

¹ Appropriate and beautiful music, composed by W. R. Dempster for this song, is published by R. Cooks & Co., London.

MARRIED? OR NOT MARRIED?

FROM THE GERMAN.

The Countess von Werbe became a widow very young. Her husband was old and rich when he asked her in marriage. She rejected his addresses, and wept in the arms of her father. Her father laughed at her tears. He did not conceive how it was possible to reject the count, and his daughter did conceive it. Her father reckoned the estates of the count, and she reckoned his years.

She had sometime before become acquainted with Herr von Welt, who had fewer estates, and fewer years over his head, danced well, talked tenderly, and loved ardently. But the count was pressing—the father severe—the Herr von Welt was poor, and the count rich. She continued to love the Herr von Welt, and gave the count her hand.

The count had no children. The gout and a cough reminded him of temperance, and he retired in the arms of Hymen to one of his estates. The young countess lived in solitude; the count coughed worse, and remained without children. His old age and his infirmities increased every day; in two years he left the world and his estates, and the young wife was a widow.

She laid aside her white dresses and put on black. The countess was fair—the dark dress set off her complexion—mourning became her.

The count left her all his property: but old people are often fantastical! According to a singular condition of the will, if she married again, the greatest part of the property reverted to one of his relations, living at the residence.

Herr von Welt hastened to comfort the widow. He found her beautiful, and she found him as amiable as before. He talked all day long without coughing, and she listened to him all day long without yawning. He could relate a thousand little anecdotes, and the countess was curious. He spoke of the torch of love and his own feelings, and the countess felt. He described the torments of separation, and the anxieties which had martyred him, and the countess was compassionate. He lay at her feet; protestations of his passion streamed from his lips, and his tears upon her hand, and the countess loved; but she thought with tears on the conditions of the will. She was melancholy. It was already six weeks since the count had bid adieu to his gout for ever, and grief appeared now for the first time on the countenance of the countess.

"My dear friend," said Herr von Welt to her in the morning, "you torment yourself with doubts, and it remains in your own power to put an end to them."

"How so?" said the countess.

"You believe in the possibility," continued he, "of my ceasing to love you; you consider the band of the feelings not strong enough to withstand time; but, my dear friend, how easy it is for the hand of the priest to join ours together; you will then be tranquillized."

"Have you then forgotten the will?" said she weeping.

"My love, the question now is only about making you easy. We will be married privately. You and I, the priest—and love will hear our oath."

"But you see, there must be a priest," said she, hastily.

"Let me manage that," said Herr von Welt. "Here in the neighbourhood lives an old man, who is borne down by poverty and close upon a century of years. He is as worthy as the times in which he was born, and as silent as the tomb which will soon receive him. He will carry our secret with him to the grave, and we will bury it in our bosoms."

The countess threw herself into his arms, and entreated him to hasten. Welt did so. The conscience of the priest was tranquillized; twilight, and a distant summer-house, concealed them from the eye of suspicion, and Welt embraced with rapture—his wife.

A year passed away; she no longer looked after him with iniquity when he rode out, and his eyes were no longer fixed on her window when he returned; she could yawn when he related, and he sometimes felt *ennui* though she was sitting by him—but they lived together. The servants had observed familiarities not warranted by friendship; yet their attachment did not appear to be ardent enough to account well for their being together. A year had made them feel secure, and they no longer paid that strict attention which they did at first to their conduct and conversation. People began to conjecture, to doubt, at last to believe, and after a time to impart their sentiments to each other.

The Count von Werbe, who was to inherit the property in default of the condition of the will being observed, was at this time out of favour with the prince, through the intrigues of his numerous creditors, and had left the residence with his wife, to take refuge in the arms of nature. He had purchased the situation of grand chamberlain to the prince—had squandered his property by giving balls and

fêtes, and destroying his health by dancing and dancers. His wife was formerly a lady of honour—people had formerly paid homage to her charms—she was formerly surrounded by a circle of admirers, but the boundaries of this circle grew smaller, and it was now many years since she had found the residence empty and tiresome, and the taste of the times quite spoiled.

Their estate joined that of the countess. The count attended with much interest to the suspicions which were imparted to him, and hastened to the castle of the countess to pay his respects to her as a relative, and to convince himself of the truth of the opinion of his neighbours; but he did not convince himself. The countess was prepared for his visit. The Herr von Welt was tender and attentive—his eyes riveted on her. The countess showed all the cordiality of friendship and the attentions of a warmer affection. The count returned home sorrowful.

"Dear Augusta," said the count, as he entered the chamber of his wife, "our neighbours are not prudent. It is only necessary to see them both to give no credit to the tale they have amused us with. I was there two hours, and he had not the courage to come within three steps of her."

"But that proves for us," cried the countess; "he would have sat at one end of the room and she at the other."

"Not so, my love," said the count; "respect seemed to keep him at a distance. Their eyes sought each other—her countenance appeared to complain of my presence. Then the interest with which they spoke of each other! No, my love, we see each other—we talk to each other, but believe me, on my word they are not married."

"But," said the countess, "our neighbours have eyes; did you never, then, observe nothing which can justify their opinion?"

"My love," replied the count, "you may suppose that I observed everything very attentively. It is not my fault if our creditors are not paid."

"Trifles often betray us," said the countess. "Reflect a little; did she not once drop her pocket-handkerchief?"

"Her pocket-handkerchief?" said the count, and considered a little; "no, but her fan fell down."

"And she picked it up again?" said the countess, quickly.

"Truly yes, she picked it up," said the count, looking at her with astonishment.

"And he was there, and suffered it?" said the countess.

The count looked thoughtful—she struck him playfully on the shoulder: "Believe me, good count, our neighbours are in the right."

"When I consider well," said the count, "it appears to me probable; she was very well dressed; her toilette was certainly a few months behind the fashion, but we are in the country, and I was astonished at her taste."

"And he?" asked the countess.

"He held a long dissertation upon taste; he went through the whole history of fashions, from the fig-leaf of the first lady to the last gala-dress of the grand-duchess. He particularly admired the Grecian costume."

"And was she dressed like a Greek?" said the countess quickly.

"Oh no," said the count; "she was true German—buried up to the chin."

"They are man and wife," said the countess, throwing herself into his arms.

"But her eyes," said the count, shaking his head.

"You are a keen observer," said the countess.

"What proofs do you wish to have? The lover would have fallen to the ground with the fan, the husband remained quietly seated; the lover would have had eyes only to admire, the husband had time for a long conversation; the lover would have been delighted to see a German woman he admired dressed in the German fashion, and the husband praised the Greek women. My dear count, are you not aware of all that?"

The count laughed. "Well," said he, "we are invited to-morrow to our neighbour the chamberlain; the Herr von Welt and the countess will likewise be there. In a large society we fancy ourselves less remarked, and give ourselves up more to our ease; we can therefore both observe them. You may be in the right, but her countenance, and her eyes. I have had the honour, during the last fifteen years, of presenting many married men to his royal highness, and I know mankind well! Matrimony has a peculiar look, something like despair—if you are right, my knowledge of mankind is good for nothing."

The next day all the company was assembled at the chamberlain's except the countess and Herr von Welt. The chamberlain was impatient, all eyes turned toward the road; at last a cloud of dust was observed, and then the carriage of the countess driving quickly up. She was looking out of the right window of the carriage. Welt, leaning on his arm, was looking out of the other. The lady of the grand chamberlain touched her husband and smiled; he turned round good-humouredly, and

said in a low voice, "I believe you are right." The carriage stopped; Welt sprang out, the servants assisted the countess; he stood quietly by and brushed the dust from his coat. "They are man and wife," said the grand chamberlain's lady softly.

"Yes, yes, I begin to doubt my knowledge of mankind," said the count.

The countess made excuses for being so late; Welt knit his brow in vexation. Dinner was announced; the master of the house offered his arm to the lady of the grand chamberlain. The grand chamberlain and Welt, the countess and a strange lady remained. Welt offered his arm to the strange lady, and left the countess to the grand chamberlain. His wife looked back and smiled; the grand chamberlain nodded significantly. The society was gay. Welt sat between the countess and the strange lady. He conversed with the stranger on fashion and feeling, and left the countess to be amused by the grand chamberlain. The latter smiled, his wife looked at him good-humouredly. After dinner Welt approached the countess. He talked of the influence of the body over the mind, which occasioned satiety in everything. The countess yawned. "That is the body," said she. Welt continued calmly talking, and the body of the countess yawned again.

The grand chamberlain stole up to his lady. "They are man and wife," she whispered.

"It is certain," said the grand chamberlain.

The chamberlain proposed a walk in the garden, and the company went. A narrow plank led to a fine waterfall. The grand chamberlain had brought his vertigo with him from the residence; the chamberlain was too lusty to trust himself on the plank, and the ladies were timid. Welt sought to tranquillize them. He escorted them over the plank; but he offered his services last to the countess.

The grand chamberlain stood smiling on one side, and his wife stood smiling at him from the other. It was evening, and the company hastened back to the house. The countess was behind, Welt near her. He walked on thoughtfully; she followed him fatigued.

The grand chamberlain pressed the hand of his wife. The carriages were ordered; the party separated, and hastened home.

"You are a clever woman, my love," said the grand chamberlain; "it is certain they are man and wife."

"Now, my dear," said the countess, "only take the pains to get certain proofs."

"Leave me alone," said the count. "The thing is clear, and when that is the case, there

must be proofs." Accordingly he went round the neighbourhood to obtain more information; but he wanted proof, and could only procure conjectures. People had heard this, and seen that; one referred to another; and when he wanted proofs, the one had said nothing, and the other had heard nothing. He came back sorrowful. "My dear," said he, "I return just as rich in conjectures, and as poor in proofs."

"Indeed!" said the countess. "Can the people yet doubt that they are married?"

"Alas! no," said the count; "but no one can prove it. However, I will try what I can do; the day after to-morrow Herr von Welt has business in the residence; I will send immediately to my lawyer. We must take advantage of the moment, for conjectures lead to nothing."

The lawyer was called; they were shut up together, and on the second day he drove to the chateau of the countess.

"All alone?" said the grand chamberlain, as he entered the room with an appearance of surprise.

"Herr von Welt is in town," said the countess; "he will be sorry that he was not at home when he finds that you have been here."

The grand chamberlain took a seat near her; he admired the arrangement of the house, and some pictures which were in the room.

"My husband was a connoisseur," said the countess. "The collection of paintings he has made proves his taste."

"Ah! his taste proves other things still more," said the count, smiling; and he kissed her hand. "But he was an extraordinary man; he had caprices, which he showed even to the last; his will proves that."

The countess looked at him surprised. The grand chamberlain appeared not to observe it, and continued, "So young as you are, to remain a widow can only be the caprice of an old jealous husband, who wishes to torment you after his death. The poor man forgot that the heart is very susceptible at your age."

The countess cast down her eyes and blushed.

"Herr von Welt is an old acquaintance, at least I think so," said the grand chamberlain.

"I have known him above four years," said the countess embarrassed.

"He was remarked at court for his talents and affability," continued the grand chamberlain, smiling, and his smile was expressive; "but the last year he has been quite lost to the court and to the world. How is it possible for him not to forget the caprices of an old man who is dead?"

The countess was evidently more embarrassed.

"Why were you not sincere with me?" said he, softly, and took her hand. "Your secret is known in the neighbourhood, why would you conceal it from me?"

The countess started up terrified. "Is it possible?" said she—and her voice faltered. "Can the old man have—Oh, count! what do you know—what is known?"

"Do you think," said the count, "that I watch my advantage so servilely?" and his tone was tender and sincere. "I will see and hear nothing. Enjoy in peace what you have dearly enough bought, by a sacrifice of two years. But, dear countess, I have children, who may hereafter complain of my pliability and indulgence. I must therefore do something to fulfil the duty of a father. Another in my place would here require—he would lay before you proofs on which to ground his claims, but I spare your heart, and respect your secret. The friend is silent—it is the father only entreats."

"Alas!" cried the countess, and tears streamed from her eyes, "what do you require of me?"

The grand chamberlain drew a paper out of his pocket. "You know," he continued calmly, "that my property is greatly embarrassed. Your husband left you large estates, and a great fortune; I am silent on his will, of which I make no use; but this wound which I give to my interest must not continue bleeding in my children. Sign, therefore, this writing, my dear friend. You undertake therein to discharge a part of my debts, which have been occasioned by my service in the state, and your secret will ever remain concealed."

He fetched a pen. The countess in the meantime recovered her presence of mind.

"Allow me," said she, more tranquilly, "to request that you will present me the proofs on which you ground your suspicions?"

"Why so?" said he, smiling, "the government will, perhaps, soon communicate some to you."

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Herr von Welt threw himself on his horse. "Ride fast," said the count laughing; "make haste home; a gallop will confound the neighbours, who always walk their horses home to their wives."

Welt laughed, and spurred his animal. The grand chamberlain soon after satisfied his creditors, and returned to court.

THE HOUSEHOLD FESTIVAL.

'Twas when the harvest-moon came slowly up,
Broad, red, and glorious o'er dark groves of pine;
In the hush'd eve, when closed the flow'et's cup,
And the blue grape hung dewy on the vine,
Forth from a porch where tendrill'd plants entwine,
Weaving a shadowy bower of odorous things,
Rich voices came, telling that there were met
Beauty and youth and mirth, whose buoyant wings,
Soaring aloft o'er thoughts that gloom and fret,
Gave man release from care, or lured him to forget.

And, as the moon rose higher in the sky,
Casting a mimic day on all around,
Lighting dim garden paths, through branches high,
That cast their chequer'd shadows on the ground;
Light maidens, dancing with elastic bound,
Like fairy revellers, in one place were seen;
And gentle friends were slowly pacing where
The dark, thick laurels formed a bowery screen;
And merry children, like the moonlight fair
With their wild pealing laughter fill'd the perfumed air.

Another hour,—and in a lighted room,
Where glorious pictures lined the lofty wall
They sate in social ease:—no brow of gloom,
No sadden'd, downcast eye, that might recall
Sorrowful musing, dimm'd the festival.
It was in honour of a gallant youth
Those friends were met,—the friends he dearest loved,—
All wishing he were there—and well, in sooth,
Might his gray father unto tears be moved,
Listening to his grateful praise,—his tears were unre-
proved.

Her bright eyes sparkling with delight and love,
Told his young sister of his travels wide,
Of pleasant sojourn in some palmy grove,
And Indian cities in their gorgeous pride;

Of desert isles where savage tribes abide,
And glorious shores and regions of old fame:
Then were his trophies from all lands display'd,
Belt, baracan, and bow of wondrous frame,
High nodding crest, and deadly battle blade,
And birds of curious note in glittering plumes array'd.

And, in her joyful phrase, she told how he,
Ere their next meeting, o'er the wave would come,
Like a glad spirit, to partake their glee,
And cast delight and interest round his home:
Gaily she told, how sitting in that room
When the next harvest-moon lit up the pane,
He should himself his marvellous tales relate.
—Alas! encircled by the Indian main,
That night beneath a tamarind-tree he sat
Heart-sick with thoughts of home and ponderings on
his fate.

The heavy sea broke thundering on the shore,
The dark, dark night had gather'd in the sky,
And from the desert mountains came the roar
Of ravening creatures, and a wild, shrill cry
From the scared night-birds slowly wheeling by.—
And there he lay, beneath the spreading tree,
Feverish and faint, and over heart and brain
Rush'd burning love, and sense of misery,
And wild, impatient grief, and longings vain
Within his blessed home to be at rest again.

Another year—and the relentless wave
Had wash'd away the white bones from the shore:—
And, mourning for his son, down to the grave
Had gone the old man with his locks all hoar:—
The household festival was held no more:—
And when the harvest-moon came forth again,
O'er the dark pines, in red autumnal state,
Her light fell streaming through the window pane
Of that old room, where his young sister sate
With her down-droop'd head, and heart all desolate.

MARY HOWITT.

ON EARLY RISING.

I hope that you are not an early riser. If you are, throw this into the fire—if not, read it. But I beg your pardon; it is impossible that you can be an early riser; and if I thought so, I must be the most impertinent man in the world; whereas, it is universally known that I am politeness and urbanity themselves. Well then, pray what is this virtue of early rising, that one hears so much about? Let us consider it, in the first place, according to the seasons of the year—secondly, according to peoples' profession—and thirdly, according to their character.

Let us begin with spring—say the month of

March. You rise early in the month of March, about five o'clock. It is somewhat darkish—at least gloomyish—dampish—rawish—coldish—icyish—snowyish. You rub your eyes and look about for your breeches. You find them, and after hopping about on one leg for about five minutes, you get them on. It would be absurd to use a light during that season of the year, at such an advanced hour as five minutes past five, so you attempt to shave by the spring dawn. If your nose escapes, you are a lucky man; but dim as it is, you can see the blood trickling down in a hundred streams from your gashed and mutilated chin. I will leave your imagination to conjecture what sort of neckcloth will adorn your gullet, tied under such circumstances. However, grant the possibility of your being dressed—and down you come, not to the parlour, or your study—for you would not be so barbarous—but to enjoy the beauty of the morning,—as Mr. Leigh Hunt would say, "*out of doors.*" The moment you pop your phiz one inch beyond the front wall, a scythe seems to cut you right across the eyes, or a great blash of sleet clogs up your mouth, or a hail shower rattles away at you, till you take up a position behind the door. Why, in goodness' name, did I leave my bed? is the first cry of nature—a question to which no answer can be given, but a long chitter grueing through the frame. You get obstinate, and out you go. I give you every possible advantage. You are in the country, and walking with your eyes, I will not say open, but partly so, out of a country gentleman's house worth five thousand a year. It is now a quarter past five, and a fine sharp blustering morning, just like the season. In going down stairs, the ice not having been altogether melted by the night's rain, whack you come upon your posteriors, with your toes pointing up to heaven, your hands pressed against the globe, and your whole body bob, bob, bobbing, one step after another, till you come to a full stop or period, in a circle of gravel. On getting up and shaking yourself you involuntarily look up to the windows to see if any eye is upon you—and perhaps you dimly discern, through the blind mist of an intolerable headache, the old housekeeper in a flannel night-cap, and her hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, turning up the whites of her eyes at this inexplicable sally of the strange gentleman. Well, my good sir, what is it that you propose to do? will you take a walk in the garden and eat a little fruit—that is to say, a cabbage leaf, or a Jerusalem artichoke? But the gardener is not quite so great a goose as yourself,

and is in bed with his wife and six children. So I leave you knocking with your shoulder against the garden gate—in the intervals of reflection on the virtue of early rising in spring.

March, April, and May are gone, and it is summer—so if you are an early riser, up, you lazy dog, for it is between three and four o'clock. How beautiful is the sunrise! What a truly intellectual employment it is to stand for an hour with your mouth wide open, like a stuck pig, gazing on the great orb of day! Then the choristers of the grove have their mouths open likewise; cattle are also lowing—and if there be a dog-kennel at hand, I warrant the pack are enjoying the benefits of early rising as well as the best of you, and yelping away like furies before breakfast. The dew too is on the ground, excessively beautiful no doubt—and all the turkeys, how-towdies, ducks, and guinea-fowls, are moping, waddling, and strutting about, in a manner equally affecting and picturesque, while the cawing of an adjacent rookery invites you to take a stroll in the grove, from which you return with an epaulette on each shoulder. You look at your watch, and find it is at least five hours till breakfast—so you sit down and write a sonnet to June, or a scene of a tragedy;—you find that the sonnet has seventeen lines—and that the dramatis personæ, having once been brought upon the stage, will not budge. While reducing the sonnet to the bakers' dozen, or giving the last kick to your heroine, as she walks off with her arm extended heavenwards, you hear the good old family bell warning the other inmates to doff their night-caps—and huddling up your papers, you rush into the breakfast-parlour. The urn is diffusing its grateful steam in clouds far more beautiful than any that adorned the sky. The squire and his good lady make their entree with hearty faces, followed by a dozen hoydens and hobblethoys—and after the first course of rolls, muffins, dry and butter toast, has gone to that bourne from which the fewer travellers that return the better—in come the new-married couple, the young baronet and his blushing bride, who, with that infatuation common to a thinking people, have not seen the sun rise for a month past, and look perfectly incorrigible on the subject of early rising.

It is now that incomprehensible season of the year, autumn. Nature is now brown, red, yellow, and everything but green. These, I understand, are the autumnal tints so much admired. Up then and enjoy them. Which ever way a man turns his face early in the morning, from the end of August till that of

October—the wind seems to be blowing direct from that quarter. Feeling the rain beating against your back, you wonder what the deuce it can have to do to beat also against your face. Then, what is the rain of autumn in this country—Scotland? Is it rain, or mist, or sleet, or hail, or snow, or what in the name of all that is most abhorrent to a lunged animal is it? You trust to a greatcoat—Scotch plaid—umbrella—clogs, &c. &c. &c.; but of what use would they be to you if you were plopped into the boiler of a steam-engine? Just so in a morning of autumn. You go out to look at the reapers. Why the whole corn for twenty miles round is laid flat—ten million runlets are intersecting the country much farther than fifty eyes can reach—the roads are rivers, the meadows lakes—the moors seas—nature is drenched, and on your return home, if indeed you ever return (for the chance is that you will be drowned at least a dozen times before that), you are traced up to your bed-room by a stream of mud and gravel, which takes the housemaid an hour to mop up, and when fold after fold of cold, clammy, sweaty fetid plaids, benjamins, coats, waist-coats, flannels, shirts, breeches, drawers, worsteds, gaiters, clogs, shoes, &c., have been peeled off your saturated body and limbs, and are laid in one misty steaming heap upon an unfortunate chair, there, sir, you are standing in the middle of the floor, in *puris naturalibus*, or, as Dr. Scott would say, in *statu quo*, a memorable and illustrious example of the glory and gain of early rising.

It is winter—six o'clock—you are up—you say so, and as I have never had any reason to doubt your veracity, I believe you. By what instinct, or by what power resembling instinct, acquired by long, painful, and almost despairing practice, you have come at last to be able to find the basin to wash your hands, must for ever remain a mystery. Then how the hand must circle round and round the inner region of the wash-hand stand, before, in a blessed moment, it comes in contact with a lump of brown soap. But there are other vessels of china, or porcelain, more difficult to find than the basin: for as the field is larger, so is the search more tedious. Inhuman man! many a bump do the bed-posts endure from thy merciless and unrelenting head. Loud is the crash of clothes-screen, dressing-table, mirror, chairs, stools, and articles of bed-room furniture, seemingly placed for no other purpose than to be overturned. If there is a cat in the room, that cat is the climax of comfort. Hissing and snuffing, it claws your naked legs,

and while stooping down to feel if she has fetched blood, smack goes your head through the window, which you have been believing quite on the other side of the room; for geography is gone—the points of the compass are as hidden as at the North Pole—and on madly rushing at a venture out of a glimmer supposed to be the door, you go like a battering-ram against a great vulgar white-painted clothes-chest, and fall down exhausted on the uncarpetted and slippery floor. Now, thou Matutine Rose of Christmas, tell me if there be any exaggeration here? But you find the door—so much the worse, for there is a passage leading to a stair, and head over heels you go, till you collect your senses and your limbs on the bearskin in the lobby.

You are a philosopher, I presume, so you enter your study—and a brown study it is with a vengeance. But you are rather weak than wicked, so you have not ordered poor Grizzly to quit her chaff and kindle your fire. She is snoring undisturbed below. Where is the tinder-box? You think you recollect the precise spot where you placed it at ten o'clock the night before, for, being an early riser-up, you are also an early lier-down. You clap your blundering fist upon the ink-stand, and you hear it spurring over all your beautiful and invaluable manuscripts—and perhaps over the title-page of some superb book of prints, which Mr. Blackwood, or Mr. Miller, or Mr. Constable, has lent you to look at, and to return unscathed. The tinder-box is found, and the fire is kindled—that is to say, it deludes you with a faithless smile; and after puffing and blowing till the breath is nearly out of your body, you heave a pensive sigh for the bellows. You find them on a nail, but the leather is burst and the spout broken, and nothing is emitted but a short asthmatic pluff, beneath which the last faint spark lingeringly expires—and, like Moses when the candle went out, you find yourself once more in the dark. After an hour's execration, you have made good your point, and with hands all covered with tallow (for depend upon it, you have broken and smashed the candle, and had sore to do to prop it up with paper in a socket too full of ancient grease), sit down to peruse or to indite some immortal work, an oration of Cicero or Demosthenes, or an article for Ebony. Where are the snuffers? up-stairs in your bed-room. You snuff the long wick with your fingers, and a dreary streak of black immediately is drawn from top to bottom of the page of the beautiful Oxford edition of Cicero. You see the words, and stride along the cold dim room in the sulks. Your

object has been to improve your mind—your moral and intellectual nature—and along with the rest, no doubt, your temper. You therefore bite your lip, and shake your foot, and knit your brows, and feel yourself to be a most amiable, rational, and intelligent young gentleman.

In the midst of these morning studies, from which the present and all future ages will derive so much benefit, the male and female servants begin to bestir themselves, and a vigorous knocking is heard in the kitchen of a poker brandished by a virago against the great, dull, keeping-coal in the grate. Doors begin to bang, and there is heard a clattering of pewter. Then comes the gritty sound of sand, as the stairs and lobby are getting made decent; and, not to be tedious, all the undefinable stir, bustle, uproar, and stramash of a general clearance. Your door is opened every half minute, and formidable faces thrust in, half in curiosity, and half in sheer impertinence, by valets, butlers, grooms, stable-boys, cooks, and scullions, each shutting the door with his or her own peculiar bang; while whisperings, and titterings, and horse laughter, and loud guffaws, are testifying the opinion formed by these amiable domestics of the conformation of the upper story of the early riser. On rushing into the breakfast parlour, the butt end of a mop or broom is thrust into your mouth, as, heedless of mortal man, the mutched mawsey is what she calls dusting the room; and, stagger where you will, you come upon something surly; for a man who leaves his bed at six of a winter morning is justly reckoned a suspicious character, and thought to be no better than he should be. But, as Mr. Hogg says, I will pursue the parallel no farther.

I have so dilated and descanted on the first head of my discourse, that I must be brief on the other two, namely, the connection between early rising and the various professions, and between the same judicious habit and the peculiar character of individuals.

Reader, are you a Scotch advocate? You say you are. Well, are you such a confounded ninny as to leave a good warm bed at four in the morning, to study a case on which you will make a much better speech if you never study it at all, and for which you have already received £2, 2s. Do you think Jeffrey hops out of bed at that hour? No, no, catch him doing that. Unless, therefore, you have more than a fourth part of his business (for, without knowing you, I predict that you have no more than a fourth part of his talents), lie in bed till half-past eight. If you are not in the

Parliament House till ten, nobody will miss you. Reader, are you a clergyman?—A man who has only to preach an old sermon of his old father need not, surely, feel himself called upon by the stern voice of duty to put on his small-clothes before eight in the summer, and nine in winter. Reader, are you a half-pay officer?—Then sleep till eleven; for well-thumbed is your copy of the Army List, and you need not be always studying. Reader, are you an editor?—Then dose till dinner; for the devils will be let loose upon thee in the evening, and thou must then correct all thy slips.

But I am getting stupid—somewhat sleepy; for, notwithstanding this philippic against early rising, I was up this morning before ten o'clock; so I must conclude. One argument in favour of early rising, I must, however, notice. We are told that we ought to lie down with the sun, and rise with that luminary. Why? is it not an extremely hard case to be obliged to go to bed whenever the sun chooses to do so?—What have I to do with the sun—when he goes down, or when he rises up? When the sun sets at a reasonable hour, as he does during a short period in the middle of summer, I have no objection to set likewise, soon after; and, in like manner, when he takes a rational nap, as in the middle of winter, I don't care if now and then I rise along with him. But I will not admit the general principle; we move in different spheres. But if the sun never fairly sets at all for six months, which they say he does not very far north, are honest people on that account to sit up all that time for him? That will never do.

Finally, it is taken for granted by early risers that early rising is a virtuous habit, and that they are all a most meritorious and prosperous set of people. I object to both clauses of the bill, none but a knave or an idiot—I will not mince the matter—rises early, if he can help it. Early risers are generally milk-sop spoonies, ninnies with broad unmeaning faces and groset eyes, cheeks odiously ruddy, and with great calves to their legs. They slap you on the back, and blow their noses like a mail-coach horn. They seldom give dinners. "Sir, tea is ready." "Shall we join the ladies?" A rubber at whist, and by eleven o'clock the whole house is in a snore. Inquire into his motives for early rising, and it is perhaps to get an appetite for breakfast. Is the great healthy brute not satisfied with three penny-rolls and a pound of ham to breakfast, but he must walk down to the Pierhead at Leith to increase his voracity? Where is the virtue of gobbling up three turkey's eggs, and demolish-

ing a quartern loaf before his majesty's lieges are awake? But I am now speaking of your red, rosy, greedy idiot. Mark next your pale, sallow early riser. He is your prudent, calculating, selfish, money-scrivener. It is not for nothing he rises. It is shocking to think of the hypocrite saying his prayers so early in the morning, before those are awake whom he intends to cheat and swindle before he goes to bed.

I hope that I have sufficiently exposed the folly or wickedness of early rising. Henceforth, then, let no knavish prig purse up his mouth and erect his head with a conscious air of superiority, when he meets an acquaintance who goes to bed and rises at a gentlemanly hour.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

HYMN TO PAN.

O thou, whose mighty palace roof doth hang
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death,
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness,
Who lov'st to see the Hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks, where meeting hazels darken,
And through whole solemn hours dost sit and hearken
The dreary melody of bedded reeds—
In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth;
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loath
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou now,
By thy love's milky brow!
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
Hear us, great Pan!

Thou to whom every fawn and satyr flies
For willing service; whether to surprise
The squatted hare while in half-sleeping fit;
Or upward rugged precipices flit,
To save poor lambskins from the eagle's maw;
Or by mysterious enticement draw
Bewildered shepherds to their path again;
Or to tread breathless round the frothy main,
And gather up all fancifullest shells
For thee to tumble into Naiad's cells,
And, being hidden, laugh at their outpeeping;
Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
The while they pelt each other on the crown
With silvery oak-apples, and fir-cones brown—
By all the echoes that about thee ring,
Hear us, O Satyr king!

O hearkener to the loud clapping shears,
While ever and anon to his shorn peers
A ram goes bleating: Winder of the horn,
When snouted wild-boars routing tender corn

Anger our huntsman: Breather round our farms,
To keep off mildews, and all weather harms:
Strange minstrel of undescribed sounds,
That come a swooning over hollow grounds,
And wither drearily on barren moors:
Dread opener of the mysterious doors
Leading to universal knowledge—see,
Great son of Dryope,
The many that are come to pay their vows
With leaves about their brows!

Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings: such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
Then leave the naked train; be still the leaven
That spreading in this dull and clodded earth,
Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth;
Be still a symbol of immensity;
A firmament reflected in a sea;
An element filling the space between;
An unknown—but no more: we humbly screen
With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,
And giving out a shout most heaven-rending,
Conjure thee to receive our humble Paan
Upon the Mount Lycæan!

JOHN KEATS.

THE GREAT BALAS RUBY.

A TALE OF THE REIGN OF EDWARD THE THIRD.

For faythe of knyghte may ne'er be broken;
Come lyfe, come dethe, lys worde must be
Faste kepte, by lawe of chevalrye.—*Sir Amadis.*

At the period when our tale commences, although the glories of Cressy and Poitiers as yet were not, these mingled influences of romance and chivalry pervaded every bosom. The spirit-stirring lay of the minstrel found an echo in every heart; the warlike tale of the *disour* had not been told in vain; and each knight, revelling in joyful anticipations of chivalrous enterprise, cast an eager glance toward the fair plains of Normandy and strong castles of Guienne, and awaited, impatiently as his falcon for her prey, as his war-steed for the battle-field, the summons that should bid him set lance in rest, and advance the red cross into the very heart of France. And now had the call been given, and a joyous response was returned by each valiant heart; for the high-minded Jane, Countess de Montfort, had sent Sir Amaury de Clisson to supplicate knightly aid of King Edward III. on behalf of herself and her small garrison at Hennebon, then besieged by Charles of Blois. What knight

could resist the call to do battle in the cause of a fair and noble lady, whose husband was captive in a far distant dungeon? a lady, too, whose chivalrous and "right valiant" bearing had rendered her the theme of admiration in every castle hall throughout the land? King Edward gave instant assent; and under the auspices of that bravest and gentlest of knights, that "flower and grace of all chivalry," Sir Walter Manny, a goodly array of knights and men-at-arms, with six thousand chosen archers, made ready.

On the evening preceding their departure, the streets of London were filled with a busy crowd; and as the summer's sun sank brightly to rest, there might be seen armourers hurrying to and fro, with file and hammer, or brightly burnished armour; herald-painters with newly blazoned shield or pennon; esquires carefully bearing the long slender lance or richly-gilded helmet; and young pages lightly bounding along with ribbon, scarf, or kind message, the parting gift of some "fayre damosel;" and many a man-at-arms, strong of limb and huge of size, and many a tall archer with sheaf of snowy-fledged arrows, and coat of Lincoln green, pressed hastily on, carolling snatches of ancient ballads, and gazing with delighted wonder at the splendid show (even then) of the London shops, or stopping to admire the graceful beauty of the cross in West-cheap, at this period one of the "lions" of London.

Amid these picturesque groups, a knight clad in tight long hose, pointed shoe, short tunic, and flat cap, leading a lady of remarkable beauty, whose long and delicately pearl-braided hair and ample silken robe, which, but for the care of her attendant page, would have swept the ground, passed along, and at length entered a house where one of the foreign dealers in gems and in the superior kinds of armour had taken up his residence. They ascended the dark and narrow staircase, which seemed to lead but to some mean abode (for the foreign merchant, to whom the protection of the wealthy and powerful London guilds was denied, found his safety in the apparent meanness of his dwelling), and entered an apartment which, in its size, the richness of its furniture, and the splendour of the plate and armour scattered about, formed a strong contrast with the rudeness of the entrance. There, at a table covered with a rich carpet, and surrounded by carved chests of various sizes, sat their owner, a Jew of advanced age and venerable appearance, who arose as the knight and lady entered, and, with more of dignity than might have been expected in one of that pro-

scribed race, bade them welcome. Struck by the unexpected splendour of the apartment, and still more by the appearance of the master—for the Jews, although fifty years had elapsed since their expulsion, were still the objects of undefined and traditionary horror—the lady half drew back, while the knight, who seemed to be well known to the owner of these precious stores, advanced with a pleasant smile to the table.

"Well, Eleazar of Bruges," said he, "I have come to put your boastful saying to the test, ere I cross the seas to-morrow; so unlock your caskets, bring forth your choicest jewels, and let me see if I can find a gem so beautiful that even I myself shall deem it a worthy gift to my lady."

Eleazar of Bruges returned the smile, and, taking a small casket, applied the key to the intricate lock. "Ay, most noble knight, jewels so costly and so richly set that Sir Tristrem might have offered them to 'la belle Iseult,' or 'Morgain la fay' been won by them to release her long-slumbering King Arthur," cried the Jew, to whom the language of romance in the course of his various dealings among the fair and noble had become as familiar as his own.

"Nay, more costly, more beautiful, must they be," cried the knight, with a look of proud exultation, leading the lady toward the table, "since it is for one more lovely than 'la belle Iseult,' and more witching than 'Morgain la fay.'"

"And fit lady-love for Sir Johan de Boteler, the Lord of Warrington, who made all Flanders ring with the praise of his valour," said the Jew.

"Nay, peace, I pray you," said the knight; "time presses, bring forth your jewels."

"What say you to this, or this?" said the Jew, successively taking from the casket rings and brooches, enriched with gems of the finest water, and chains of the most delicate workmanship, while the lady looked on in silent admiration.

"Nay, none of these," said the knight. "Have you still that carcanet of whose beauty you so boasted at Bruges—the heart-shaped ruby, inclosed within a border of that knightly flower, the *fleur de souvenance*?"

"We will see no more," said the lady, "for these are costly and beautiful enow, methinks, even for our sweet lady and queen."

"They are so, fair lady," replied the Jew; "but choose not until you have seen the ruby, which I purchased not long since of a stranger at Bruges. Father Abraham! 'tis without

flaw or blemish, and gloweth like the carbuncle that lighteth the hall of the Soldan of Babylon." Thus saying, he arose, and from a trebly-locked iron chest drew forth another casket.

"Hasten, good Eleazar," said the knight, "name your price, and doubt not the depth of my purse."

"Shall Eleazar of Bruges take payment of the Lord of Warrington," cried the Jew, "when by his knightly prowess I was rescued with my treasures from the brutish populace at Lisle?"

"Speak not of that," returned the knight, hastily; "a knight is ever bound to defend the defenceless—but bring it forth, and fear not for the price."

"I fear not," said the Jew, "for I would you would but take it without payment."

"That may not be," said the knight, peremptorily; "the gift that a knight presents to his lady must either be won in fight or purchased with his purse—but hasten, I pray you."

The Jew took from the very bottom of the casket a small box, and, opening it, displayed to the admiring gaze of the lady a carcanet, whose delicately enamelled border of forget-me-nots inclosed a ruby of such size and of such rich and dazzling brilliancy that the eye almost ached at beholding it.

"This doth indeed remind me of tales of the eastern land," cried the lady, as she took the splendid gem from the box by its delicate gold chain, and, holding it up, gazed with an intensity of admiration which she in vain endeavoured to suppress.

"The price?" whispered the knight, beckoning to the page who advanced with his purse—not the slender silk net of modern times, but a substantial leather pouch, embroidered and embellished with gold or silver studs, sometimes even with gems, which was at this period always either carried in the hand or suspended from the girdle.

"Say nought of payment," replied the Jew.

"It is for my lady, and I may not receive it as a gift."

"Well then, thirty marks," replied the Jew.

Altogether unconscious of the value of gems, the knight, bidding the young page count out the specified sum, delightedly fastened the splendid jewel around his lady's neck, and they both departed.

Neither lady nor knight knew that the ruby had changed from the Jew's to the Christian's hands at less than one-fifth of its real value. The existence of gratitude in a Jew was too little credited for the knight to suspect that he had himself proved it, and that he was to

prove it still further in matters of higher import. The Lady Edith was under the guardianship of the king's jewel-master, Sir Nicholas de Farendone, who wished her to wed the rich knight Sir Matthew Trelauny, although he knew that her heart had been given to the Lord of Warrington. The latter owned little more than the reputation of being a brave and noble gentleman, and he was now counting upon success in Brittany for store of ransoms of captive knights wherewith to repurchase his father's estates. Then he had little doubt of winning the favour of Sir Nicholas de Farendone to his suit for the hand of Lady Edith.

The following day the armament destined for the relief of Hennebon departed, followed by the eager good wishes and prayers of the whole population. The Countess de Montfort was sorely besieged by the French, who had nearly beaten down the strong walls of Hennebon. At length the promised succour came, but we need not delay the current of our story to tell here how bravely the flower of English chivalry repulsed the French beneath the walls of Hennebon, how well the battle of Quimperlé was fought when Don Louis of Spain, severely wounded, was forced to put to sea in a crazy boat, still followed by the victorious English.

But that brilliant victory was the beginning of misfortunes to the Lord of Warrington: for, after chasing Don Louis both by sea and land, on the third evening Sir Walter Manny and his gallant companions in arms, in the pride of victory, stood before the strongly fortified castle of Roche Perion. Then said Sir Walter Manny, "Good gentlemen, I would that we might attack this strong castle, all weary as I am, had I but any one to aid me." Then said the knights, "Go on boldly, sir, for we will follow you even until death!" And, raising their battle-cry, "St. George for merry England!" and advancing the standard on which the lilies of France glittered beside the lions of Plantagenet, they rushed to the assault. But Girard de Maulin was no mean enemy; he manned the walls with good cross-bowmen, who shot so unerringly that many knights were slain and some wounded, and among them was the Lord of Warrington, and Sir Matthew Trelauny, his rival, also.

Nor did his ill-fortune end here: René, the brother of De Maulin, hearing news of the attack, armed forty men, and, coming suddenly on the knight and esquires, who lay wounded in a field near at hand, took them all prisoners, and carried them to his tower of Faveot. Unable to reduce the castle, and grieving much for the loss of his slain and imprisoned

companions, Sir Walter Manny returned to Hennebon, and prepared to give battle to Charles of Blois and Don Louis of Spain, who, having rallied their scattered forces, had now encamped within a short distance of the city.

One afternoon, while the archers were listlessly wandering up and down the town, eagerly awaiting the time that should again place them in battle-array against the host of France, and the knights were playing at chess, or pledging each other in Gascoigne wine to the success of the noble countess, a message from their leader summoned them to the council, where with surprise and horror they learned that the two valiant knights, Sir Johan de Boteler and Sir Matthew Trelauny, had that morning been brought from Favot to the French camp for instant execution, at the demand of Don Louis of Spain. Astonished beyond measure at this most unchivalrous and most unheard-of intention, the English knights looked at each other, wholly unable to determine what course should be pursued. Then Sir Walter Manny, ever prompt with wise counsel in the camp as with bold daring in the field, rose up, and thus said he:

"Right gallant sirs, it would be great honour to us if we could deliver out of danger yonder two knights, and even if we should fail when we put it in adventure, yet will King Edward our master thank us, and so will all other noble men, for who would not put himself right gladly in peril to save the lives of two such valiant knights!"

The proposal was joyfully received, and the chivalrous leader, having sent the greater part of his men out at the gate that fronted the French camp, in order to provoke an attack, he himself, with a hundred men-at-arms and five hundred archers on horseback, sallied out at the postern, and, going round to the back of the camp, forced his way toward the tent, where, bound, and awaiting their almost immediate execution, the two knights lay. To loose them from their bonds, to place swords in their hands, and cause each to mount a steed which he had provided, was but the work of a moment; and, his generous plan thus accomplished, Sir Walter rode back swiftly as he came, to call off the main body of his forces from their feigned assault.

The first thought of the captives, so unexpectedly liberated, was to endeavour to enter Hennebon in the train of their valiant deliverer; but Sir Walter and his archer-band spurred so quickly, that they were soon left in the distance, and Sir Matthew Trelauny, who had been more severely wounded than his

rival, with great difficulty urged his slower-paced steed onward.

"Good Sir Matthew," said the Lord of Warrington, suddenly returning, "your wounds are unhealed, and your horse less swift than mine—mount *my* steed, and make the best of your way to Hennebon, and St. George and St. Michael speed you!"

"I may not, my generous rival," replied the almost fainting knight; "St. George, patron of all good chivalry, forbid that I should accept an offer that might place your life in jeopardy!"

"Nay, deny me not," persisted the Lord of Warrington, dismounting; "rivals though we be, we are brethren in misfortune; lose no time—look yonder."

Sir Matthew Trelauny turned his head, and clouds of dust in the distance too plainly showed that a company of the enemy was approaching. He looked on the blood that was fast oozing from his unhealed wound, and on the sword which he was unable to wield—half an hour on a swift steed would place him safely within the walls of Hennebon—there was no time for either to lose in fruitless debate—the strong instinct of self-preservation prevailed, and he mounted the swifter steed.

"Farewell, my generous rival," said he; "no longer rival, but brother."

"That cannot be," said the Lord of Warrington mournfully; "you are pledged to run three courses against me in the August tournament, and may I lose all favour of my lady if I meet you not there!—But, away! ride, ride for your life!"

The Lord of Warrington leaped on his rival's horse, and endeavoured to spur toward Hennebon. Ill fortune a second time pursued him: some of the scouts from the French army came up, and, after a brave but ineffectual struggle, he was led captive to Roche Perion.

It was in vain for our hapless knight that Charles of Blois was finally driven back, that a truce was completed, and that the victorious army, accompanied by the countess, had sailed to England: closely confined, although no longer in danger of his life, in the topmost tower of Roche Perion, he sat disconsolately day by day, looking out upon the distant towers of Hennebon and the dark blue sea beyond. One day, while thus mournfully sitting, almost questioning the justice of Heaven, which for a deed of knightly generosity seemed thus to have requited him with stern imprisonment, he heard the distant sounds of the heralds' trumpets, as they passed along the road leading from Hennebon, to proclaim in

every town that owned the rule of the Earl of Montfort notice of the coming tournament. And nearer and nearer came the gay procession, until the proud blazonry of the banners and the scarlet tabards glittering with gold broidery were distinctly visible; he heard the peremptory flourish of the trumpets, and—harsh sound to a prisoned knight—almost the very words of the spirit-stirring proclamation, that summoned all the chivalry of France and England to assemble at the tournament in Smithfield, “on the morrow of the Assumption of our Lady.”

“Saints! must my companions in arms, nay, my rival himself, take part in this gallant festival,” cried the Lord of Warrington, leaning his head against the bars of his window, overcome with the feeling of his forlorn condition, “and must I remain here without chance of going forth, nay, without money to pay my ransom, and unable to fulfil my vow?”

Surely some one pronounced his name!—He looked down, and Eleazar of Bruges was standing just below.

“Alas, brave knight!” said he, “I have come hither to seek thee—and now have I found thee thus! But be not cast down; I have money for thy ransom, and thou shalt go forth to the tournament.”

“It may not be,” replied the much wondering Lord of Warrington. “Girard de Maulin will take no ransom, even though I might offer it, until Charles of Blois returns. Would that he might but suffer me to cross the seas to fulfil my promise, and I would return right soon.”

“It shall be so,” said the Jew. “Girard de Maulin longs for a right Damascus dagger greatly as you do to ride forth to the tournament; I will seek him; leave all to me, and it shall be well.”

The same evening the door of his dungeon opened, and the chatelain of Roche Perion stood before him. “Sir Johan de Boteler,” said he, “I have heard of your great desire to be at the tournament, and, in return for your noble present, I will grant you absence from hence for fourteen days, only taking your knightly word that you will go straight thither, return straight hither, neither raising your visor nor declaring your name all the time of your sojourn in London.”

“I accept your offer right gladly,” cried the knight, “and pledge you my word that I will but proceed to the tournament, and then return hither and again yield myself prisoner.”

The day of the tournament arrived, with all its gay devices, gorgeous pageantry, and gallant

show of mimic war. Along the gravelled and tapestry-decked streets, from the Tower to the lists in Smithfield, fourscore esquires in gay apparel slowly passed, each riding a noble steed, adorned with plumed chanfron, gilded martingale, and silken bases, rich with armorial bearings; while fourscore noble ladies, each mounted on a fair palfrey, led by a chain of silver her favourite knight. These were the English chivalry; but, on arriving at the lists, many French and many Flemish knights, and among them the Earl of Hainault, the queen's brother, stood ready.

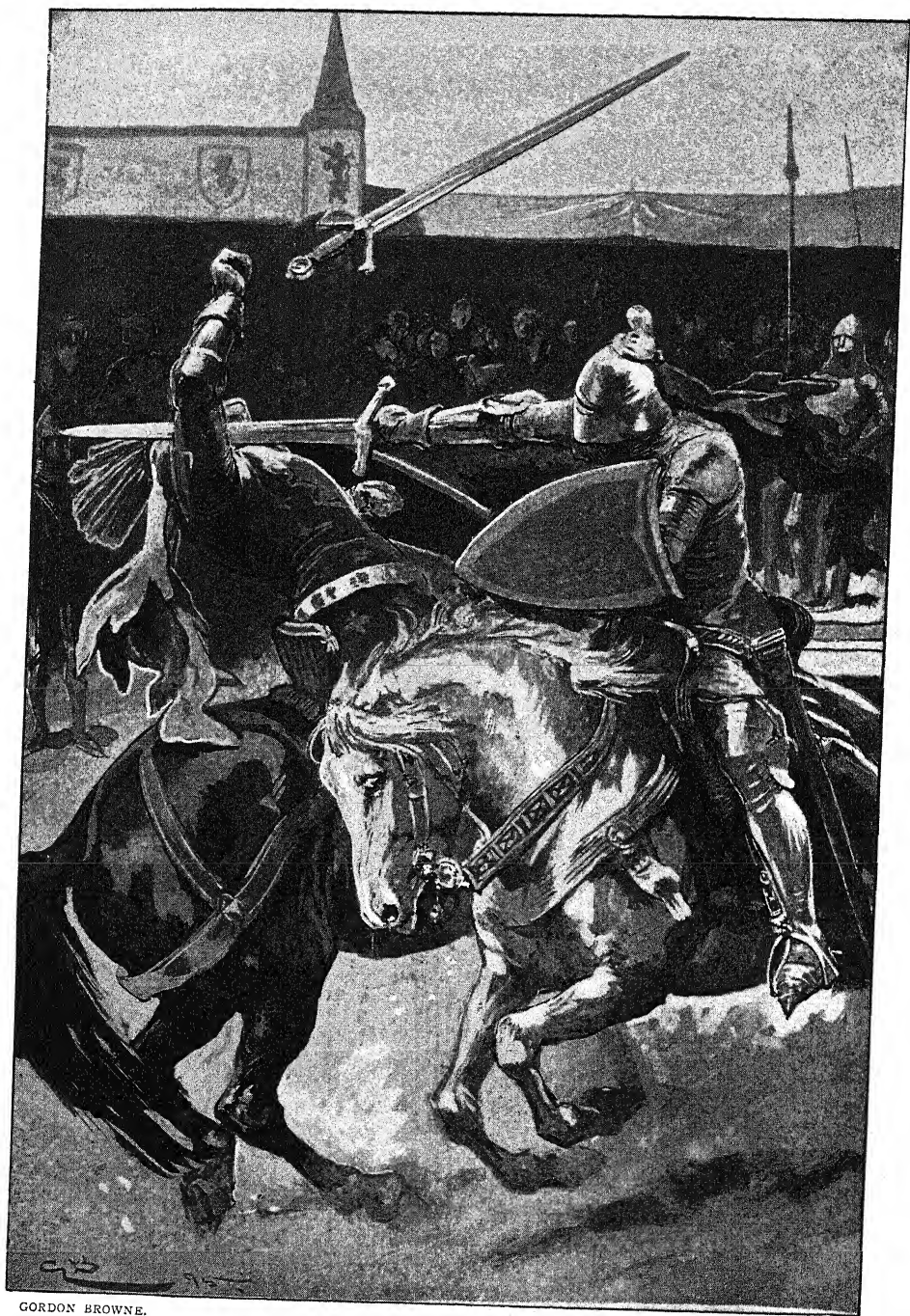
But one there was, who, in plain armour, bearing a shield without device, and distinguished by a fetter-ring on his right ankle, attracted much inquiry. Nought, however, could be learned regarding him, save that he was a knight from Brittany, come hither to fulfil a vow. Such vows were common in the days of chivalry; and many a bright eye cast a look of more eager interest upon the nameless knight than on him who rode conspicuous in the richest armour, or him whose proud quarterings embossed his courser's bases to the very ground. Nor did the nameless knight gainsay by his deeds the interest thus excited: with lance and sword, in the lists as at the barriers, he was equally successful; and when the heralds presented the victorious knights to the queen and the ladies, he received from the fair hand of Philippa the second prize, an emerald ring of great value.

“Who is yonder Breton knight?” said the king; “bring him before me, and tell him now he may well declare his name.”

It was in vain that knight, herald, even the gentle Philippa herself, pressed him to unlace his helmet or declare his name: to their urgent entreaties he replied that he was forbidden by his vow, and to the courteous and lofty feeling of chivalrous times that one word was sufficient.

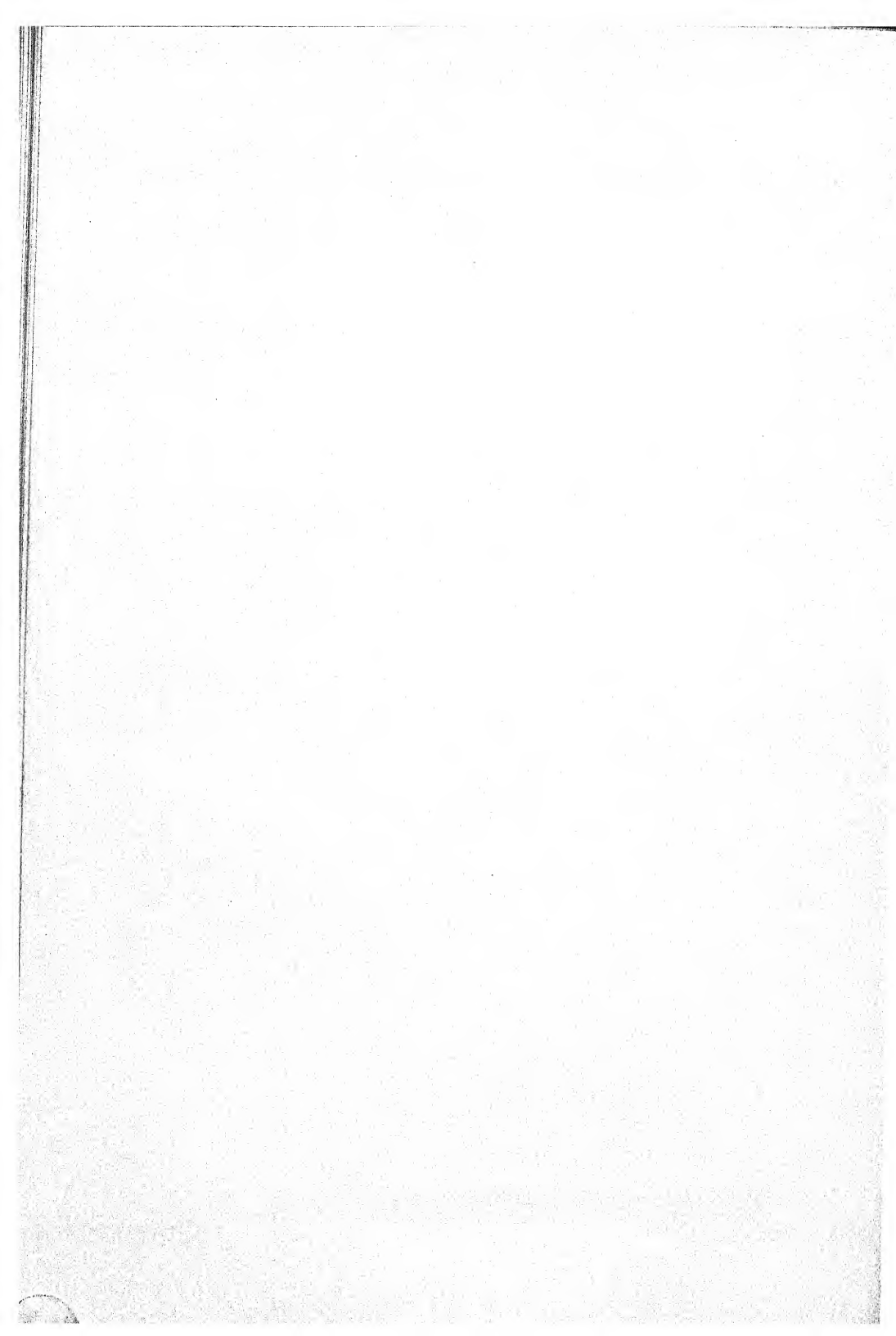
The queen and the ladies, accompanied by the knights, retired to the neighbouring pavilion, while the nameless knight leaned against the barriers, absorbed in sorrowful reflection. He had crossed the seas to fulfil his vow, but his rival had not met him in the tournament. Lady Edith, on whose fair face he had hoped to gaze, was absent; he had been successful to the very height of his expectations; he had won praise from the queen and honour from the monarch; still, entangled by his luckless vow, he must return to captivity, nor could his lady-love know that the Breton stranger was indeed an Englishman and her own true knight.

Turning with a sick heart from the gay scene



GORDON BROWNE.

THE NAMELESS KNIGHT OVERCAME ALL OPPONENTS IN THE LISTS.



around him, and casting a sorrowful look toward the mansion of the king's jewel-master, into which he dared not trust himself to enter, he bent his steps toward the house of the Gray Friars, hoping that, since it was within "the soke and aldermanrie" of Sir Nicholas de Farendone, he might obtain some little information from some prosing friar or garrulous lay-brother. But in vain did he pace the cloisters; neither gray friar nor lay-brother appeared; and, at the sound of the even-song bell, he reverently entered the church; and, endeavouring to cast aside his burden of anxieties and conflicting cares, he knelt devoutly at the altar.

The psalms were sung; the prayers were said; the friars, two and two, quitted the church; and the scanty congregation had departed: still the stranger knight lingered. At length the rays of the declining sun, streaming through the rainbow-tinted panes, warned him it was time to depart, and seek some conveyance over seas. He arose—but whence was that low and sweetly-breathed voice? and who was that beauteous damsel who, in simple white robe and unbraided hair, knelt at the neighbouring altar? Who else, when all were gay and joyous, would seek the solitude of the church and the solace of prayer, save she who mourned the captivity of her affianced knight—the Lady Edith!

Overjoyed at this unexpected meeting, scarcely conscious of what he did, the unknown knight drew the ring, the reward of his chivalrous feats, from his bosom, and laid it before her. "Farewell, sweet Edith," said he; "my vow compels me to return ere to-morrow; farewell!"

The lady rose hastily. "What say you of returning?—and wherefore this disguise?—and wherefore this speed to depart, when Heaven has thus sent you back?" cried she, recognizing him.

"Alas! sweet Edith, I must—I have pledged my knightly word, and it must not be broken. Farewell! Heaven grant we may meet again!"

"O stay!" cried the lady; then, remembering the place in which they stood and the sacredness of a vow, she added sadly, "But saints forfend that I should urge my dearest friend to break his knightly vow! Nay, take this token;" and, with trembling hand, she unclasped the rich ruby carcanet, her only ornament, from her neck; "refuse it not, you know not its value, its great value. O take it! who knows but it may defray your ransom?"

"It never shall," replied the knight. "Sweet Edith, I take it, but as a token from you—farewell!" and, unable to repress his feelings, he rushed from the church.

Unwilling to hazard the risk of recognition in the narrow streets of London, the Lord of Warrington, mounting his steed, took the road outside the walls. With a heavy sigh his eye glanced over the fair scene before him. All was bright, all was joyous; the laugh, the shout, and sounds of distant music, floated pleasantly on the light breeze, while from every spire rung out the music of the evening bells.

"So 'hither to the greenwood tree,' Sir Unknown Knight!" cried the leader of a troop of merry masquers, laying hold of the knight's bridle, "for I am commanded by the queen of faërie to bring you to her presence."

The eve of the tournament was a gay carnival, in which it was the favourite pastime of the younger knights and ladies to enact as closely to the letter as possible the wild and brilliant incidents of chivalrous romance.

Remonstrance was as vain as resistance; the luckless knight suffered them to lead him whither they would: and ere long he found himself in a richly decked pavilion, where, representative of the faëry queen, the gentle Philippa herself, fit presiding genius of so gay and romantic a scene, sat, surrounded by a company of the fairest damsels of her court, clad in the appropriated dress of her assumed character, the robe of grass green, the favourite colour of faërie, the "gridelin mantle," the narrow circlet of jewels on her open brow, while two beautiful white grayhounds, with golden collars, lay at her feet. And with graceful courtesy Philippa greeted the nameless knight, and urged him playfully to declare his name; while many an attendant noble cast looks of ill-suppressed rage at the highly-favoured stranger.

"And whence comes that fair jewel you wear round your neck?" said the queen.

"Pardon me, sweet lady and sovereign," interposed Sir Walter Manny, who, in the fancied dress of one of King Arthur's knights, stood near; "this knight hath come hither under vow of concealment; now to demand an answer wherefore he became possessed of that fair jewel might lead to some disclosure of whence he cometh, or who he is."

"You are right," said Philippa, smiling. "Sir Knight, we will ask ye nought—only let me one moment look at it, for, saints! I never saw ruby so bright!"

Fearing, though he scarcely knew why, that the carcanet so lucklessly brought to light as he bent before the queen might cause him farther mischief, the unhappy knight hesitated, and again Sir Walter Manny, with his characteristic courtesy, interfered. "My sweet

"Sold *that*, false traitor?"

"My liege gave no description, save the 'largest'—that was the largest; I knew not the high value you set on it, and I sold it to a Jew at Bruges full three months since."

"But a jewel just like it is said to have been seen not long since in your very house," said the chancellor, "where it was said to be kept secretly."

"I see it all," said the king fiercely; "you pretended to mistake the jewel, and took it to your own house, and then, after having made your bargain with the King of France, fearing danger if it were in your own possession, you sent a trusty messenger to convey it away. Arrest this traitor!"

"My liege," said Sir Walter Manny, "be not so hasty; I would stake my knightly honour on that young stranger: I pray you send not yonder worthy knight to prison on such light evidence."

"Sir Walter Manny, perchance, knows somewhat more about the stranger knight, seeing that he interposed to save him from discovery, and caused him to be sent safely away," replied the chancellor sternly.

"I did but what I would do again," replied Sir Walter proudly.

The council separated in much confusion, Sir Walter lamenting the harsh doom of the jewel-master, and musing over the events of the preceding day, bent his footsteps to the court-yard.

"Good Sir Walter Manny, what is this about a missing jewel and a stranger knight?" said a meanly dressed old man; "tell me, I pray you, for I may bring you aid."

"Alas! good man," replied the valiant knight, "it is beyond your skill."

"It must be difficult indeed then," returned the old man proudly; "refuse not my aid, Sir Walter, though you know me not—many a jewel, mean though I seem, hath passed through my hands, and perchance even this lost one."

There was somewhat in the manner of the aged man that commanded Sir Walter Manny's attention: he looked earnestly at him, and in the swarthy countenance and flashing eye recognized a Jew, whom, though he knew not his name, he had often met in Flanders. He hastily detailed the particulars, bade him use his utmost skill to discover the missing jewel, and promised him a fitting reward.

Again a smile, almost of scorn, passed over the old man's face. "Speak not of reward—that will be gained in restoring the jewel. I know where it is; I know who possesses it. Go to the king, Sir Walter; pray him to grant a

respite of only ten days to the jewel-master, and all shall be well."

"But who hath taken it? and how may I tell that you will not deceive me?"

The Jew drew nearer, and whispered two or three words in his ear.

"I will trust you to the utmost," cried the well-pleased knight. "Farewell!" He turned to depart; when, looking up to the palace windows, he observed the eyes of the king fixed upon him, with a mingled expression of anger and grief.

That evening there was high feasting at the palace; but even a deeper shade clouded King Edward's brow. Was it possible that his most favourite knight, his most cherished companion, was in league with his enemies against him?—and yet, it was Sir Walter Manny who had yesterday interfered even thrice on behalf of that traitor knight; it was *he*, too, who had urged delay at the council; it was *he* who engaged in mysterious converse about the lost jewel with a stranger and a foreigner even under the palace windows; and, when charged with perfidy, had scarcely made a reply.

"A boon, King Edward!" cried Philippa, advancing with a gay smile to the recess where, involved in sad and conflicting thoughts, he moodily sat; "a boon for the queen of *fabrie*!"

"It is granted, fairest," said the king, half unconsciously; "what would you?"

"That you take no farther steps in the business of this lost jewel, until ten days are past."

"Madam!" said the king fiercely, starting up, "would that I might deny you!—That perfidious knight, Sir Walter Manny, hath prayed you to ask this boon, that the leaders of the plot may escape. My word is pledged, and I cannot go back—but I here solemnly vow, that never shall he advance my banner, never again see my face, until all and *every* one in whose hands that jewel hath been stand together before me."

While the rash vow of the king and the probable fate of the jewel-master occupied every mind, the vessel that bore the Lord of Warrington bounded swiftly along, and ere the close of the fourth day entered the harbour of Vannes. He proceeded to Roche Perion, but there new marvels awaited him. He was received with strange courtesy, complimented on his knightly honour, shown an order from Charles of Blois directing his instant liberation, and told that his ransom had been paid by a Jew, who had returned to England. Bidding a joyful farewell to his prison towers, the Lord of Warrington hastened away, and in little more

than a week again stood upon Vintry quay, no longer the unknown knight, forbidden by his vow to disclose his name, but as the brave Sir Johan de Boteler, one of the valiant leaders of the army in Brittany, and the knight for whom Sir Walter Manny had done so splendid a deed of chivalrous valour.

But short was his joy: from the busy groups that crowded the quay he soon learned the story of the lost jewel, the stranger knight, the disgrace of Sir Walter Manny, and the imminent peril of the luckless jewel-master, who, his ten days' respite having expired, was that very morning to be brought before the council.

"It is through me and this luckless purchase," cried he bitterly; while the strangely generous conduct of the Jew, and his singular anxiety that he should purchase that jewel, assumed to his excited mind the guise of a deeply laid and malignant plot, to work not merely his ruin, but that of him from whom he had first received his gilt spur, and beneath whose auspices he had first unfurled his pennon. To make his instant way to Westminster, to acknowledge himself the stranger knight, and to exhibit the ruby carcanet, was his first impulse; and he wildly hastened to fulfil it.

Onward he went; but, as he drew near the king's palace, the busy gathering of the guard and the eager pressure of the crowd, as the hapless jewel-master was conducted along, caused him to turn aside, when an unseen hand grasped his collar, and an earnest voice exclaimed—

"Blessed be His name that hath sent you!"

He looked round, and beheld Eleazar of Bruges.

"There is no time to lose," said he; "three messengers have I sent over seas for you—so hasten—give me the carcanet—all depends on it."

"And wherefore?" said the knight, with a look of distrust.

"Peace!" said the Jew, sternly; "you will thank me ere long"—and, before he was aware, the delicate gold chain was broken, and the Jew had vanished with his prize.

"You must come hither with me, my fair sir," said one of the guard coming up; "methinks I took you down to the Vintry a week ago; the next road that I shall lead you will be through Our Lady's grace to the gallows-tree."

King Edward and his assembled nobles sat in council; the hapless jewel-master was placed before them; but, ere the proceedings commenced, another prisoner was brought in and placed beside him.

"Who is this?" said the chancellor.

"My right valiant companion in arms, and one who, to save my life, put his own in jeopardy," cried a young knight rushing forward. "My brave Sir Johan de Boteler, wherefore art thou *here*!"

"Because I determined to fulfil my vow, Sir Matthew Trelauny," replied the Lord of Warrington; and alas! that, through it, such unmerited disgrace should have befallen Sir Walter Manny."

"St. George is my witness I had kept my vow," returned Sir Matthew Trelauny, "had not the king sent me into Flanders, from whence I have but just returned."

"Then it was you, Sir Knight, who came to the tournament as a stranger from Brittany," said the chancellor, sternly. "But what say you of the jewel?"

"I purchased a ruby, heart-shaped, inclosed in enamel, for thirty marks, of a Jew, named Eleazar of Bruges, and it was *that* which I wore, and which was mistaken for one more precious."

"Produce it," said the chancellor.

"Would that I could! but, even as I came hither, that accursed Jew—though I scarce should say so, since he hath ever seemed to be my friend—took it from me. Would that Eleazar of Bruges were here!"

"He is here," said a hooded stranger beside him, "though no longer Eleazar of Bruges," throwing back his hood, and drawing himself up proudly, "but Matthias Ben Judah of Toledo. King Edward, *thou* knowest me well?"

"I do, and most gladly do I welcome thee," said the king, instantly recognizing the learned alchemist, whose fame had gone forth over the whole of Europe, and whose aid had been sought by many a Christian monarch, and by Edward himself, to replenish their exhausted treasures by his fancied skill.

"And thou knowest this jewel," said the Jew, laying the ruby carcanet on the table.

"I do, right well—precious, priceless jewel!" cried Edward; "but how camest thou possessed of it?"

"By purchase from a stranger, but whom I find to be he who stands there, and I sold it to this knight."

"And for thirty marks *only*?" said the chancellor.

"I did:—little do you, little does the Lord of Warrington suspect the priceless service he rendered me, when my dwelling was beset by the brutal populace at Lisle. It was not for my gold that I trembled, not for my

jewels, scarcely even for my safety, but for that precious vial of liquid, bequeathed to me by that learned adept, my father, by which I trust ere long to obtain the mighty secret. The brave arm of the Lord of Warrington drove back the craven churls; and I then vowed that, in whatever trouble he might be, or whatever gift he might wish to obtain, I would always stand his friend. Good sire, I have released you from your rash vow; the jewel and the purchasers are *all* before you: suffer me therefore to pray a guerdon, since it was for this purpose, as you I know will scarcely refuse *me*, that I took from him this jewel—it is, that you will restore to the Lord of Warrington the estates which through poverty his father sold, and allow him to obtain the Lady Edith.”

“Grant it, good king,” cried Sir Matthew Trelauny, sinking on his knee.

“Do *you* say thus, my generous rival!” exclaimed the Lord of Warrington, overwhelmed with joy and surprise.

“Not so generous as you, my true friend,” replied his rival, smiling. “The lady favours you, and I am your debtor for life.”

“Bid Sir Walter Manny hither,” cried King Edward, looking joyfully around. “Good Matthias of Toledo, ten thousand thanks to you—brave Sir Johan de Boteler, whatever you wish is granted—my worthy Sir Nicholas de Farendone, you must forgive my harshness, it was my own error; but from this time forth you shall have no reason to complain. And you, my tried and true friend,” and his voice faltered, “what shall I say for my rash speech, Sir Walter? what shall I do for *you*?”

“Nought, my dear sovereign,” replied the chivalrous Manny, “save never to think of it again.”

“Follow me, brave knights,” cried the king, rising, “and you, too, good Matthias; we will hold high festival and receive the congratulations of our faërie queen. And for this precious jewel, lest it should again be lost, I will place it in the keeping of my patron, St. George, for it shall be set in a chalice for his altar.”

And so it was—ere long a splendid gold chalice, executed under the superintendence of Sir Nicholas de Farendone, with “the great balas ruby” conspicuously set, was placed upon the high altar of St George’s chapel, where for generations it remained, challenging admiration from all, until that worthy monarch Henry the Eighth, with whom to see, to covet, and to take were synonymous, caused the beautiful chalice to be coined into gold pieces, and placed the gem among the crown-jewels. Nor few

were the after-vicissitudes of “the great balas ruby.” It decked the bosom of the vain and hapless Anne Boleyn, when, unconscious of her short-lived regality, she moved in state from the abbey to Westminster Hall; it blazed in the gorgeous stomacher of her more fortunate daughter, when, hailed as “goddess more than queen,” she presided over the princely revels and pageants of Kenilworth; it shone proudly on the threadbare gray hat of her sapient successor when he edified the Star Chamber with lectures on theology, demonology, and that subject dearer than all, his divine right; and it glowed on the rich point collar of his unhappy son, when for the last time he quitted Whitehall, whither he was only to return a captive condemned to execution. At length, all its varied fortunes past, in the attempt to convey the crown-jewels to Holland, this splendid gem was lost: that deep depository of long accumulated treasure, that vast jewel-chamber of all past generations, the ocean, finally engulfed “THE GREAT BALAS RUBY.”

MISS H. LAWRENCE.¹

THE EQUALITY OF THE GRAVE.²

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death’s purple altar now
See, where the victor-victim bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY (1659).

¹ Author of *London in the Olden Time*.

² This is said to have been a favourite song of Charles II.

THE GREEN WILLOW.¹

All a green willow, willow,
All a green willow is my garland.

Alas! by what means may I make ye to know
The unkindness for kindness that to me doth grow?
That one who most kind love on me should bestow,
Most unkind unkindness to me she doth show,
For all a green willow is my garland!

To have love and hold love, where love is so sped,
Oh! delicate food to the lover so fed!
From love won to love lost where lovers be led,
Oh! desperate dolor, the lover is dead!
For all a green willow is my garland!

She said she did love me, and would love me still,
She swore above all men I had her good-will;
She said and she swore she would my will fulfil;
The promise all good, the performance all ill;
For all a green willow is my garland!

Now, woe with the willow, and woe with the wight
That windeth willow, willow garland to dight!
That dole dealt in allmys² is all amiss quite!
Where lovers are beggars for allmys in sight,
No lover doth beg for this willow garland!

Of this willow garland the burden seems small,
But my break-neck burden I may it well call;
Like the sow of lead on my head it doth fall!
Break head, and break neck, back, bones, brain, heart,
and all!

All parts pressed in pieces!

Too ill for her think I best things may be had,
Too good for me thinketh she things being most bad,
All I do present her that may make her glad,
All she doth present me that may make me sad;
This equity have I with this willow garland!

Could I forget thee, as thou canst forget me,
That were my sound fault, which cannot nor shall be;
Though thou, like the soaring hawk, every way flee,
I will be the turtle still steadfast to thee,
And patiently wear this willow garland!

All ye that have had love, and have my like wrong,
My like truth and patience plant still ye among;
When feminine fancies for new love do long,
Old love cannot hold them, new love is so strong,
For all.

JOHN HEYWOOD (died 1576).

¹ This is the ballad of which a fragment is sung by Desdemona in *Othello*, act iv. scene 3.

² The allmys-dish, or alms-dish, was the dish in the old halls and country houses where bread was placed for the poor.

THE HALL OF SILENCE.

AN EASTERN TALE.

On the banks of the sonorous river Tsampu, whose thundering cataracts refresh the burning soil, and sometimes shake the mighty mountains that divide Thibet from the empire of Mogul, lived a wealthy and esteemed Lama, whose lands were tributary to the supreme Lama, or sacerdotal emperor, the governor of the whole country from China to the pathless desert of Cobi.¹ But although his flocks and herds were scattered over a hundred hills, and the number of his slaves exceeded the stars in heaven, yet was he chiefly known throughout all the East as the father of the beautiful Zerinda. All the anxiety that Lama Zarín had ever experienced arose from the conviction that he must soon leave his beloved daughter; and the question was always present to his mind, "Who will guard her innocence when I shall have quitted her for ever?" The Lama was at this time afflicted with a dreadful malady, peculiar to the inhabitants of the country in which he resided, which threatened, in spite of all that medicine could do, to put a speedy period to his existence.

One day, after an unusually severe attack of his disorder, he sent for the fair Zerinda, and gently motioning her to approach his couch, thus addressed her:—

"Daughter of my hopes and fears, Heaven grant that thou mayest smile for ever; yet whilst my soul confesses its delight in gazing on thee, attend to the last injunctions of thy dying father: The angel of death, who admonishes and warns the faithful in the hour of sickness before he strikes the fatal blow, has summoned me to join thy sainted mother, who died in giving birth to thee. Yet let me not depart to the fearful land of death, and leave my daughter unprotected. Oh! my Zerinda, speak! Hast thou ever seriously reflected on the dangers to which thy orphan state must shortly be exposed, surrounded as thou wilt be by suitors of various dispositions and pretensions; some wooing, with mercenary cunning, thy possessions through thy person; others haughtily demanding both, and threatening a helpless heiress with their powerful love?"

He then reminded his daughter that he had lately presented her with the portraits of several princes who had solicited a union with his house, which they had sent to her according to the custom of Thibet, where the parties

can never behold each other till they are married; proceeded to give a brief outline of their various characters; and concluded by asking her which of all these mighty suitors she thought she should prefer? Zerinda sighed, but answered not. Lama Zarin desired her to withdraw, compare their several portraits, and endeavour to decide on which of the Lamas she could bestow her love. At the word LOVE Zerinda blushed, though she knew not why;—her father, who saw the crimson on her cheek, but attributed it to timidity, again urged her to withdraw, and be speedy in her decision. Zerinda replied with a smile—

“My father knows that he is the only man I ever saw, and I think the only being I can ever love; at least my love will ever be confined to those objects which delight or benefit the author of my being:” and turning round, she continued, playfully, “I love this favourite dog which my father so frequently caresses; I loved the favourite horse on which my father rode, until he stumbled, and endangered his master’s life; but when the tiger had dragged my father to the ground, and he was delivered by his trusty slave, I LOVED Ackbar; and since my father daily acknowledges that he saved his life, I LOVE Ackbar still.”

“Zarin heard her artless confession with a smile, but reminded her that Ackbar was a slave.”

“But which of those Lamas who now demand my love has created an interest in my heart by services rendered to thee like those of the slave Ackbar? And yet I have not seen either his person or his picture; nor know I whether he be old or young—but I know that he saved the life of Lama Zarin, and therefore do I LOVE Ackbar.”

The old Lama gently reproved his child for her freedom of expression; he explained to her that love was impious, according to the laws of Thibet, between persons of different ranks in society. Zerinda left her father, and as she stroked her favourite dog a tear trembled in her eye, from the apprehension that she might possibly be guilty of impiety.

About this time the slave Ackbar, who for his services had been advanced from the chief of the shepherds to be chief of the household, had an audience of his master; observing him to be unusually dejected, he declared that he himself had acquired some knowledge of medicine, and humbly begged permission to try his skill in a case in which every other attempt had proved unsuccessful. The Lama heard his proposal with a mixture of pleasure and contempt. The slave, nothing daunted by

the apparent incredulity of his master, proceeded—

“May Lama Zarin live for ever!—I boast no secret antidote, no mystic charm, to work a sudden miracle; but I have been taught in Europe the gradual effects of alterative medicines; ’tis from them alone that I hope to gain at length a complete victory over your disease; and if in seven days’ time the smallest change encourages me to persevere, I will then boldly look forward, and either die or conquer.”

Lama Zarin assented, and from that day became the patient of Ackbar, whose new appointment of physician to the Lama gave him a right to remain always in his master’s presence, save when the beautiful Zerinda paid her daily visit to her father, at which times he was invariably directed to withdraw.

The first week had scarcely elapsed when the Lama was convinced that his disease was giving way to the medicines of his favourite; his paroxysms indeed returned, but grew every day shorter in duration; and in proportion as Ackbar became less necessary in his capacity of physician, his company was so much the more courted by Zarin as an associate. He possessed a lively imagination, and had improved his naturally good understanding by travel in distant countries. Thus his conversation often turned on subjects which were quite new to his delighted master. They talked of the laws, religion, and customs of foreign nations, comparing them with those of Thibet; and by degrees the slave became the friend, and almost the equal, of the Lama. Amongst other topics of discourse the latter would frequently enumerate the virtues and endowments of his beloved daughter, whilst Ackbar listened with an interest and delight for which he was quite at a loss to account. On the other hand, the Lama, in the fulness of his gratitude, could not avoid speaking of the wonderful skill and knowledge displayed by the slave, nor forbear relating to Zerinda the substance of the various conversations which had passed between them.

It happened one day, when he had been repeating to his daughter the account which the physician had given him of European manners, that Zerinda blushed and sighed: her father entreated to know the cause of her emotion, when she confessed that he had so often mentioned the extraordinary acquirements of this young slave, that she could think of nothing else; and that in her dreams she saw him, and fancied he was a Lama worthy of her love; then turning to her father, she asked,

“Oh, Lama, tell me, can my sleep be impious?”

Zarin beheld her with emotion, and told her that she must think of him no more.

"I will endeavour to obey," she replied; "but I shall dream, and sleep will impiously restore the thoughts which I will strive to banish during the day."

The Lama, dreading the effects of the passion which he had himself kindled in his daughter's breast, resolved never again to mention in her presence the name of Ackbar; but this resolution was formed too late: love of the purest kind had taken possession of the maiden's heart; and whilst she struggled to obey her father, her sunken eye and wasted form proclaimed the strife of feeling in her breast.

It was impossible for Lama Zarin to conceal from his physician the sickness of Zerinda; and whilst he confessed alarm for his daughter's life, he plainly saw that he had too often described that daughter to his favourite; he saw, too, that which it was impossible for Ackbar to conceal; that he had been the fatal cause of a mutual passion between two lovers who had never seen, and but for him would never have heard of, each other. Thus circumstanced (even if the laws of Thibet had permitted the visits of a male physician) prudence would have forbidden his employing the only skill in which he now had confidence; but Zerinda, whose disease was occasionally attended by delirium, would call upon the name of Ackbar, and add, "He saved the life of my father, and he only can save that of the dying Zerinda."

Overcome by his daughter's agony, the afflicted father inwardly cursed the cruel laws of Thibet, and assured her that she should see the physician Ackbar. Zerinda listened with ecstasy to the voice of Zarin; and knowing that that which a Lama promises must ever be performed, the assurance fell like balsam upon her heart; but the Lama had not fixed the period when his sacred promise should be fulfilled, nor could he be prevailed on to do so till he had retired and weighed the consequences of what had fallen from his lips. The oftener he revolved the subject in his mind, the more the difficulties appeared to diminish, till at length he resolved to disregard the slavish prejudices and customs of his country.

Elated by the prospect of being enabled to secure the future happiness of two individuals so deservedly dear to him, he determined to ask the sanction of that higher power to which all the Lamas of Thibet are subject. He accordingly lost no time in despatching messengers to the grand Lama who resided at Tonker, and with whom his influence was so great that he had sanguine hopes of obtaining

whatever he might request, even though the boon craved should be contrary to the existing laws of the country; and being unable to conceal the joy he felt at the consummation of happiness which awaited the lovers, he communicated to Ackbar the plan of future bliss which he had formed for him, and raised in the breast of the physician a transport of hope which neither his love nor his ambition had ever before dared to cherish. To Zerinda he promised that she should be withheld the sight of her lover but one week longer, or till the messenger should return from the great Lama at Tonker!

From this time the physician was no longer necessary; but the week appeared an age to the expecting hearts of Ackbar and the beautiful Zerinda.

Seven days having at length expired, the messenger arrived from Tonker with the following reply:—

"The most Sacred Sultan the Sovereign Lama, who enjoys the life for ever, and at whose nod a thousand princes perish or revive, sendeth to Lama Zarin greeting; report hath long made known at Tonker the beauty of the maid Zerinda; and by thy messenger we learn the matchless excellence of the slave Ackbar. In answer, therefore, to thy prayer that these may be united, mark the purpose of our sovereign will, which, not to obey, is death, throughout the realms of Thibet. The lovers shall not see each other till they both stand before the sacred footsteps of our throne at Tonker, that we ourselves may, in person, witness the emotion of their souls."

This answer, far from removing their suspense, created feelings a thousand times more terrible. The Lama Zarin believed that it portended ruin to himself and family: he now reflected on the rash step which he had taken, and feared that his sanguine hopes had been deceived by frequent conversations with a stranger, who had taught him to think lightly of the laws and customs of Thibet. He again recalled to mind the grand Lama's bigotry and zeal, and knowing that he must obey the summons, trembled at his situation.

Ackbar was too much enamoured to think of any danger which promised him a sight of his beloved mistress; and the only circumstance that occasioned him uneasiness was, lest the beauty of Zerinda should tempt the Supreme Lama to demand her for his own bride; but Zerinda, whose thoughts were all purity, revered the Lama for his decree, and believed that it proceeded from his desire of being witness to the mutual happiness of virtuous love.

With these sentiments she looked only with joy to the period of their departure, which was fixed for the ensuing day; when they set out with all the pomp and splendour of an Eastern retinue.

After three days' journey, during which the Lama Zarin sometimes travelled in the splendid palanquin of his daughter, and sometimes rode on the same elephant with Ackbar, dividing his attention between the conversation of each, but unable to suppress his apprehensions or dissipate the fears of his foreboding mind, the cavalcade arrived at Tonker, and proceeded without delay to the tribunal, which was held in the great "Hall of Silence."

At the upper end of this superb apartment sat, on a throne of massive gold, the Supreme Lama; before him, at some distance, were two altars, smoking with a fragrant incense; and around him knelt a hundred Lamas, in silent adoration (for in Thibet divine honours are paid to the Supreme Lama, who is supposed to live for ever, the same spirit passing from father to son). To this solemn tribunal Lama Zarin was introduced by mutes, from an apartment directly opposite to the throne, and knelt in awful silence between the smoking altars. At the same time, from two doors facing each other, were ushered in Ackbar and Zerinda, each covered by a thick veil, and accompanied by a mute, both of whom fell prostrate before the throne. A dreadful stillness now prevailed,—all was silent as death,—whilst doubt, suspense, and horror, chilled the bosoms of the expecting lovers. In this fearful interval the throbbings of Zerinda's heart became distinctly audible; her father heard them, and a half-smothered sigh stole from his bosom, and resounded through the echoing dome. At length the solemn, deep-toned voice of the Supreme Lama uttered these words:

"Attend! and mark the will of him who speaks with the lips of Heaven; arise! and hear! know that the promise of a Lama is sacred as the words of Allah, therefore are ye brought to behold each other, and in the august presence, by a solemn union, to receive the reward of the love which a fond father's praise has kindled in your souls, and which he having promised, must be fulfilled. Prepare to remove the veils. Let Lama Zarin join your hands, and then embrace each other; but on your lives utter not a word; for know that in the 'Hall of Silence' 'tis death for any tongue to speak save that which utters the decrees of Heaven!"

He ceased; and his words, resounding from the lofty roof, gradually died upon the ear, till the same dreadful stillness again pervaded the

Hall; at length on a given signal the mutes removed their veils at the same moment, and exhibited the beauteous figures of Ackbar and Zerinda. They gazed in speechless rapture on each other, till by another sign from the throne the father joined their hands; and Ackbar, as commanded, embraced his lovely bride; while she, unable to support this trying moment, fainted in his arms. It was now that her lover, unmindful of the prohibition, exclaimed—

"Help, my Zerinda dies!"

Instantly the voice from the throne ejaculated with dreadful emphasis, "Ackbar dies!" upon which two mutes approached with the fatal bow-string, and, seizing their victim, fixed an instrument of silence upon his lips, whilst others hurried away the fainting Zerinda, insensible to the danger of her lover; but the Lama Zarin, unable to restrain the anguish of his soul, cried out with bitterness—

"If to speak be death, let me die also; but first, I will execrate the savage customs, and curse the laws which doom the innocent to death for so trivial an offence."

He would have proceeded, but the tyrant's slaves surrounded him and prevented him from uttering another word. Silence being restored, the Supreme Lama again vociferated—

"Know, presumptuous and devoted wretches, that before ye brake that solemn law which enjoins silence in this sacred presence, ye were already doomed to death! Thou, Lama Zarin, for daring to degrade the holy priesthood of Lamas by marrying thy daughter to a slave; and thou, Ackbar, for presuming to ally thyself with one of that sacred race. The promise which Lama Zarin made was literally fulfilled; these daring rebels against the laws of Thibet have seen and been united to each other; and the embrace which was permitted was doomed to be the last. Now, therefore," added he, addressing the mute, "perform your office on Ackbar first."

They accordingly bound their victim, who was already gagged, to one of the altars, and were about to fix the silken string upon his neck, when they on a sudden desisted, and prostrating themselves before Ackbar, performed the obeisance which is paid only to the heir of the sacred throne of Tonker.

A general consternation seized all present, and the Supreme Lama, descending from his throne, approached the victim, on whose left shoulder (which had been uncovered by the executioner) he now perceived the mystic characters by which the sacred family of Thibet are always distinguished at their birth. When he beheld the well-known mark, the voice of

nature confirmed the testimony of his eyesight, and falling on the neck of Ackbar, he exclaimed—

"It is my son, my long lost son! let him speak: henceforth this place shall no longer be called the "Hall of Silence," but the "Hall of Joy," for in this room will we celebrate to-morrow the nuptials of Ackbar and Zerinda!"

The history then goes on to explain this singular event by relating that some Jesuit missionaries who had gained access to the capitol of Thibet, in their zeal for their religion, had found means to steal the young heir to the throne, then an infant; hoping to make use of him in the conversion of his father's people; but in their retreat through the great desert of Cobi, they had been attacked by banditti, who slaughtered them all, and sold the young Lama for a slave. He had served in the Ottoman army,—he had been taken by the Knights of Malta, afterwards became servant to a French officer, with whom he travelled through Europe; he finally accompanied him to India; there, in an engagement with the Mahrattas, he had been again taken prisoner and sold as a slave to some merchants of Thibet; by this means he came into the service of the Lama Zarin, without knowing anything of his origin, or the meaning of the characters he bore on his left shoulder, and which had been the cause of effecting this wonderful discovery.

The history concludes with an account of the nuptials of Ackbar and Zerinda. Their happiness was unexampled; for the lessons which the young Lama had learned in the school of adversity, and the observations he had made in the various countries through which he had travelled, prepared him to abolish many of the cruel and impious customs which had till then disgraced the legislature of Thibet.

ADDRESS TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

(*In Belzoni's Exhibition.*)

And thou hast walk'd about (how strange a story!)

In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,

And Time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted Dummy,

Thou hast a tongue—come—let us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above-ground, Mummy!

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect,

To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame;
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect

Of either Pyramid that bears his name?

Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?

Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden

By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade,—

Then say what secret melody was hidden

In Memnon's statue which at sunrise play'd?

Perhaps thou wert a Priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinion'd flat,

Has hob-a-nob'd with Pharaoh, glass to glass;

Or dropp'd a halfpenny in Homer's hat,

Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido pass,

Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,

A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when arm'd,

Has any Roman soldier maul'd and knuckled,

For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalm'd,

Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:—

Antiquity appears to have begun

Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that wither'd tongue

Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,

How the world look'd when it was fresh and young,

And the great Deluge still had left it green—

Or was it then so old that History's pages

Contain'd no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf?

Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;

But prithee tell us something of thyself,

Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;

Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumber'd,

What hast thou seen—what strange adventures num-
ber'd?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,

We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations;

The Roman empire has begun and ended,

New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,

And countless kings have into dust been humbled,

While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head

When the great Persian conqueror Cambyzes

March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,

O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,

And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,

When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confess'd,

The nature of thy private life unfold:—

A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,

And tears adown that dusty cheek have roll'd:—

Have children climb'd those knees, and kiss'd that face?

What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—Immortal of the dead!
 Imperishable type of evanescence!
 Posthumous man, who quit'st thy narrow bed,
 And standest undecayed within our presence,
 Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
 When the great Trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
 If its undying guest be lost for ever?
 O let us keep the soul embalm'd and pure
 In living virtue, that when both must sever,
 Although corruption may our frame consume,
 Th' immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

HORACE SMITH.

THE FORTUNES OF MARTIN WALDECK.¹

The solitudes of the Harz Forest in Germany, but especially the mountains called Blockberg, or rather Brockenberg, are the chosen scene for tales of witches, demons, and apparitions. The occupation of the inhabitants, who are either miners or foresters, is of a kind that renders them peculiarly prone to superstition, and the natural phenomena which they witness in pursuit of their solitary or subterraneous profession are often set down by them to the interference of goblins or the power of magic. Among the various legends current in that wild country there is a favourite one, which supposes the Harz to be haunted by a sort of tutelar demon, in the shape of a wild man, of huge stature, his head wreathed with oak leaves, and his middle cinctured with the same, bearing in his hand a pine torn up by the roots. It is certain that many persons profess to have seen such a form traversing, with huge strides, in a line parallel to their own course, the opposite ridge of a mountain, when divided from it by a narrow glen; and indeed the fact of the apparition is so generally admitted, that modern scepticism has only found refuge by ascribing it to optical deception.²

In elder times the intercourse of the demon with the inhabitants was more familiar, and, according to the traditions of the Harz, he was wont, with the caprice usually ascribed to these earth-born powers, to interfere with the affairs of mortals, sometimes for their weal, sometimes

for their woe. But it was observed that even his gifts often turned out, in the long-run, fatal to those on whom they were bestowed, and it was no uncommon thing for the pastors, in their care of their flocks, to compose long sermons, the burden whereof was a warning against having any intercourse, direct or indirect, with the Harz demon. The fortunes of Martin Waldeck have been often quoted by the aged to their giddy children, when they were heard to scoff at a danger which appeared visionary.

A travelling capuchin had possessed himself of the pulpit of the thatched church at a little hamlet called *Morgenbrodt*, lying in the Harz district, from which he declaimed against the wickedness of the inhabitants, their communication with fiends, witches, and fairies, and, in particular, with the woodland goblin of the Harz. The doctrines of Luther had already begun to spread among the peasantry, for the incident is placed under the reign of Charles V., and they laughed to scorn the zeal with which the venerable man insisted upon his topic. At length, as his vehemence increased with opposition, so their opposition rose in proportion to his vehemence. The inhabitants did not like to hear an accustomed quiet demon, who had inhabited the Brockenberg for so many ages, summarily confounded with Baalpeor, Ashtaroth, and Beelzebub himself, and condemned without reprieve to the bottomless Tophet. The apprehensions that the spirit might avenge himself on them for listening to such an illiberal sentence, added to their national interest in his behalf. A travelling friar, they said, that is here to-day and away to-morrow, may say what he pleases: but it is we, the ancient and constant inhabitants of the country, that are left at the mercy of the insulted demon, and must, of course, pay for all. Under the irritation occasioned by these reflections, the peasants from injurious language betook themselves to stones, and having pebbled the priest pretty handsomely, they drove him out of the parish to preach against demons elsewhere.

Three young men, who had been present and assisting on this occasion, were upon their return to the hut where they carried on the laborious and mean occupation of preparing charcoal for the smelting furnaces. On the way, their conversation naturally turned upon the demon of the Harz and the doctrine of the capuchin. Max and George Waldeck, the two elder brothers, although they allowed the language of the capuchin to have been indiscreet and worthy of censure, as presuming to deter-

¹ From *The Antiquary*. "The outline of this story," said Sir Walter Scott in a Note to the Novel, "is taken from the German."

² The shadow of the person who sees the phantom being reflected upon a cloud of mist, like the image of the magic lantern upon a white sheet, is supposed to have formed the apparition.

mine upon the precise character and abode of the spirit, yet contended it was dangerous, in the highest degree, to accept of his gifts, or hold any communication with him. He was powerful, they allowed, but wayward and capricious, and those who had intercourse with him seldom came to a good end. Did he not give the brave knight, Ecbert of Rabenwald, that famous black steed by means of which he vanquished all the champions at the great tournament at Bremen? and did not the same steed afterwards precipitate itself with its rider into an abyss so steep and fearful, that neither horse nor man were ever seen more? Had he not given to Dame Gertrude Trodden a curious spell for making butter come? and was she not burned for a witch by the grand criminal judge of the Electorate, because she availed herself of his gift? But these, and many other instances which they quoted, of mischance and ill-luck ultimately attending on the apparent benefits conferred by the Harz spirit, failed to make any impression upon Martin Waldeck, the youngest of the brothers.

Martin was youthful, rash, and impetuous; excelling in all the exercises which distinguish a mountaineer, and brave and undaunted from his familiar intercourse with the dangers that attended them. He laughed at the timidity of his brothers. "Tell me not of such folly," he said; "the demon is a good demon—he lives among us as if he were a peasant like ourselves—haunts the lonely crags and recesses of the mountains like a huntsman or goatherd—and he who loves the Harz Forest and its wild scenes cannot be indifferent to the fate of the hardy children of the soil. But if the demon were as malicious as you would make him, how should he derive power over mortals, who barely avail themselves of his gifts, without binding themselves to submit to his pleasure? When you carry your charcoal to the furnace, is not the money as good that is paid you by blaspheming Blaize, the old reprobate overseer, as if you got it from the pastor himself? It is not the goblin's gifts which can endanger you then, but it is the use you shall make of them that you must account for. And were the demon to appear to me at this moment and indicate to me a gold or silver mine, I would begin to dig away even before his back were turned, and I would consider myself as under the protection of a much Greater than he while I made a good use of the wealth he pointed out to me.

To this the elder brother replied, that wealth ill won was seldom well spent; while Martin presumptuously declared, that the possession

of all the treasures of the Harz would not make the slightest alteration on his habits, morals, or character.

His brother entreated Martin to talk less wildly upon this subject, and with some difficulty contrived to withdraw his attention, by calling it to the consideration of the approaching boar-chase. This talk brought them to their hut, a wretched wigwam, situated upon one side of a wild, narrow, and romantic dell, in the recesses of the Brockenberg. They released their sister from attending upon the operation of charring the wood, which requires constant attention, and divided among themselves the duty of watching it by night, according to their custom, one always waking while his brothers slept.

Max Waldeck, the eldest, watched during the two first hours of the night, and was considerably alarmed by observing, upon the opposite bank of the glen, or valley, a huge fire surrounded by some figures that appeared to wheel around it with antic gestures. Max at first bethought him of calling up his brothers; but recollecting the daring character of the youngest, and finding it impossible to wake the elder without also disturbing Martin—conceiving also what he saw to be an illusion of the demon, sent perhaps in consequence of the venturous expressions used by Martin on the preceding evening, he thought it best to betake himself to the safe-guard of such prayers as he could murmur over, and to watch in great terror and annoyance this strange and alarming apparition. After blazing for some time, the fire faded gradually away into darkness, and the rest of Max's watch was only disturbed by the remembrance of its terrors.

George now occupied the place of Max, who had retired to rest. The phenomenon of a huge blazing fire, upon the opposite bank of the glen, again presented itself to the eye of the watchman. It was surrounded as before by figures, which, distinguished by their opaque forms being between the spectator and the red glaring light, moved and fluctuated around it as if engaged in some mystical ceremony. George, though equally cautious, was of a bolder character than his elder brother. He resolved to examine more nearly the object of his wonder; and accordingly, after crossing the rivulet which divided the glen, he climbed up the opposite bank, and approached within an arrow's flight of the fire, which blazed apparently with the same fury as when he first witnessed it.

The appearance of the assistants who surrounded it resembled those phantoms which

are seen in a troubled dream, and at once confirmed the idea he had entertained from the first, that they did not belong to the human world. Amongst these strange unearthly forms, George Waldeck distinguished that of a giant overgrown with hair, holding an uprooted fir in his hand, with which, from time to time, he seemed to stir the blazing fire, and having no other clothing than a wreath of oak leaves around his forehead and loins. George's heart sunk within him at recognizing the well-known apparition of the Harz demon, as he had been often described to him by the ancient shepherds and huntsmen who had seen his form traversing the mountains. He turned, and was about to fly; but upon second thoughts, blaming his own cowardice, he recited mentally the verse of the Psalmist, "All good angels, praise the Lord!" which is in that country supposed powerful as an exorcism, and turned himself once more towards the place where he had seen the fire. But it was no longer visible.

The pale moon alone enlightened the side of the valley; and when George, with trembling steps, a moist brow, and hair bristling upright under his collier's cap, came to the spot on which the fire had been so lately visible, marked as it was by a scathed oak-tree, there appeared not on the heath the slightest vestiges of what he had seen. The moss and wild flowers were unscorched, and the branches of the oak-tree, which had so lately appeared enveloped in wreaths of flame and smoke, were moist with the dews of midnight.

George returned to his hut with trembling steps, and, arguing like his elder brother, resolved to say nothing of what he had seen, lest he should awake in Martin that daring curiosity which he almost deemed to be allied with impiety.

It was now Martin's turn to watch. The household cock had given his first summons, and the night was well-nigh spent. Upon examining the state of the furnace in which the wood was deposited in order to its being *coked* or *charred*, he was surprised to find that the fire had not been sufficiently maintained; for in his excursion and its consequences George had forgot the principal object of his watch. Martin's first thought was to call up the slumbers; but observing that both his brothers slept unwontedly deep and heavily, he respected their repose, and set himself to supply the furnace with fuel without requiring their aid. What he heaped upon it was apparently damp and unfit for the purpose; for the fire seemed rather to decay than revive. Martin next went to collect some boughs from a stack which

had been carefully cut and dried for this purpose; but when he returned, he found the fire totally extinguished. This was a serious evil, and threatened them with loss of their trade for more than one day. The vexed and mortified watchman set about to strike a light in order to re-kindle the fire, but the tinder was moist, and his labour proved in this respect also ineffectual. He was now about to call up his brothers, for circumstances seemed to be pressing, when flashes of light glimmered not only through the window, but through every crevice of the rudely-built hut, and summoned him to behold the same apparition which had before alarmed the successive watches of his brethren. His first idea was, that the Muhllers-haussers, their rivals in trade, and with whom they had had many quarrels, might have encroached upon their bounds for the purpose of pirating their wood, and he resolved to awake his brothers, and be revenged on them for their audacity. But a short reflection and observation on the gestures and manner of those who seemed to "work in the fire," induced him to dismiss this belief, and although rather sceptical in such matters, to conclude that what he saw was a supernatural phenomenon. "But be they men or fiends," said the undaunted forester, "that busy themselves yonder with such fantastical rites and gestures, I will go and demand a light to rekindle our furnace." He relinquished, at the same time, the idea of awaking his brethren. There was a belief that such adventures as he was about to undertake were accessible only to one person at a time; he feared also that his brothers, in their scrupulous timidity, might interfere to prevent his pursuing the investigation he had resolved to commence; and therefore, snatching his boar-spear from the wall, the undaunted Martin Waldeck set forth on the adventure alone.

With the same success as his brother George, but with courage far superior, Martin crossed the brook, ascended the hill, and approached so near the ghostly assembly, that he could recognize, in the presiding figure, the attributes of the Harz demon. A cold shuddering assailed him for the first time in his life; but the recollection that he had at a distance dared and even courted the intercourse which was now about to take place confirmed his staggering courage, and pride supplying what he wanted in resolution, he advanced with tolerable firmness towards the fire, the figures which surrounded it appearing still more wild, fantastical, and supernatural the more near he approached to the assembly. He was received with a loud

shout of discordant and unnatural laughter, which, to his stunned ears, seemed more alarming than a combination of the most dismal and melancholy sounds that could be imagined. "Who art thou?" said the giant, compressing his savage and exaggerated features into a sort of forced gravity, while they were occasionally agitated by the convulsion of the laughter which he seemed to suppress.

"Martin Waldeck, the forester," answered the hardy youth;—"and who are you?"

"The King of the Waste and of the Mine," answered the spectre;—"and why hast thou dared to encroach on my mysteries?"

"I came in search of light to rekindle my fire," answered Martin hardily, and then resolutely asked in his turn, "What mysteries are those that you celebrate here?"

"We celebrate," answered the complaisant demon, "the wedding of Hermes with the Black Dragon—But take the fire that thou camest to seek, and begone—no mortal may long look upon us and live."

The peasant struck his spear point into a large piece of blazing wood, which he heaved up with some difficulty, and then turned round to regain his hut, the shouts of laughter being renewed behind him with treble violence, and ringing far down the narrow valley. When Martin returned to the hut his first care, however much astonished with what he had seen, was to dispose the kindled coal among the fuel so as might best light the fire of his furnace; but after many efforts, and all the exertions of bellows and fire-prong, the coal he had brought from the demon's fire became totally extinct, without kindling any of the others. He turned about and observed the fire still blazing on the hill, although those who had been busied around it had disappeared. As he conceived the spectre had been jesting with him, he gave way to the natural hardihood of his temper, and, determining to see the adventure to an end, resumed the road to the fire, from which, unopposed by the demon, he brought off in the same manner a blazing piece of charcoal, but still without being able to succeed in lighting his fire. Impunity having increased his rashness, he resolved upon a third experiment, and was as successful as before in reaching the fire; but when he had again appropriated a piece of burning coal, and had turned to depart, he heard the harsh and supernatural voice which had before accosted him, pronounce these words, "Dare not to return hither a fourth time!"

The attempt to kindle the fire with this last coal having proved as ineffectual as on the

former occasions, Martin relinquished the hopeless attempt, and flung himself on his bed of leaves, resolving to delay till the next morning the communication of his supernatural adventure to his brothers. He was awakened from a heavy sleep into which he had sunk, from fatigue of body and agitation of mind, by loud exclamations of surprise and joy. His brothers, astonished at finding the fire extinguished when they awoke, had proceeded to arrange the fuel in order to renew it, when they found in the ashes three huge metallic masses, which their skill (for most of the peasants in the Harz are practical mineralogists) immediately ascertained to be pure gold.

It was some damp upon their joyful congratulations when they learned from Martin the mode in which he had obtained this treasure, to which their own experience of the nocturnal vision induced them to give full credit. But they were unable to resist the temptation of sharing in their brother's wealth. Taking now upon him as head of the house, Martin Waldeck bought lands and forests, built a castle, obtained a patent of nobility, and, greatly to the indignation of the ancient aristocracy of the neighbourhood, was invested with all the privileges of a man of family. His courage in public war, as well as in private feuds, together with the number of retainers whom he kept in pay, sustained him for some time against the odium which was excited by his sudden elevation, and the arrogance of his pretensions.

And now it was seen in the instance of Martin Waldeck, as it has been in that of many others, how little mortals can foresee the effect of sudden prosperity on their own disposition. The evil propensities in his nature, which poverty had checked and repressed, ripened and bore their unhallowed fruit under the influence of temptation and the means of indulgence. As deep calls unto deep, one bad passion awakened another:—the fiend of avarice invoked that of pride, and pride was to be supported by cruelty and oppression. Waldeck's character, always bold and daring, but rendered harsh and assuming by prosperity, soon made him odious, not to the nobles only, but likewise to the lower ranks, who saw, with double dislike, the oppressive rights of the feudal nobility of the empire so remorselessly exercised by one who had risen from the very dregs of the people. His adventure, although carefully concealed, began likewise to be whispered abroad, and the clergy already stigmatized as a wizard and accomplice of fiends the wretch who, having

acquired so huge a treasure in so strange a manner, had not sought to sanctify it by dedicating a considerable portion to the use of the church. Surrounded by enemies, public and private, tormented by a thousand feuds, and threatened by the church with excommunication, Martin Waldeck, or, as we must now call him, the Baron Von Waldeck, often regretted bitterly the labours and sports of his unenvied poverty. But his courage failed him not under these difficulties, and seemed rather to augment in proportion to the danger which darkened around him, until an accident precipitated his fall.

A proclamation by the reigning Duke of Brunswick had invited to a solemn tournament all German nobles of free and honourable descent, and Martin Waldeck, splendidly armed, accompanied by his two brothers and a gallantly-equipped retinue, had the arrogance to appear among the chivalry of the province, and demand permission to enter the lists. This was considered as filling up the measure of his presumption. A thousand voices exclaimed, "We will have no cinder-sifter mingle in our games of chivalry." Irritated to frenzy, Martin drew his sword and hewed down the herald, who, in compliance with the general outcry, opposed his entry into the lists. A hundred swords were unsheathed, to avenge what was in those days regarded as a crime only inferior to sacrilege or regicide. Waldeck, after defending himself like a lion, was seized, tried on the spot by the judges of the lists, and condemned, as the appropriate punishment for breaking the peace of his sovereign, and violating the sacred person of a herald-at-arms, to have his right hand struck from his body, to be ignominiously deprived of the honour of nobility, of which he was unworthy, and to be expelled from the city. When he had been stripped of his arms, and sustained the mutilation imposed by this severe sentence, the unhappy victim of ambition was abandoned to the rabble, who followed him with threats and outcries levelled alternately against the necromancer and oppressor, which at length ended in violence. His brothers (for his retinue were fled and dispersed) at length succeeded in rescuing him from the hands of the populace, when, satiated with cruelty, they had left him half dead through loss of blood, and through the outrages he had sustained. They were not permitted, such was the ingenious cruelty of their enemies, to make use of any other means of removing him, excepting such a collier's cart as they had themselves formerly used, in which they deposited their brother on

a truss of straw, scarcely expecting to reach any place of shelter ere death should release him from his misery.

When the Waldecks, journeying in this miserable manner, had approached the verge of their native country, in a hollow way, between two mountains, they perceived a figure advanced towards them, which at first sight seemed to be an aged man. But as he approached his limbs and stature increased, the cloak fell from his shoulders, his pilgrim's staff was changed into an uprooted pine-tree, and the gigantic figure of the Harz demon passed before them in his terrors. When he came opposite to the cart which contained the miserable Waldeck, his huge features dilated into a grin of unutterable contempt and malignity, as he asked the sufferer, "How like you the fire my coals have kindled?" The power of motion, which terror suspended in his two brothers, seemed to be restored to Martin by the energy of his courage. He raised himself on the cart, bent his brows, and, clenching his fist, shook it at the spectre with a ghastly look of hate and defiance. The goblin vanished with his usual tremendous and explosive laugh, and left Waldeck exhausted with this effort of expiring nature.

The terrified brethren turned their vehicle toward the towers of a convent, which arose in a wood of pine-trees beside the road. They were charitably received by a bare-footed and long-bearded capuchin, and Martin survived only to complete the first confession he had made since the day of his sudden prosperity, and to receive absolution from the very priest whom precisely on that day three years he had assisted to pelt out of the hamlet of Morgenbrodt. The three years of precarious prosperity were supposed to have a mysterious correspondence with the number of his visits to the spectral fire upon the hill.

The body of Martin Waldeck was interred in the convent where he expired, in which his brothers, having assumed the habit of the order, lived and died in the performance of acts of charity and devotion. His lands, to which no one asserted any claim, lay waste until they were reassumed by the emperor as a lapsed fief, and the ruins of the castle, which Waldeck had called by his own name, are still shunned by the miner and forester as haunted by evil spirits. Thus were the miseries attendant upon wealth, hastily attained and ill-employed, exemplified in the fortunes of Martin Waldeck.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE ADMIRAL GUARINOS.

The day of Roncesvalles was a dismal day for you,
 Ye men of France, for there the lance of King Charles was broke in two.
 Ye well may curse that rueful field, for many a noble peer
 In fray or fight the dust did bite beneath Bernardo's spear.

Then captured was Guarinos, King Charles' Admiral,
 Seven Moorish kings surrounded him, and seized him for their thrall;
 Seven times, when all the chase was o'er, for Guarinos lots they cast;
 Seven times Marlotès won the throw, and the knight was his at last.

Much joy had then Marlotès, and his captive much did prize,
 Above all the wealth of Araby he was precious in his eyes.
 Within his tent at evening he made the best of cheer,
 And thus, the banquet done, he spake unto his prisoner:—

"Now, for the sake of Allah, Lord Admiral Guarinos,
 Be thou a Moslem, and much love shall ever rest between us.
 Two daughters have I;—all the day shall one thy handmaid be—
 The other (and the fairest far) by night shall cherish thee.

"The one shall be thy waiting-maid thy weary feet to lave,
 To scatter perfumes on thy head, and fetch thee garments brave:
 The other—she the pretty one—shall deck her bridal bower,
 And my field and my city they both shall be her dower.

"If more thou wishest, more I'll give. Speak boldly what thy thought is."
 Thus earnestly and kindly to Guarinos said Marlotès:
 But not a minute did he take to ponder or to pause,
 Thus clear and quick the answer of the Christian captain was.

"Now, God forbid! Marlotès, and Mary his dear mother,
 That I should leave the faith of Christ and bind me to another.
 For women—I've one wife in France, and I'll wed no more in Spain,
 I change not faith, I break not vow, for courtesy or gain."

Wrath waxed King Marlotès, when thus he heard him say,
 And all for ire commanded he should be led away;
 Away unto the dungeon-keep, beneath its vaults to lie,
 With fetters bound in darkness deep, far off from sun and sky.

With iron bands they bound his hands; that sore unworthy plight
 Might well express his helplessness, doomed never more to fight;
 Again, from cincture down to knee, long bolts of iron he bore,
 Which signified the knight should ride on charger never more.

Three times alone in all the year it is the captive's doom
 To see God's daylight bright and clear, instead of dungeon-gloom;
 Three times alone they bring him out, like Samson long ago,
 Before the Moorish rabble-rout to be a sport and show.

On these high feasts they bring him forth, a spectacle to be—
 The Feast of Pasque and the great day of the Nativity;
 And on that morn, more solemn yet, when the maidens strip the bowers,
 And gladden mosque and minaret with the first-fruits of the flowers.

Days come and go of gloom and show. Seven years are past and gone.
And now doth fall the festival of the holy Baptist John;
Christian and Moslem tilts and jousts, to give it honour due,
And rushes on the paths to spread they force the sulky Jew.

Marlotes in his joy and pride a target high doth rear,
Below the Moorish knights must ride and pierce it with the spear;
But 'tis so high up in the sky, albeit much they strain,
No Moorish lance may fly so far, Marlotes' prize to gain.

Wrath waxed King Marlotes when he beheld them fail,
The whisker trembled on his lip, and his cheek for ire was pale.
The heralds proclamation made, with trumpets, through the town,
"Nor child shall suck, nor man shall eat, till the mark be tumbled down!"

The cry of proclamation and the trumpet's haughty sound
Did send an echo to the vault where the Admiral was bound.
"Now help me, God!" the captive cries. "What means this cry so loud?
O, Queen of Heaven! be vengeance given on these thy haters proud!"

"Oh! is it that some Paynim gay doth Marlotes' daughter wed,
And that they bear my scorned fair in triumph to his bed?
Or is it that the day is come—one of the hateful three—
When they, with trumpet, fife, and drum, make heathen game of me?"

These words the jailer chanced to hear, and thus to him he said:
"These tabours, lord, and trumpets clear, conduct no bride to bed;
Nor has the feast come round again, when he that hath the right
Commands thee forth, thou foe of Spain, to glad the people's sight.

"This is the joyful morning of John the Baptist's day,
When Moor and Christian feasts at home, each in his nation's way;
But now our king commands that none his banquet shall begin,
Until some knight, by strength or sleight, the spearman's prize do win.

Then out and spoke Guarinos: "Oh! soon each man should feed,
Were I but mounted once again on my own gallant steed.
Oh, were I mounted as of old, and harnessed cap-a-pie,
Full soon Marlotes' prize I'd hold, whate'er its price may be.

"Give me my horse, my old gray horse, so be he is not dead,
All gallantly caparisoned with plate on breast and head;
And give me the lance I brought from France, and if I win it not
My life shall be the forfeiture, I'll yield it on the spot."

The jailer wondered at his words. Thus to the knight said he:
"Seven weary years of change and gloom have little humbled thee.
There's never a man in Spain, I trow, the like so well might bear,
An' if thou wilt I with thy vow will to the king repair."

The jailer put his mantle on and came unto the king,
He found him sitting on the throne within his listed ring;
Close to his ear he planted him, and the story did begin,
How bold Guarinos vaunted him the spearman's prize to win.

That were he mounted but once more on his own gallant gray,
And armed with the lance he bore on the Roncesvalles day,
What never Moorish knight could pierce, he would pierce it at a blow,
Or give with joy his life-blood fierce at Marlotes' feet to flow.

Much marvelling, then said the king: "Bring Sir Guarinos forth,
And in the grange go seek ye for his gray steed of worth;
His arms are rusty on the wall; seven years have gone, I judge,
Since that strong horse hath bent him to be a common drudge.

"Now this will be a sight indeed to see the enfeebled lord
Essay to mount that ragged steed, and draw that rusty sword;
And for the vaunting of his phrase he well deserves to die:
So, jailor, gird his harness on, and bring your champion nigh."

They have girded on his shirt of mail, his cuisses well they've clasped,
And they've barred the helm on his visage pale, and his hand the lance hath grasped;
And they have caught the old gray horse, the horse he loved of yore,
And he stands pawing at the gate, caparisoned once more.

When the knight came out the Moors did shout, and loudly laughed the King,
For the horse he pranced and capered and furiously did fling:
But Guarinos whispered in his ear, and looked into his face,
Then stood the old charger like a lamb, with calm and gentle grace.

Oh! lightly did Guarinos vault into the saddle-tree,
And slowly riding down made halt before Marlotes' knee;
Again the heathen laughed aloud. "All hail, Sir Knight!" quoth he,
"Now do thy best, thou champion proud; thy blood I look to see."

With that Guarinos, lance in rest, against the scoffer rode,
Pierced at one thrust his envious breast, and down his turban trode.
Now ride, now ride, Guarinos! nor lance nor rowel spare,
Slay, slay, and gallop for thy life! The land of France lies *there*!¹

J. G. LOCKHART, from the Spanish of Cervantes.

SPRING.

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

Spring, the sweet Spring.

THOMAS NASH (1600).

¹ Don Quixote and Sancho Panza are supposed to have heard this ballad sung by peasants on their way to work at daybreak. The number of characteristic songs contained in the great book of Cervantes are frequently overlooked in the delight with which we follow the adventures of the hero.

THE LOST COLONY.

Although now consisting of little else than barren rocks, mountains covered with snow and ice, and valleys covered with glaciers,—although its coasts are now lined with floods of ice, and chequered with icebergs of immense size, Greenland was once easily accessible; its soil was fruitful, and well repaid the cultivation of the earth. It was discovered by the Scandinavians, towards the close of the tenth century, and a settlement was effected on the eastern coast, in the year 982, by a company of adventurers from Iceland, under command of Eric the Red. Emigrants flocked thither from Iceland and Norway, and the results of European enterprise and civilization appeared on different parts of the coast. A colony was established in Greenland, and it bid fair to go on and prosper.

Voyages of exploration were projected in Greenland, and carried into effect by the hardy mariners of those days. Papers have been published by the Danish Antiquarian Society at Copenhagen, which go far to show that those bold navigators discovered the coast of Labrador, and proceeding to the south, fell in with the Island of Newfoundland; continuing their course, they beheld the sandy shores of Cape Cod, centuries before the American continent was discovered by Christopher Columbus! It is even believed that these Scandinavian adventurers effected a settlement on the shores of what is now known as Narraganset Bay, in Rhode Island, and in consequence of the multitude of grapes which abounded in the woods, they called the new and fruitful country Vinland. But owing to the great number of hostile savages who inhabited these regions, the colonists, after some sanguinary skirmishes, forsook the coast and returned to Greenland.

The colony, however, continued to flourish, and the intercourse between it and the mother country was constant and regular. In the year 1400 it is said to have numbered one hundred and ninety villages, a bishopric, twelve parishes, and two monasteries. During this period of four hundred years, vessels were passing, at regular intervals, between the Danish provinces in Europe and Greenland. But in the year 1406 this intercourse was interrupted in a fatal manner. A mighty wall arose, as if by magic, along the coast, and the navigators who sought those shores could behold the mountains in the distance, but could not effect a landing. During the greater part

of the fifteenth, the whole of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Greenland was inaccessible to European navigators. The whole coast was blockaded by large masses and islands of ice, which had been drifting from the north for years, and which at length chilled the waters of the coast, and changed the temperature of the atmosphere, and presented an impassible barrier to the entrance in their ports of friend or foe. The sea, at the distance of miles from the land, was frozen to a great depth, vegetation was destroyed, and the very rocks were rent with the cold. And this intensely rigid weather continued for ages!

The colony of Greenland, after this unexpected event took place, never had any intercourse with their friends in the mother country. They were cut off from all the rest of the world. . And by this sudden and unanticipated change of climate they were also doubtless deprived of all resources within themselves. Their fate, however, is a mystery. History is silent on the subject. All which is known of this unfortunate people is, that they no longer exist. The ruins of their habitations and their churches have since been discovered along the coast by adventurous men, who have taken advantage of an amelioration in the climate to explore that sterile country, and establish settlements again on various parts of the coast; and also by missionaries, who have braved hardships and perils to introduce among the aboriginal inhabitants the blessings of civilization and Christianity. No other traces of those early European settlers have been discovered, and we can only speculate upon their fate.

It would require no vivid fancy to imagine the appalling sense of destitution which blanched the features and chilled the hearts of those unhappy colonists when they began to realize their forlorn condition; when the cold rapidly increased, and their harbours became permanently blocked with enormous icebergs, and the genial rays of the sun were obscured by fogs; when the winters became for the first time intensely rigid, cheerless, and dreary; when the summers were also cold, and the soil unproductive; when the mountains, no longer crowned with forests, were covered with snow and ice throughout the year, and the valleys filled with glaciers; when the wonted inhabitants of the woods and waters were destroyed or exiled by the severity of the weather, and their places perhaps supplied by monsters of a huge and frightful character.

It were easy to follow this people in fancy to their dwellings; to see them sad, spiritless, and despairing, while conscious of their im-

prisoned and cheerless condition, and impending fate; to watch them as their numbers gradually diminish through the combined influence of want and continual suffering; to behold them struggling for existence, and striving, nobly striving, to adapt their constitutions, their habits, their feelings, and their wants, to their strangely changed circumstances, but all in vain; to behold them gazing from their icy cliffs, with straining eyes, to the eastward, towards that quarter of the globe, so far distant, where their friends and relations reside, in a more genial clime, surrounded with all the blessings of life, but compelled to rest their eyes on a vast, dreary, and monotonous sea of ice, a mass of frozen waves, surrounding myriads of icebergs, extending to the utmost limit of their vision.

Fancy might even go farther than this, and portray the last of these unhappy colonists, who had lingered on the stage of life until he had seen all of his companions, all, of each sex and every age, die a miserable death, the prey of want and despair. Poets have described, in lines of beauty and sublimity, the horrors which may be supposed to surround "the last man;" but there seems to be a remoteness, and indeed an air of improbability about the subject, which robs it of half its force and majesty. But here is an event which has actually occurred, and worthy of being commemorated by the ablest pen in the land. Here, indeed, we may imagine, without offending probability, the wild horrors, invading the very temple of reason, and accumulating, until madness takes possession of the mind. Here we may look for the reality of the fanciful picture, presented with so much terrible distinctness by the poets.

JOHN S. SLEEPER.

YOU'LL COME TO OUR BALL.¹

You'll come to our ball?—Since we parted,
I've thought of you more than I'll say;
Indeed, I was half broken-hearted

For a week when they took you away.
Fond Fancy brought back to my slumbers

Our walks on the Ness and the Den,
And echoed the musical numbers

Which you used to sing to me then.
I know the romance since it's over,

'Twere idle, or worse, to recall:—

I know you're a terrible rover;

But, Clarence,—you'll come to our Ball?

¹ This is the first of the "Letters from Teignmouth," which are amongst the best of Fraed's *Vers-de-Société*.

It's only a year since, at college,

You put on your cap and your gown;

But, Clarence, you're grown out of knowledge,

And changed from the spur to the crown:

The voice that was best when it faltered

Is fuller and firmer in tone;

And the smile that should never have alter'd,—

Dear Clarence,—it is not your own:

Your cravat was badly selected,

Your coat don't become you at all;

And why is your hair so neglected?

You *must* have it curled for our Ball.

I've often been out upon Haldon,

To look for a covey with Pup;

I've often been over to Shaldon,

To see how your boat is laid up:

In spite of the terrors of Aunty,

I've ridden the filly you broke;

And I've studied your sweet little Dante

In the shade of your favourite oak.

When I sat in July to Sir Lawrence,

I sat in your love of a shawl;

And I'll wear what you brought me from

Florence,

Perhaps, if you'll come to our Ball.

You'll find us all changed since you vanished:

We've set up a National School;

And waltzing is utterly banished;

And Ellen has married a fool.

The Major is going to travel;

Miss Hyacinth threatens a rout:

The walk is laid down with fresh gravel;

Papa is laid up with the gout:

And Jane has gone on with her easels,

And Anne has gone off with Sir Paul;

And Fanny is sick of the measles,

And—I'll tell you the rest at the Ball.

You'll meet all your Beauties;—the Lily,

And the Fairy of Willowbrook Farm,

And Lucy, who made me so silly

At Dawlish, by taking your arm:

Miss Manners, who always abused you

For talking so much about hock;

And her sister, who often amused you

By raving of rebels and Rock;

And something which surely would answer

An heiress, quite fresh from Bengal;

So, though you were seldom a dancer,

You'll dance, just for once, at our Ball.

But out on the world!—from the flowers

It shuts out the sunshine of truth;

It blights the green leaves in the bowers,

It makes an old age of our youth:

And the flow of our feeling, once in it,

Like a streamlet beginning to freeze,

Though it cannot turn ice in a minute,

Grows harder by sullen degrees.

Time treads o'er the grave of affection;
 Sweet honey is turned into gall:—
 Perhaps you have no recollection
 That ever you danced at our Ball.

You once could be pleased with our ballads—
 To-day you have critical ears:
 You once could be charmed with our salads;—
 Alas: you've been dining with Peers:
 You trifled and flirted with many;
 You've forgotten the when and the how;
 There was *one* you liked better than any;—
 Perhaps you've forgotten *her* now.
 But of those you remember most newly,
 Of those who delight or enthral,
 None love you a quarter so truly
 As some you will find at our Ball.

They tell me you've many who flatter,
 Because of your wit and your song;
 They tell me (and what does it matter?)
 You like to be praised by the throng:
 They tell me you're shadowed with laurel,
 They tell me you're loved by a Blue;
 They tell me you're sadly immoral,—
 Dear Clarence, *that* cannot be true.
 But to me you are still what I found you
 Before you grew clever and tall,
 And you'll think of the spell that once bound
 you,
 And you'll come—*won't* you come?—to our
 Ball!

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

THE TEMPLE OF BUTTERFLIES.

The Chevalier de Boufflers, whom Delile characterized as "the honour of knighthood and the flower of Troubadours," the erotic poet, the agreeable novelist, so long the delight of the salons of Paris, was by turns an abbot, a colonel of hussars, a painter, an academician, a legislator, and, under all these characters, the most gay, careless, and witty of French cavaliers.

I was long acquainted with this highly gifted man. I saw him in 1780 at the beautiful estate of Chanteloup, near Amboise, whither the Duke de Choiseul, then an exile from the court, attracted many of the most distinguished men of France, whether for birth or merit. It was the focus of the most brilliant wits and beauties of the day. The Duchess de Choiseul, whose memory is still cherished on the lovely banks of the Loire, had a friendship for the Chevalier de Boufflers which did her honour: he was her companion in her walks, in the

chase, and still more frequently in her visits to the cottages of the peasantry, to whom this accomplished and excellent woman constantly administered comfort and assistance.

Madame de Choiseul was, in her youth, intimate with Buffon, from whom she had imbibed a strong taste for the observation of natural objects. Her library contained a complete collection of natural historians, ancient and modern.

This delightful and exhaustless study had inspired Madame de Choiseul with a new and fanciful idea. Opposite to the windows of her own room she had erected a temple of gauze of antique form, and sheltered by an ample roof; during the summer she amused herself with collecting in this airy palace all the most beautiful butterflies of the country.

The Duchess alone had a key of the Temple of Butterflies, which was peopled by the assiduity of the village girls of the neighbourhood. They strove, by presenting to her continually some new species, to obtain the privilege of speaking to their beloved patroness, and they were sure to receive a reward proportioned to the beauty and rarity of their offerings.

Boufflers was frequently a witness to the duchess's assiduous cares about her favourite temple. "Chevalier," said she to him, with a smile, "I run no risk in introducing you among my butterflies; they will take you for one of themselves, and will not be frightened."

On one occasion, when Madame de Choiseul was compelled by illness to keep her room for some weeks, she gave the key of her temple to the chevalier, who found ample compensation for the trouble of his charge in the pleasure of receiving the country girls who daily came to recruit the numerous family of butterflies. He encouraged them to talk about their rural sports and their love affairs, so that he was soon master of the chronicles of all the surrounding villages. In this way he frequently caught ideas and expressions with which he afterwards adorned his poems.

It was, however, remarked that Boufflers almost always preferred the butterflies brought by the prettiest girls: his scrutiny turned rather upon their features, their natural and simple graces, than upon the objects it was his office to select. An engaging face, a graceful carriage, or a well-turned person, was pretty sure not to be rejected. Thus the beautiful temple declined in splendour, but fewer poor little girls went away disappointed; and the duchess's bounty, passing through the easy hands of the chevalier, was diffused more widely, and gladdened more hearts.

Among the villagers who came to offer the fruits of their chase, he had frequently remarked a girl of about fifteen, whose large deep blue eyes, jet black eyebrows, and laughing mouth, graceful and easy carriage, and sweet, soft voice realized the most poetical descriptions of rural beauty. To crown her attractions, he found that she was the daughter of a forester of Amboise, and that her name was Aline. This pretty name was the title of a tale of his which had been greatly admired. It may be imagined that he felt a peculiar interest in this young girl, and with what pleasure he rewarded her, in the duchess's name, and how he took advantage of the pretext afforded by the beauty of any of her butterflies to double the gift. Boufflers soon drew from her the secret of her heart; he learned how she loved Charles Verner, son of the keeper of the castle, but that his father opposed their union on account of the disparity of their fortunes. Boufflers, who thought love levelled all distinctions, secretly resolved to serve the young Aline. He sent for Charles Verner, found him worthy to be the possessor of so lovely a creature, and spoke in his behalf to the duchess, who, wishing to have some fair pretext for contributing towards the marriage portion of the chevalier's protegee, made it known in the neighbourhood that at the end of the season she would give a prize of twenty-five louis d'ors to the girl who brought her the greatest number of rare and beautiful butterflies. The emulation excited among the young villagers may easily be imagined; and whether it was that the fresh verdure of Aline's native forest of Amboise was propitious to her, or whether she was more agile and dexterous than the others, it fell out that she often presented Madame de Choiseul, through her kind protector, with the butterflies upon which Reaumur had fixed the highest value.

One day when the duke and duchess, accompanied by the train of nobles who formed the usual society of Chanteloup, were walking in that part of the park bordering on the forest, Aline, with a gauze net in her hand, and panting for breath, came running joyously up to Boufflers, and said to him, with that innocent familiarity he had encouraged in her, "Look, Monsieur le Chevalier, what do you think of my butterflies? you are such a fine judge of them." This speech was susceptible of an application so curiously fitted to the known character of Boufflers, that everybody laughed. He took the butterflies from Aline's hands, and told her they were really of a rare and most valuable kind; one, especially, which,

with its four azure wings of enormous size, studded with flame-coloured eyes, and its long black proboscis, supplied the only deficiency in the temple, and completed the duchess's immense collection. It was instantly decided that Aline had won the promised prize; she soon afterwards received it from the hands of Madame de Choiseul, and Boufflers added a golden cross, which Aline promised to wear as long as she lived.

It was now the middle of autumn, and as the pleasures of Paris became daily more brilliant and inviting, the Chevalier de Boufflers could not resist their attractions, though he left the delightful abode of Chanteloup with regret. Before he went away he saw the maiden who had so deeply interested him, and obtained from the father of her lover the promise that he would consent to their marriage as soon as Aline had a sufficient portion. Here recommended her warmly to the duchess's kindness, and departed for the capital.

A short time after, the Duke de Choiseul quitted a world in which he had exercised such vast power, and so courageously withstood his numerous enemies. His widow was compelled to sacrifice nearly the whole of her own fortune to pay the debts contracted by her husband, who had outshone all the nobles of the court in magnificence. She sold the estate of Chanteloup to the Duke de Penthièvre, and went to live at Paris. Aline, thus deprived of her patroness, lost all hope of being united to her lover, whose father remained inflexible; and the young man, in a fit of desperation, enlisted in a regiment of dragoons. Boufflers heard of this. By a fortunate chance the colonel of the regiment was his near relative and friend, and Charles did so much credit to his recommendation, that he soon rose to the rank of Marechal des Logis. On his first leave of absence he hastened to Chanteloup, where he found his fair one provided with a sufficient portion by the chevalier's generosity; the old keeper no longer withheld his consent, and the lovers were speedily united.

Twenty years passed away, and France fell into the confusion of political dissensions, and at length into all the horrors of the first Revolution. Boufflers, though friendly to the opinions which were then propagated by the true lovers of liberty, was compelled, after the deplorable 10th of August, 1792, to quit France and take refuge in Berlin. Prince Henry and the King of Prussia, after keeping him for some time with them, gave him an estate in Poland, where, like a true French knight, he founded a colony for all the emigrants who were driven

from their unhappy country. But in spite of all the advantages and all the consolations he received in foreign lands, he never ceased to sigh after Paris. Thither his family, his friends, his most cherished habits, all called him. The compliments paid him on his poems only served to remind him of the lovely and captivating women who had inspired them; those on his novel, of the delights of Chanteloup, of the amiable Duchess de Choiseul (who had survived her husband only a few years), and of the Temple of Butterflies.

The storm of the Revolution having subsided, many proscribed persons obtained leave to return to France; among these was Bouffiers, who left Poland, travelling homewards through Bohemia, Bavaria, and Switzerland. He wished to revisit the beautiful shores of the Lake of Geneva, where, thirty years before, he had passed a time which he never recurred to without delight. He therefore stopped at Lausanne, and fearing lest his name might expose him to some disagreeable curiosity or supervision, he had furnished himself with a passport under the name of Foubers, a French painter. In this character, which he had more than once assumed before, he presented himself in the first houses of Lausanne, where he was received with all the attentions due to genuine talent. The rage for M. Foubers, and for his fine miniature portraits, was universal. As he was anxious to obtain beautiful subjects, he was constantly told that he ought to paint the Countess de Lauterbach; she was described to him as a lady of French origin, and the widow of a Bavarian general, who at his death had left her considerable property, including a magnificent estate, situated on the banks of the lake, at a few miles distance from Lausanne. At a fete given by one of the principal inhabitants of Lausanne the beautiful Countess of Lauterbach was present, and more than justified all his expectations.

He was introduced to the countess, who appeared struck by the sound of his voice, and agitated by some emotion which she strove to dissemble. They entered into conversation, and Bouffiers expressed the most earnest desire to paint from so fine a model. After a moment's reflection the Countess accepted his offer; and, as if struck by some sudden thought, fixed a day for Foubers to go to her house, at the same time expressing her pleasure at being painted by a French artist.

On the day appointed a caleche stopped at the door of his lodging, and conveyed him to the Chateau de St. Sulpice, situated on the banks of the lake, opposite to the superb am-

phitheatre traced by the Alps on the horizon. Bouffiers arrived; he crossed an outer court, passed through a handsome hall, and entered a vast saloon, in which everything announced opulence and taste. On one side of the room hung a full-length portrait of the late Duchess de Choiseul, seated near the Temple of Butterflies, with a volume of Bouffiers's works in her hand. The chevalier could not control the emotions which agitated him and forced tears from his eyes. "What recollections!" exclaimed he involuntarily: "this Countess de Lauterbach must certainly be of the Choiseul family. I shall like her the better." Whilst he gave himself up to these reflections, a chamberlain came to tell him that his lady would be occupied for a short time, that she begged M. Foubers to excuse her, and desired him to ask whether he would be pleased to walk into her plantation *à la Française*. Bouffiers followed his conductor through a long suite of apartments, where he entered an avenue of limes, and at the first turning he saw, under the shade of some large trees, a temple of gauze precisely like the Duchess de Choiseul's. The temple was filled with butterflies of every species, and over the door was an inscription in verse which Bouffiers had formerly written over the entrance to the temple at Chanteloup, and he stood before it agitated, yet motionless with astonishment, and thought himself transported by magic to the banks of the Loire. But his surprise was increased, and his emotion heightened, when he saw advancing towards him a young girl of fourteen or fifteen, in the dress of the villagers of Lorraine, whose features, shape, and gait were so precisely those of the girl he remembered with so affectionate an interest, that he thought it was she herself that stood before him, and whose deep rich voice met his ear.

"Your servant, Monsieur de Bouffiers," said she, with a curtsy, and presenting to him a little gauze net: "What do you think of my butterflies? you are such a fine judge of them."

"What are you—angel—sylph—enchantedress?"

"What! do you not remember Aline, the daughter of the forester of Amboise, who used so often to bring you butterflies?"

"Do I dream!" said Bouffiers, rubbing his eyes, and, taking the child's hand, he pressed it to his lips: "Aline, lovely Aline!—it cannot be you?"

"How! it cannot be me?—Who then won the prize for the finest butterflies?—Who received from the hands of the duchess a prize of

twenty-five louis, and from yours this golden cross, which I promised to wear as long as I live, and which I have never parted with for an instant?"

"I do indeed remember that cross—it is the very one! Never was illusion so perfect—never was man so bewildered. Your elegance betrays you. No, you are not a mere country girl. Tell me, then, to whom am I indebted for the most delicious emotion I ever felt in my life?—Whence do you come?—Who are you?"

"(She is my daughter," cried the Countess de Lauterbach, suddenly stepping from the concealment of a thicket, and throwing herself into the arms of Boufflers.

"My dear protector—kind author of my happiness and of my good fortune—behold the true Aline, the wife and widow of Charles Verner, whose only daughter stands before you. Your emotion, however strong, cannot equal mine."

"How, madame! are you that simple village girl? Good and beautiful as you were, you had a right to become what you now are. But tell me, how happened it that for once fortune was not blind?—have the kindness at once to satisfy my curiosity."

"Listen then," replied the countess with confiding delight, "and you shall hear all."

"Charles, in whom you took so generous an interest, having distinguished himself by repeated acts of bravery, obtained a commission shortly after our marriage. The war which broke out between France and Germany called him to the field, and I followed him. He afterwards rose to the rank of colonel of cavalry, when he saved the life of the Count de Lauterbach, commander of a Bavarian division on the field of battle; but in this act he received a mortal wound, and with his last breath recommended his wife and child, then an infant, to the general's care. Count Lauterbach thought that in no way could he so effectually prove his gratitude to his preserver, as by becoming the husband of his widow and the father of his child. After a few years of a happy union he died, leaving me a large fortune, and a revered and cherished memory. At that time," added the countess, "I knew that you had been compelled to quit France, and to take refuge in Prussia; I left no means untried to discover the place of your residence; but your change of name, your travelling as a French painter, as you have so often done, always prevented my accomplishing the most ardent wishes of my heart. Judge then what was my emotion on meeting you the other day at Lausanne.

I instantly determined to prove to you, in some degree at least, my joy and gratitude; and taking advantage of my daughter's age, and of her perfect resemblance to that Aline who owed to you the hand of Charles Verner, and all that she has subsequently possessed or enjoyed, I made use of your own colours; I copied the most beautiful scene of your elegant story which I have read so often—in short, I tried to bewitch you with your own enchantments; have I succeeded?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Boufflers, pressing the mother and daughter to his heart, "never shall I forget this ingenious fraud; it is true that the memory of the heart is indestructible in women; and I see that the little good one may be able to do to the simplest village girl may become a capital which gratitude will repay with interest."

QUADRILLE À LA MODE.

Oh give me new figures!—I can't go on dancing
The same that were taught me ten seasons ago;

The *Schoolmaster* over the land is advancing—
Then why is the *Master of Dancing* so slow?

It is such a bore to be always caught tripping
In dull uniformity year after year;

Invent something new, and you'll set me a-skiping:
I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

Oh give me new figures!—*La Pantaloon's* merit—
(*If* merit is in it)—I never discerned;

'Tis old "*right and left*," but deducting the spirit;
Terpsichore! what a mere dawdle you're turned!

Oh! think of the time when you tript down twelve
couple,

To tunes it was really exciting to hear;
I fear you're grown old, and your joints are less supple:
I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

Next *L'Élé* commences; and into the middle

A lady and gentleman slowly advance,
And practise their steps, while the harp and the fiddle
Play something much more like a song than a dance.

En avant is composed of a walk and a hobble;

A shuffle half-sideways achieves *en arrière*:
They *chassés* as if they all thought it a trouble:

I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

Oh give me new figures!—*La Poule* my aversion—
Four ladies and gentlemen all of a row!

And so very odd to see Major Macpherson
And little Miss Thistlewig dance *dos-à-dos*!

And oh! what a very strange figure *Trenise* is!

In what a confusion the dancers appear!

Now this way, now that way! I marvel it pleases:
I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

La Pastorale next—see young Smith how he lingers,
 Unwilling to figure as *Cavalier seul*;
 Adjusting his hair, and then twirling his fingers,
 And simpering round him—oh! so like a fool!
 And now he starts off with a hop and a wriggle,
 His hands in a fidget betraying his fear;
 And, see! all the girls are suppressing a giggle!
 I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

Finale has merit—for 'tis the conclusion,
 And that's the sole merit I think it can claim;
 And (save a commencement of greater confusion)
Finale and *L'Ete* are one and the same.
 And then, in the pauses they talk of the weather,
 So cold, or so hot, for the time of the year;
 And they part as if weary of being together!
 I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

I want a new figure!—the *Waltzers*, I note 'em,
 And wonder they're all perpendicular still:
 Were I to attempt to perform a *Totoium*,
 A fall would soon prove me deficient in skill.
 I think *Lady Waltzers* are all *spinning Jennies*:
 The *Gentlemen* must be as mad as King Lear!
 With heads full of sense—as the head of a *pin* is!
 I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

I want a new figure!—the figure of France is
 A figure activity cannot but shun;
 I want a new figure!—the old country dances
 Were really and truly all *figures of fun*.
 I want a new figure!—the minuet paces
 Were slow, but a grace in each step did appear;
Quadrillers have nothing to do with the *Graces*:
 I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

I want a new figure!—ah, yes! I confess it!
 I want one *in every sense of the phrase*:
 My waist *will* increase, though I strive to compress it
 By wearing the newest Parisian stays!
 I want a new figure!—it fills me with terror
 To think of my weight—(I am weighed once a year)
 And, oh! I can't bear to look into a mirror!—
 I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

John Trott was desired by two witty peers
 To tell them the reason why asses had ears?
 "An't please you," quoth John, "I'm not given to
 letters,
 Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters;
 Howe'er, from this time I shall ne'er see your graces,
 As I hope to be saved! without thinking on asses."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Edinburgh, 1753.

THE JUBILEE.¹

Some years have elapsed (I am sometimes tempted to forget how many) since I endeavoured to compensate the deficiencies of a neglected education on my own side the Tweed by voluntary studies at the university of Edinburgh. As a relaxation from severer pursuits, and an excuse for rambles in a country whose novelty alone was attraction enough to an untravelled Englishman, I occasionally accompanied a young artist of liberal education and pleasing manners, with whom I was acquainted, in his sketching expeditions in the romantic neighbourhood of his native city, the very contiguity of which to a great town rendered it more piquant and striking.

In one of these excursions, when, by the uncommon fineness of the weather and greater distance of the style of scenery requisite for his purpose, we were tempted to proceed beyond the brief limits of an autumnal day, instead of returning by the light of a rather waning moon to Edinburgh, G—— proposed that we should take up our quarters for the night at a neat little mountain inn, much frequented at various seasons by fishers and grouse-shooters, and affording, in consequence, accommodations of a description its unpretending aspect would scarcely have led one to expect. On nearing this rustic hostelry, kept by an *antique* of the true Meg Dods character, we were a good deal surprised to hear, issuing from its usually quiet haven, sounds of the most exuberant and unrestrained mirth, blending with, and nearly overpowering, the discordant strains of a brace of evidently beligerent fiddles.

"A penny-wedding, by all that's lucky!" exclaimed my companion. "At least you, sir, as a stranger, will no doubt think one night's rest well sacrificed for a peep at these fast-waning saturnalia."

"Pray explain," said I, delighted to witness, under any circumstances, so lively a scene of national festivity: "what do you mean by a 'penny-wedding?'"

"Why, sir, in pastoral and primitive districts—which, strange to say, though within a dozen miles of a capital, these hills seem likely long to remain—when a couple, of the lowest order, of course, are too poor to muster the sum requisite for marrying, their neighbours and acquaintance good-humouredly set on foot a subscription, out of which is first defrayed

¹ From *The Literary Souvenir*, 1832.

such a merry-making as you see going on yonder, while the surplus generally suffices to place the improvident pair beyond immediate want. It is not, you will say, a very eligible mode of settling in the world, nor is it so considered in these days, even among themselves. It is generally, indeed, more a frolic of the neighbouring young people at the expense of some pair of elderly paupers, determined to marry for *worse* instead of better, than, as it once was, a creditable scheme of establishment for a deserving young couple."

As he spoke we descended the green shoulder of one of the pastoral hills, whose recesses of unsuspected beauty we had been all day exploring, and came full upon the little inn, its front beaming with unwonted illumination, and steam—savoury as the cauldron of Meg Merrilees, amidst which my English organs readily detected the national perfume of "mountain-dew"—issuing from every open door and window.

The fiddles, whose dismal scraping accorded ill with the accompaniments, might almost have been dispensed with, so completely were they drowned by yells and shrieks of frantic merriment, and so well was the time of the tune marked by the snapping of fingers and thumping of heels on the sanded floor of the kitchen. I scarcely know which expressed most surprise, my face, as I caught, over the shoulder of a tall, white-headed old Bluegown (the fac-simile of Edie Ochiltree), a glimpse of the scene within, or that of Luckie Cairns, the usually staid and somewhat aristocratical hostess, when the nakedness of her, for once, disorderly house was discovered to a couple of stranger gentlemen. She soon, however, recognized the old acquaintance, G——, and addressed to him—though with the tail of her eye all the time on the "Englischer"—her characteristic apology.

It began, *more Scotico*, with a question, and with what G—— called "the first word o' flytin'."

"Lord guide's! Mr. G——, what's brought you here the day, wi' your pents and your nick-nacks, and a stranger comrade wi' ye, that's used to things wiselike, nae doubt, and the house a' disjeskit this gait wi' the first and last ploy the callants e'er got me to countenance within my door? And they hadna hae gotten it now, but the silly body, Sanders, took it aye up and down wi' the gentle's fish to the carrier's, and their letters frae the post, and they persuaded me he was a kind o' serving body o' my ain; and traiking Tibbie had sell't my butter and eggs may-be thretty years and mair;

so what could I do but let my house be made a public ae night in the thretty? and gentles to light on't for a clean bed and hot supper! It's a judgment on me for being sae simple!"

"Keep yourself easy, Luckie!" answered G——, in her own style. "My friend here can get clean beds and hot suppers in England, but penny-weddings are scarce enough, even in Scotland."

"The scarcer the better," said the hostess, drawing herself up with the demure look of one scandalized with unwonted revelry. "And now, sirs, what can I do for ye? There's no a bed in the house up but my ain; and tho' I wad gie ye't, I couldna promise ye peace to lie in't, for the fiddles 'll be scraiching, and the folk skirling, and the reels daddin, till far i' the night; and the smell o' the punch 'll be just poison to the gentleman frae England. Ye'll no be that ill for supper, for I've a curn mutton pies by ordinar' that I seasoned mysel, and there's a creel fu' o' trout walloping down bye at the burn that wad pleasure a provost. Come slipping ben to my ain wee room, and ye's get a' the comfort I can gie ye, afore the folk's supper comes on; and for beds, I'll send the lass to the minister's, and get ye gude quarters for a word."

"I know the clergyman," said G——, seeing me hesitate. "His sons and I were at school together, and my first sunshiny holidays were spent among the hills we traversed to-day. I *should* like to see the manse once more, and a welcome will not be wanting, unless Mr. Maxwell should be strangely altered."

"He is altered, honest man!" said the landlady, heeding only my comrade's last words. "Grief's a great alterer, o' auld folk especially! and it's fifty year come Monday since the minister was placed in the parish, and thirty come the time since he married me and puir John Cairns douncely and Christian-like in that very spence whar thae daft deevils are making a mock o' marriage atween twa auld randy ne'er-do-weels! But it's dinn now, and what's the use o' reflections? Come your ways, gentlemen, to your supper."

It was with reluctance that I postponed, even to so important an affair to a hungry prospect-hunter, the gratification of my curiosity. But reconciled to the landlady's fiat by the trout and mutton-pies, and the comfort and cleanliness which reigned in her sanctum sanctorum, G—— and I did ample justice to the savoury repast, and its crowning tumbler, whose whisky even I, a novice, could discern to be mountain-born, and guiltless of the exchequer.

"I see ye're nae great hand at the whisky, sir," said the hostess, in answer to an equivocal shake of the head with which an Englishman generally salutes the indigenous flavour of genuine peat-reek; "but tak my word for't, ae devil dings out anither, and if ye're to be dancin and daffin yonder, and the room reeking o' punch like a killogie, ye'll ken a' the less for being a thought primed yoursel; and ye'll dance a' the better for't, I'se warrant"—turning with a smile to G——, "a spur in the head's worth twa in the heel."

So saying, the good lady, desirous to profit in her domestic affairs by the interval between the claims of her very opposite customers, snatched up the candle, and marshalled us to the scene of a festivity to which, at the distance of a mile at least, our ears might have proved sufficient guides.

The hoarse squeak of the wary and muggy fiddlers was now well-nigh drowned by the far more efficient "lilt" of some stentorian voices, on whose organs the "barley bree" had produced an exactly opposite effect; and the figure of one round rosy shepherd, who, with bonnet "ajee" and picturesquely disposed plaid, sung, danced, and snapped his fingers, surrounded by a ring of admiring rivals, would have been worthy the pencil of a Teniers or a Wilkie.

His partner in the reel was no less a personage than the blushing bride—a weather-beaten crone of some sixty winters' bronzing; and as, exhilarated by the unwonted stimulant of applause, she strove to keep pace with the agile movements and giddy whirlings of her *vis-a-vis*, peals of unbridled laughter shook the quiet hostelry to its very base.

The bridegroom again, an old Chelsea pensioner, whose once steady, soldier-like frame retained some shadow of military bearing, spite of the joint inroads of palsy and potations, was doing his best to keep his equilibrium, as, like "Panting Time," he toiled after the winged heels of a mountain fairy of sixteen, whose shy but earnest gaze at the strangers, and bounding rapidity of motion, reminded me at once of the roe on her native hills.

Moved by compassion for this ill-matched couple, and well aware of the popular course on such occasions, G—— dashed at once into the old man's place in the dance, and began threading its mazes with the blushing, but evidently flattered damsel, making me a sign to follow his example—a hint which neither my proficiency in the national dance, nor the charms of the bride, were sufficient to warrant my taking. I slid down unobserved beside some of the few elders present, whose shrewd

remarks and good-natured participations in the "daffin" of the youngsters were not the least pleasing part of the motley scene. I had never before seen a body of Lowland peasantry collected in holiday attire, and certainly their general good looks, neat shoes and stockings, and above all, the prevalence of decidedly dark hair and complexion (among the men especially), gave the lie to many a Southern quip, at the expense of the bare-footed daughters and carrotty-headed sons of Scotia.

The dance by this time—thanks to the punch, which had been freely circulating—was getting, as Burns says, "fast and furious." Gleams of broad national humour flashed through the habitual gravity of the demurest blue-bonneted peasant of the group; and for a while there was abundance to excite both the Scottish feelings and constitutional gaiety of the young painter, and the natural curiosity of an English stranger. But giddy at length with the endless reels, deafened with the mirthful accompanying shrieks, half-stifled with heat and the fumes of the national beverage, we both felt it high time to breathe a purer air, and were in the act of quietly withdrawing (after laying on the pewter plate appropriated for the offering our mite towards the hopeful infant *menage*), when we ran against our hostess, arriving for the special purpose—a very unwonted one in her vocation—of turning us out of doors.

"I was just coming, sirs, to gie ye a bit word o' counsel. I'm sure ye'll no take it ill at my hand; but it's time the like o' you were fitting, for the maut's getting abune the meal yonder, and they time respect whiles, and it's no wiselike to be late in a minister's house on Saturday night at e'en. Mr. G—— kens that."

"No, indeed—you're quite right," answered the painter, "and indeed we were going away fully satisfied when we met you." "Aweel, gang your ways like gude gentlemen, and I'll gie yon daft chieils their supper, and hae them a' out o' my house by the clap o' eleven. There sall naeboddy say they saw a Sabbath morning within't, tho' I wadna wonder if some o' the ill-doers were aff to the hill or some gait out o' hearing to make a night o't. There's some folk canna hae their sairing either o' daffin or drink, the mair's the pity! Heeh! but ye'll be weel aff that's quiet down by!"

"I'll call and settle the reckoning another time, Mrs. Cairns," said my friend.

"Ay, ay," answered she, more chary of her time than her money, "ony day when ye're daunerin out amang the hills. Ye're awin me a day in hairst, ye ken, for this!"

Never was the pure healthful mountain breeze more welcome than when it swept across our flushed and feverish brows on emerging from the steaming cauldron within, or the silence of night more grateful than after the din of plebeian revelry in its most discordant form. But there reigned within the little parsonage an atmosphere holier and more healthful still. A more powerful contrast, a stranger juxtaposition of the lights and shadows of Scottish life could scarcely be conceived than presented itself between the orgies, and sounds and scents, and coarsely heaped banquet we had left behind, and the hallowed stillness, untainted (nay, from the open lattice, perfumed) air of the minister's modest apartment, and the inviting aspect of the little supper table, on whose snow-white linen yet reposed the bibles and psalters recently used in the household's evening devotions. In these we had been (perhaps from G——'s sense of incongruity in thus intruding) too late to partake, but the spirit which had animated and hallowed them still lingered on the venerable minister's brow, the flush of devotion on whose aged cheek rebuked more strongly than a thousand homilies the feverish glow of revelry on ours, compared or rather contrasted with the "rabble rout" of reeling, romping nymphs we had left (the *élite*, it must be remembered, even of peasant maidens, were absent, of course, from such a scene). The slender, retiring figure of the good pastor's blooming grand-daughter seemed robed in almost angel purity; and all, in short, derived romance, as well as interest, from the utmost power of contrast.

But there was that about our host which needed no such heightening. Even amid the sacred class of Scottish pastors he rose pre-eminent—pre-eminent in trials, and in the submission which disarms them. Of a large and flourishing family, one daughter alone, the mother of the girl before us, survived; and she, separated from her gray-headed father by the waters of the great Atlantic, could only cherish him by proxy in the person of this interesting child.

It was not till after his hospitality had been requested for us that G—— heard from the landlady the extent of the pastor's bereavements, and he would gladly have wished to spare the father's feelings by suppressing all acknowledgment of former acquaintance. But in a parent's memory the playmates of buried children have an almost filial hold; and the first words of Mr. Maxwell on receiving us were—"You are welcome once more to Boneil, Willie; you've been twenty years a stranger."

"Not a willing one, sir, I am sure; but my studies in England and Italy, and professional duty, not only occupied me, but kept me ignorant, till now, of the sad blanks it has pleased Providence to make on your hospitable board. Had I been aware of them I would not have intruded now to renew, by my presence, those griefs which I could not alleviate."

"And wherefore no, Willie?" said the old man, in a tone that went at once even to a stranger's heart; "my brave boys are gone before me, it is true, leaving their old father to buffet a while with the billows. But praised be He who lent them! they were such as a father can speak of with pride; and to do so with one who knew and loved them is a privilege rarely enjoyed. This gentleman, perhaps," turning courteously toward me, "will excuse the overflowings of a parent's heart at sight of one whose fair delicate brow he has often blessed along with the dark curling heads he has lived to see laid in the dust. Tall and pale, and unlikely to live, ye were then, Willie; but ye have proved the reed that the tempest spares when oaks are rended. . . . But we'll talk of our Lilly now," said the old man, cheerfully, shaking the fair hand of his grandchild as she stooped to collect the sacred volumes. "I think her mother must have been about her age when you knew the manse; saw ye ever two creatures liker?"

The entrance of a worthy old sister of our host's, who, on hospitable thoughts intent, had disappeared on our entrance, turned the conversation to more general topics—among other to the penny-wedding.

"I am glad," said Mr. Maxwell, "I was spared the degradation of my office by the residence of one at least of the hopeful pair in a neighbouring parish; and I wish the idle frolic which united them had been carried on further from my door. I am no enemy to occasional rejoicings, and love to see innocent mirth; but the sport these poor wretches have been called to make will end, I fear, like that of Samson, and bring an old house upon their heads."

"However, sir," turning to me, "that you may not suppose all our junketings are of so boisterous and equivocal a character, I hope you will stay over Monday, and help me to thank my kind people for insisting on keeping my fiftieth anniversary among them. I am sure, Willie, I may count upon you, for auld-langsyne."

"Ay, that you may, sir, come what will of palette and pupils," exclaimed the young artist: and my acceptance, if less enthusiastic, was not the less cordial. To see, in the midst of

a grateful and affectionate flock, the faithful pastor of half a century, is a sight not often to be enjoyed, or lightly to be forfeited; and I too would have perilled fame or business, had they been mine, on the issue.

A Scottish Sabbath has been often described, but never, methinks, so as fully to convey to a stranger its exquisite stillness, and the palpable elevation of all in nature above the diurnal level of our "working-day world." It is not alone the absence of all sounds of labour or revelry, the softened tread of the rude hind, the subdued laughter of unconscious infancy, but the very whisper of the brooks and waving of the woods seem attuned to soberer and holier harmonies. The busy highway and toilsome furrow are alike deserted, while a thousand quiet hedge-row paths teem and glitter with long files of holiday-suited elders, and white-robed youth and childhood. If airs of paradise do indeed ever penetrate our world's dense atmosphere, and breathe sweet influences from on high on privileged mortals, it is surely on a summer Sabbath amid the green hills and pastoral vales of Scotland.

The little church of Boneil, primitive as though, instead of being near a metropolis, it had been perched on some lone isle of the Hebrides, was filled to excess on the present interesting occasion with a congregation as perfectly in keeping with the scene and situation as it was novel and striking to me.

There was not a face in the assembly—a sprinkling of rustic *noblesse* in the gallery hardly excepted—which could have been assigned by a physiognomist to any vocation save a rural one. "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread" was legible on the toil-furrowed cheek of all who had reached maturity. But it was a graciously mitigated sentence, long merged in the cheerfulness of man's congenial occupation. "Keepers of sheep, descendants in more than their calling from righteous Abel," formed the larger part of the aged pastor's flock; and their blue bonnets, chequered plaids, and above all, inseparable comrades, even in church, the collies or sheep-dogs, looking almost as sensible as their masters, and banishing by their exemplary demeanour all idea of intrusion on the sanctity of the place, afforded a picture not often exhibited to Southern or even Lowland eyes; and which, with scarlet plaids, still thinly sprinkled here and there, over locks of silvery whiteness, and on one or two fair unbonneted female heads in innocent girlhood, their golden tresses confined and set off by a simple black velvet ribbon, the modern substi-

tute for the poetical "snood," wanted only the figure of the venerable minister himself, rising like some fitly adapted pillar of a time-worn edifice to crown and complete its harmony.

When he did rise, at length, manfully struggling for utterance, breaths were held in, and the very dogs recalled their dreaming fancies from the dun hill-side, lest a start or suppressed bark should disturb the solemn silence. The beautiful twenty-third Psalm, always so great a favourite in a pastoral assembly, came more home to their feelings than ever when its "green pastures and still waters" were applied, as they evidently were by the venerable reader, to his own tranquil sojourn of a lifetime in the glen of Boneil. The allusion to a darker valley, the inevitable and not very distant termination of a lengthened pilgrimage, woke a yet tenderer chord; and when these words were sung, as the psalmody of Scotland so impressively is, by young and old, it was not the voice of the gray-haired contemporary parish-clerk alone that betrayed signs of emotion.

The text was the simple words of the psalmist—"I have been young, and now am old;" and perhaps its most affecting commentary might have been found in the time-worn figure in the pulpit, whose manly proportions age and grief had sapped without being able to obliterate. But when the good man sketched with faltering voice an unpremeditated picture of that gradual pilgrimage from youth to age, every step of which many of his hearers had taken side by side with this tried veteran in the path of duty and affliction; when the young heard him allude with a parent's tenderness to follies they felt years could alone teach them entirely to abjure; and the old saw his venerable face lighted up with joys he had taught many, like himself, to draw from above; tears, fast and frequent, as from dropping eaves, attested the sympathy that reigned between the good shepherd and his flock.

"My brethren," said he, in a conclusion accelerated evidently by overpowering emotion on both sides, "forty years long did the Israelites in the wilderness tempt and provoke Moses, rebelling against his authority, calling in question his kindness, and disobeying, nay, blaspheming his God, yet in his heart he loved and prayed for them still, beseeching that, if need were, his own name might for their sakes be blotted out of the Book of Life. Fifty years long have you, amid much human imperfection and human infirmity, cherished and borne with me—cleaving to my doctrine, following, as God gave ye grace, my counsel, and sympathizing, to the utmost of your ability, in my

welfare and my sorrows—judge then if my love to a people like this surpass not the love of woman—yea, all save that love which shall embrace us both in its everlasting arms. May we all meet at the judgment-seat above: I, to render an account of my ministry—you, to re-echo, if it shall please the merciful Judge to pronounce it, the lenient sentence—‘Thou hast been faithful over a very little, enter into the joy of thy Lord.’”

The effect of this appeal may be better imagined than expressed. G—— and I did not breathe freely till, by climbing the highest hill within reach, we had attuned our minds to an elevation somewhat akin to that of the half emancipated pilgrim. The evening calm, which succeeded the converse of the pastor about his absent (rather than deceased) children, the family thanksgiving for blessings granted and withheld, for comforts to cheer, and trials to wean the immortal sojourner from his exile below, will never, while memory holds her seat, pass from her inmost record.

I awoke on the morrow, fancying all nature decked in tenfold beauty for the joyful anniversary, my own spirits elated with a healthful gladness which courtly fetes may take away, but could never yet bestow. The privileged guests for the day (G—— and myself included) were the elders, most of whose fathers had presided at the minister's ordination—the school-master, who, in the absence of nearer and dearer, had long been to him as a son; and the doctor, who, under a dress and exterior rugged as those of his shepherd neighbours, veiled a skill beyond their simple wants and few-and-far-between ailments.

But a self-invited member was soon added to the group in the person of a young neighbour laird, who made sport an excuse (with those who required any) for farming his own moderate patrimony, and enjoying, unfettered by the *etiquettes* of society, so called, the style of life most congenial to his age and disposition. At the breakfast-table young Boneil—for so from his property he was styled—walked in, with his heartfelt congratulations, and a bag full of grouse, shot before town dandies had well composed themselves to their first sleep.

“Any other day of the year, Mr. Maxwell,” said the frank young sportsman, “I would have dropped in at dinner, and taken my chance of a welcome. But this is a sacred one, and I would like to have my intrusion sanctioned beforehand. If you think me worthy (and if you don't, you'll say so, in spite of all your hospitality) to rejoice with you on your fifty years' retrospect of duties fulfilled and

good deeds done, remember, you'll find it a hard matter ever to shut the door on me or my pretensions again.”

“God forbid I should, Norman,” said the old man, shaking his manly visitor by the hand; “a kind heart and a leal one are aye welcome. Fifty years back your father bore both, and his son is no changeling. Stay with us now, or return, as it best suits you.”

“Oh! I dare not stay!” cried the young man, with a significant smile at Lilly and her aunt; “I should be sadly in the way. Besides, I spied a roe in the glen this morning, and must have another hit at the venison. What say you to a pasty, Miss Anne, between this and noon yet?”

“I'll say for her, Norman, that it will be like the savoury meat of Esau that old Isaac valued for the hunter's sake, if ye get it; and if not, we've the will for the deed, and that's just the same. And now off with ye, else your pies in the bush will stand in the way of Aunt Anne's puddings in hand.”

“There goes as fine a lad as ever lived,” said the pastor, as he went out. “If he were my own son, I could scarce love him better.”

I looked up, and chanced to meet the delighted glance of the retreating Lilly; and it told me, as plain as a thousand words, that the old man might, ere long, take to his heart a grandson!

Another testimony of grateful affection followed hard on the sportsman's morning tribute. A parcel and letter were put into the hands of the minister from the worthy nobleman whose exemplary tutor he had been at an age when few are able to guide themselves. The letter overflowed with expressions of still youthful kindness and gratitude. The parcel contained a snuff-mull of beautiful workmanship, inlaid with all the valuable Scottish stones produced on the noble donor's estates.

“If I have any good in me,” said the writer, in honest sincerity of acknowledgment, “you dug it out from its native bed like these long-overlooked gems, which but for the hand which set them where they are might have been still trodden under foot or slumbering in their dark hill-sides for ever. When you look on this box, think on your own workmanship, and add one more to the thousand pleasing reflections which make this day a day of pride to all, save your own modest self.”

It was not in man to be unmoved by a tribute like this, and from the Duke of —, the very model and pattern of a pious and patriotic noble.

“Too much, too much!” sighed the meek

man, as he read, "God made him what he is; education can do little for hearts and heads like his."

The Lilly was called, and her eyes sparkled through tears as they glanced on the splendid present and ducal epistle; but they did not glisten, nor her soft cheek glow, as while conning every feather on the dark glossy wing of young Norman's sylvan tribute.

Lilly, too, had her present on the way—one to whose safety, in her eyes, that of empires was as nothing; and never was the delay occasioned by traiking Tibbie's late tumultuous nuptials more acutely felt than when noon arrived, bringing duly Norman's precarious prize, the roe, but no tidings of the fair fabric of Lilly's after-dinner glory—*videlicet*, a huge cake from the city, which was first to grace with appropriate devices her grandfather's honoured board, and then to gladden, with undreamed-of sweets, the eyes and palates of the whole Sabbath-school. The sight of the groups who in holiday attire were already parading in joyful anticipation, deepened her anxieties; and the joy of eighteen, like the joy of eighty, had thus its inevitable drop of alloy.

The manse, meantime, teemed all the morning with unbidden yet privileged guests. Neighbouring pastors came to congratulate the willing fellow-labourer, under whose fatherly shadow themselves had grown insensibly gray—with whom they had "taken sweet counsel and walked in the house of God as friends"—and with whom they hoped, though in all humility, to stand side by side at the great account. Couples married by him in the earlier periods of his incumbency still lived to thank him for half centuries of happiness; while children and grandchildren, christened by his hand, and made Christian by his precept and example, came with them to add their grateful acknowledgments. Widows, whose hearts had been bound up by one acquainted with grief, brought all they had—a prayer and a blessing, to swell the general tribute; while the Sabbath-school children tottered under the load of a pulpit Bible, purchased out of the hoarded halfpence of the good man's own overflowing liberality.

With this juvenile offering he was fairly upset; and always easily overcome by aught associated with his own childless hearth and early-removed olive-plants, he thanked them with tears alone, and deputed the glad Lilly to invite them all to tea on the green. This she could do with an easy mind, for Tibbie had at length arrived; the enormous weight of the cake balanced, though imperfectly, in her panniers, by

two of the hugest ewe-milk cheeses that ever owed their existence to mountain gratitude.

Our party, swelled by a few guests of the better order, at length sat down to dinner; and never did feast (for a feast it was, fit for the court of aldermen) yield more unmingled satisfaction. The old man, exhilarated by the spontaneous burst of affection with which his anniversary had been hailed, felt a buoyancy of spirit to which he had for years been a stranger. G—— and I were excited to the utmost by so unwonted a celebration. The dominie himself, through the week the "observed of all observers," looked up in delighted admiration to his *own* exemplary teacher; while the rough diamond of a doctor eyed him with the exact counterpart of the expression with which his dog, of the true shepherd breed, fixed his eyes in mute devotion on his master's well-known countenance. All felt, that like the good centurion in Scripture, he had but to say to any of them, "Do this, and he doeth it; come, and he cometh." Their hearts, under Providence, were in his hand, and they felt it was well it should be so.

But there was in young Norman's reverential gaze something deeper and more filial than any, and strange to say, on this day alone, when all seemed elated and emboldened, it was tempered for the first time with fear. For Norman had a suit to prefer before that evening should close, on which hung his own and another's happiness; and not all the softened feelings of the day of jubilee would, he feared, reconcile the old pastor to the thought of parting with his Lilly. How this was to be brought about, or even hinted at, was more than even a lover could devise; so to Providence he left it, as he had been taught by his pastor to leave all besides.

And strangely was the knot cut, and the difficulty removed ere the thought had well passed from the young man's troubled mind. Among the healths of that eventful evening—"absent friends"—the one ever dearest to the hearts of Scotsmen, was not forgotten; and then for the first time did the pious father allow himself to whisper a regret that his daughter, the only stay of his old age, should dwell divided from him by duty in the new world. True, she was solacing by her kindness, and cheering by her society, the labours in Christian usefulness of a worthy countryman whom the spiritual necessities of his exiled Scottish brethren had induced to forego home and kindred for their sakes. But they had been long, long absent on this labour of love, and a father's heart *would* yearn, on the proudest day of his life, for a glimpse of his long-banished only child.

The vain wish had crossed like a passing cloud the rarely-dimmed serenity of his mind, and left but a halo behind, when, as Lilly, loaded with the huge remnants of her cake, and assisted by Norman, who was leaving the house to prepare for her juvenile fete, two plainly dressed, but respectable-looking people, opened with something of strange familiarity the garden gate, and asked if Mr. Maxwell was at home.

"He is," replied Norman, answering for the bashful and surprised girl, "but very particularly engaged with friends, who would be loath to part with him to-night, even on business"—

"Lilly, my own Lilly!" sobbed out the female traveller, clasping her daughter to her heart, and then finding breath to say, "How is my dear father?"

"Oh, well! well!" cried the delighted girl, hanging round her father's neck in frantic joy, "come and see him directly!"

"Not just directly, my own Lilly," said he, composedly; "seventy-four is no age for surprises, even joyful ones. Sir" (turning to Norman, who stood *studying*, all lovers will guess how earnestly, the parents on whose fiat hung his life), "my wife had set her heart on reaching home on her father's day of jubilee. We had a quick passage and a safe one, God be praised! to Liverpool, and travelling day and night, were set down by coach this morning at B——. How to get on in time was the difficulty, but the backwoods have made us good walkers, and here we are, not too late for a grace-cup of thanksgiving to Him who has brought us safe to our father's door, and to friends who will make us welcome for his sake. Please, sir, to pave the way for our meeting."

Norman hailed the omen, and came as deliberately as joy would let him into the room. "There are strangers without, sir, who wish to speak with you; and as they have tidings from New Brunswick, perhaps your friends will consent to spare you, though unwillingly."

"From New Brunswick!" exclaimed the old man, hastily rising, then sinking down again from the painful agitation; "*you* have seen and spoken to them, is all well? Norman, my son, tell me truly."

"All well even as your heart could wish; but there are those without who could tell you better, far better than any words about those you love."

"Are they still without? Oh bring them in, pray!—our friends will excuse."

"But will you promise?"—

The old man cast a bewildered gaze around—caught a glimpse of Lilly's beaming face as it

peeped cagerly in at the half-open door, and exclaiming, "My bairn! my bairn!" sank back insensible on his chair!

We bore him gently out to the open air, whose reviving freshness, and still more, the voice and aspect of his darling daughter, soon restored him to himself. Who could describe their meeting half as well as one throb of long-severed hearts will bring it home to every bosom? Suffice it to say, it was a meet consummation for such an anniversary.

THE ICEBERG.

'Twas night—our anchor'd vessel slept
Out on the glassy sea;
And still as heaven the waters kept,
And golden bright—as he,
The setting sun, went sinking slow
Beneath the eternal wave;
And the ocean seemed a pall to throw
Over the monarch's grave.

There was no motion of the air
To raise the sleeper's tress,
And no wave-building winds were there,
On ocean's loveliness;
But ocean mingled with the sky
With such an equal hue,
That vainly strove the 'wildered eye
To part their gold and blue.

And ne'er a ripple of the sea
Came on our steady gaze,
Save when some timorous fish stole out
To bathe in the woven blaze,—
When, flouting in the light that played
All over the resting main,
He would sink beneath the wave, and dart
To his deep, blue home again.

Yet, while we gazed, that sunny eve,
Across the twinkling deep,
A form came ploughing the golden wave,
And rending its holy sleep;
It blushed bright red, while growing on
Our fixed half-fearful gaze;
But it wandered down, with its glow of light,
And its robe of sunny rays.

It seemed like molten silver, thrown
Together in floating flame;
And as we look'd, we named it, then,
The fount whence all colours came:
There were rainbows furl'd with a careless grace,
And the brightest red that glows;
The purple amethyst there had place,
And the hues of a full-blown rose.

And the vivid green, as the sunlit grass
 Where the pleasant rain hath been;
 And the ideal hues, that, thought-like, pass
 Through the minds of fanciful men;
 They beamed full clear—and that form moved on
 Like one from a burning grave;
 And we dared not think it a real thing,
 But for the rustling wave.

The sun just linger'd in our view,
 From the burning edge of ocean,
 When by our bark that bright one pass'd
 With a deep, disturbing motion;
 The far down waters shrank away,
 With a gurgling rush upheaving,
 And the lifted waves grew pale and sad,
 Their mother's bosom leaving.

Yet, as it passed our bending stern,
 In its throne-like glory going,
 It crush'd on a hidden rock, and turn'd
 Like an empire's overthrowing.
 The up-torn waves roll'd hoar,—and, huge,
 The far-thrown undulations
 Swell'd out in the sun's last, lingering smile,
 And fell like battling nations.

J. O. ROCHWELL.

THE MAN IN THE BELL.

In my younger days bell-ringing was much more in fashion among the young men of — than it is now. Nobody, I believe, practises it there at present except the servants of the church, and the melody has been much injured in consequence. Some fifty years ago about twenty of us who dwelt in the vicinity of the cathedral formed a club, which used to ring every peal that was called for; and from continual practice and a rivalry which arose between us and a club attached to another steeple, and which tended considerably to sharpen our zeal, we became very Mozarts on our favourite instruments. But my bell-ringing practice was shortened by a singular accident, which not only stopped my performance, but made even the sound of a bell terrible to my ears.

One Sunday I went with another into the belfry to ring for noon prayers, but the second stroke we had pulled showed us that the clapper of the bell we were at was muffled. Some one had been buried that morning, and it had been prepared, of course, to ring a mournful note. We did not know of this, but the remedy was easy. "Jack," said my companion, "step up to the loft, and cut off the hat;" for the way

we had of muffling was by tying a piece of an old hat, or of cloth (the former was preferred), to one side of the clapper, which deadened every second toll. I complied, and mounting into the belfry, crept as usual into the bell, where I began to cut away. The hat had been tied on in some more complicated manner than usual, and I was perhaps three or four minutes in getting it off; during which time my companion below was hastily called away, by a message from his sweetheart, I believe, but that is not material to my story. The person who called him was a brother of the club, who, knowing that the time had come for ringing for service, and not thinking that any one was above, began to pull. At this moment I was just getting out, when I felt the bell moving; I guessed the reason at once—it was a moment of terror; but by a hasty, and almost convulsive effort, I succeeded in jumping down, and throwing myself on the flat of my back under the bell.

The room in which it was was little more than sufficient to contain it, the bottom of the bell coming within a couple of feet of the floor of lath. At that time I certainly was not so bulky as I am now, but as I lay it was within an inch of my face. I had not laid myself down a second when the ringing began.—It was a dreadful situation. Over me swung an immense mass of metal, one touch of which would have crushed me to pieces, the floor under me was principally composed of crazy laths, and if they gave way, I was precipitated to the distance of about fifty feet upon a loft, which would, in all probability, have sunk under the impulse of my fall, and sent me to be dashed to atoms upon the marble floor of the chancel, a hundred feet below. I remembered—for fear is quick in recollection—how a common clock-weight, about a month before, had fallen, and bursting through the floors of the steeple, driven in the ceilings of the porch, and even broken into the marble tombstone of a bishop who slept beneath. This was my first terror, but the ringing had not continued a minute before a more awful and immediate dread came on me. The deafening sound of the bell smote into my ears with a thunder which made me fear their drums would crack.—There was not a fibre of my body it did not thrill through! it entered my very soul; thought and reflection were almost utterly banished; I only retained the sensation of agonizing terror. Every moment I saw the bell sweep within an inch of my face; and my eyes—I could not close them, though to look at the object was bitter as death—followed it instinctively in its

oscillating progress until it came back again. It was in vain I said to myself that it could come no nearer at any future swing than it did at first; every time it descended I endeavoured to shrink into the very floor to avoid being buried under the down-sweeping mass; and then reflecting on the danger of pressing too weightily on my frail support, would cower up again as far as I dared.

At first my fears were mere matter of fact. I was afraid the pulleys above would give way and let the bell plunge on me. At another time the possibility of the clapper being shot out in some sweep, and dashing through my body, as I had seen a ramrod glide through a door, flitted across my mind. The dread also, as I have already mentioned, of the crazy floor, tormented me; but these soon gave way to fears not more unfounded, but more visionary, and of course more tremendous. The roaring of the bell confused my intellect, and my fancy soon began to teem with all sorts of strange and terrifying ideas. The bell pealing above, and opening its jaws with a hideous clamour, seemed to me at one time a ravening monster, raging to devour me; at another, a whirlpool ready to suck me into its bellowing abyss. As I gazed on it, it assumed all shapes; it was a flying eagle, or rather a roc of the Arabian story-tellers, clapping its wings and screaming over me. As I looked upwards into it, it would appear sometimes to lengthen into indefinite extent, or to be twisted at the end into the spiral folds of the tail of a flying-dragon. Nor was the flaming breath, or fiery glance of that fabled animal, wanting to complete the picture. My eyes, inflamed, blood-shot, and glaring, invested the supposed monster with a full proportion of unholy light.

It would be endless were I to merely hint at all the fancies that possessed my mind. Every object that was hideous and roaring presented itself to my imagination. I often thought that I was in a hurricane at sea, and that the vessel in which I was embarked tossed under me with the most furious vehemence. The air, set in motion by the swinging of the bell, blew over me, nearly with the violence, and more than the thunder of a tempest; and the floor seemed to reel under me, as under a drunken man. But the most awful of all the ideas that seized on me were drawn from the supernatural. In the vast cavern of the bell hideous faces appeared, and glared down on me with terrifying frowns, or with grinning mockery, still more appalling. At last the devil himself, accoutred, as in the common description of the evil spirit, with hoof, horn,

and tail, and eyes of infernal lustre, made his appearance, and called on me to curse God and worship him, who was powerful to save me. This dread suggestion he uttered with the full-toned clangour of the bell. I had him within an inch of me, and I thought on the fate of the Santon Barsisa. Strenuously and desperately I defied him, and bade him begone. Reason then, for a moment, resumed her sway, but it was only to fill me with fresh terror, just as the lightning dispels the gloom that surrounds the benighted mariner, but to show him that his vessel is driving on a rock, where she must inevitably be dashed to pieces. I found I was becoming delirious, and trembled lest reason should utterly desert me. This is at all times an agonizing thought, but it smote me then with tenfold agony. I feared lest, when utterly deprived of my senses, I should rise, to do which I was every moment tempted by that strange feeling which calls on a man, whose head is dizzy from standing on the battlement of a lofty castle, to precipitate himself from it, and then death would be instant and tremendous. When I thought of this I became desperate. I caught the floor with a grasp which drove the blood from my nails; and I yelled with the cry of despair. I called for help, I prayed, I shouted, but all the efforts of my voice were, of course, drowned in the bell. As it passed over my mouth it occasionally echoed my cries, which mixed not with its own sound, but preserved their distinct character. Perhaps this was but fancy. To me, I know, they then sounded as if they were the shouting, howling, or laughing of the fiends with which my imagination had peopled the gloomy cave which swung over me.

You may accuse me of exaggerating my feelings; but I am not. Many a scene of dread have I since passed through, but they are nothing to the self-inflicted terrors of this half hour. The ancients have doomed one of the damned in their Tartarus to lie under a rock, which every moment seems to be descending to annihilate him—and an awful punishment it would be. But if to this you add a clamour as loud as if ten thousand furies were howling about you—a deafening uproar banishing reason, and driving you to madness, you must allow that the bitterness of the pang was rendered more terrible. There is no man, firm as his nerves may be, who could retain his courage in this situation.

In twenty minutes the ringing was done. Half of that time passed over me without power of computation—the other half appeared an

age. When it ceased, I became gradually more quiet, but a new fear retained me. I knew that five minutes would elapse without ringing, but at the end of that short time the bell would be rung a second time, for five minutes more. I could not calculate time. A minute and an hour were of equal duration. I feared to rise, lest the five minutes should have elapsed, and the ringing be again commenced, in which case I should be crushed, before I could escape, against the walls or framework of the bell. I therefore still continued to lie down, cautiously shifting myself, however, with a careful gliding, so that my eye no longer looked into the hollow. This was of itself a considerable relief. The cessation of the noise had, in a great measure, the effect of stupifying me, for my attention, being no longer occupied by the chimeras I had conjured up, began to flag. All that now distressed me was the constant expectation of the second ringing, for which, however, I settled myself with a kind of stupid resolution. I closed my eyes, and clenched my teeth as firmly as if they were screwed in a vice. At last the dreaded moment came, and the first swing of the bell extorted a groan from me, as they say the most resolute victim screams at the sight of the rack, to which he is for a second time destined. After this, however, I lay silent and lethargic, without a thought. Wrapped in the defensive armour of stupidity, I defied the bell and its intonations. When it ceased, I was roused a little by the hope of escape. I did not, however, decide on this step hastily, but, putting up my hand with the utmost caution, I touched the rim. Though the ringing had ceased, it still was tremulous from the sound, and shook under my hand, which instantly recoiled as from an electric jar. A quarter of an hour probably elapsed before I again dared to make the experiment, and then I found it at rest. I determined to lose no time, fearing that I might have delayed already too long, and that the bell for evening service would catch me. This dread stimulated me, and I slipped out with the utmost rapidity and arose. I stood, I suppose, for a minute, looking with silly wonder on the place of my imprisonment, penetrated with joy at escaping, but then rushed down the stony and irregular stair with the velocity of lightning, and arrived in the bell-ringer's room. This was the last act I had power to accomplish. I leaned against the wall, motionless and deprived of thought, in which posture my companions found me, when, in the course of a couple of hours, they returned to their occupation.

They were shocked, as well they might, at the figure before them. The wind of the bell had excoriated my face, and my dim and stupified eyes were fixed with a lack-lustre gaze in my raw eyelids. My hands were torn and bleeding; my hair dishevelled; and my clothes tattered. They spoke to me, but I gave no answer. They shook me, but I remained insensible. They then became alarmed, and hastened to remove me. He who had first gone up with me in the forenoon met them as they carried me through the churchyard, and through him, who was shocked at having, in some measure, occasioned the accident, the cause of my misfortune was discovered. I was put to bed at home, and remained for three days delirious, but gradually recovered my senses. You may be sure the bell formed a prominent topic of my ravings, and if I heard a peal, they were instantly increased to the utmost violence. Even when the delirium abated, my sleep was continually disturbed by imagined ringings, and my dreams were haunted by the fancies which almost maddened me while in the steeple. My friends removed me to a house in the country, which was sufficiently distant from any place of worship to save me from the apprehensions of hearing the church-going bell; for what Alexander Selkirk, in Cowper's poem, complained of as a misfortune, was then to me as a blessing. Here I recovered; but, even long after recovery, if a gale wafted the notes of a peal towards me, I started with nervous apprehension. I felt a Mahometan hatred to all the bell tribe, and envied the subjects of the Commander of the Faithful the sonorous voice of their Muezzin. Time cured this, as it does the most of our follies; but, even at the present day, if, by chance, my nerves be unstrung, some particular tones of the cathedral bell have power to surprise me into a momentary start.

Blackwood's Mag.

A VISION OF BEAUTY.

It was a beauty that I saw
 So pure, so perfect, as the frame
 Of all the universe was lame,
 To that one figure could I draw,
 Or give least line of it a law!
 A skein of silk without a knot!
 A fair march made without a halt!
 A curious form without a fault!
 A printed book without a blot!
 All beauty, and without a spot.

BEN JONSON.

BALLAD OF THE SAILOR'S CHILDREN.

rather! why linger on the waves? Our kitchen fire burns bright,
And shines upon your empty chair, a-welcoming the night;
The sun has seen us all day long, listening your step to hear—
Why come you not across the sea—our father, ever dear!

Long time since first you went away! We counted as it passed;
And this was to have been the day you would return at last:
Oh! how our hearts beat as it came, with thinking upon you,
And how we wearied for the dawn—our father, ever true!

We watch'd, and saw the morning sun far in the east appear:
"He must be on his way (we said)—he must be very near."
We watch'd, and saw the evening sun decline far in the west:
"He'll come before it's night (we said)—our father, ever best!"

Night has brought only clouds and storms. We heard the wild sea-mew,
And in its shrieks we thought it bade us go a-seeking you.
All day we waited at the door, your smile and kiss to find,
But now we stand upon the shore—our father, ever kind!

And wherefore come you not? The waves begin to swell and dash,
And through the black clouds, far away, we see the lightning flash
The wind is bursting from the sky, and lashing up the flood—
O Heaven protect the ship that holds our father, ever good!

No mother now have we to pray for you at night and morn,
Or dress us in our best array the day you should return;
She is not here to kiss your brow, wet with the salt sea-wave.
If cold and weary-worn wert thou—our father, ever brave!

But come—oh, come! And you will see how bright the fire will blaze;
And we will, as she bade us, be your children good always;
And though that she is dead and gone, we would not have you pine,
Or stay away—for are not we—our father—ever thine!

And when you weary, we will bring, as we did long ago,
Our chairs about your knees, and sing "The Stormy Winds do Blow;"
And we can tell you all again the stories that she told,
How you fought the French upon the main—our father, ever bold!

Oh! ever as the lightning gleams, we think we see you nigh;
And ever as the wild wind screams, we think we hear you cry;
And ever as the towering tide sends up its hissing spray,
We think upon our mother dead, and father, far away!

But she said we would not be alone, and therefore should not weep,
For He that cares for the shorn-lamb would watch you on the deep,
And in His own time send to us, across the weary wave,
Our father, ever dear, and true, and kind, and good, and brave.

ALEX. WHITELAW.

THE BRIGHTON COACH.

I was once placed in a situation of peculiar embarrassment; the event made a strong impression on me at the time—an impression, indeed, which has lasted ever since.

Those who know as well as I do, and have known as long as I have known, that once muddy, shabby, dirty fishing-town on the Sussex coast, which has grown, under the smiles and patronage of our late beloved king, into splendour and opulence, called Brighton, will be aware that there run to it and from it, divers and sundry most admirable public conveyances in the shape of stage-coaches: that the rapid improvements in that sort of travelling have during late years interfered with and greatly injured the trade of posting; and that people of the first respectability think it no shame to pack themselves up in a Brighton coach, and step out of it at Charing Cross exactly five hours after they have stepped into it in Castle Square.

The gallant gay Stevenson, with his prancing grays under perfect command, used to attract a crowd to see him start; and now, although he, poor fellow, is gone that journey whence no traveller returns, Goodman still survives, and the "Times" still flourishes; in that is the principal scene of my embarrassment laid; and to that admirable, neat, and expeditious equipage must I endeavour to attract your attention for some ten minutes.

It was one day in the autumn of 1829, just as the Pavilion clock was striking three, that I stepped into Mr. Goodman's coach. In it I found already a thin stripling enveloped in a fur pelisse, the only distinguishing mark of whose sex was a tuft of mustachio on his upper lip. He wore a travelling cap on his head girt with a golden band, and eyed me and his other fellow-traveller as though we had been of a different race of beings from himself. That other fellow-traveller I took to be a small attorney. He was habited in a drab greatcoat, which matched his round fat face in colour; his hair, too, was drab, and his hat was drab; his features were those of a young pig: and his recreation through the day was sucking barley-sugar, to which he perpetually kept helping himself from a neat white paper parcel of the luscious commodity, which he had placed in the pocket of the coach-window.

There was one other passenger to take up, and I began wondering what it would be like, and whether it would be male or female, old

or young, handsome or ugly, when my speculations were speedily terminated by the arrival of an extremely delicate pretty woman, attended by her maid. The lady was dressed in the extreme of plainness, and yielded the palm of gaiety to her *soubrette*, who mounted by the side of Mr. Goodman, at the moment that her mistress placed herself next my pig-faced friend and opposite to me.

It does not require half a second of time to see and know and understand what sort of woman it is who is thus brought in juxtaposition with one. The turn of her mind may be ascertained by the way she seats herself in her corner; her disposition by the look she gives to her companions; and her character—but perhaps that may require a minute or two more. The lady in question cast a hasty glance round her, merely, as it should seem, to ascertain if she were personally acquainted with any of her companions. She evidently was not; and her eyes sank from the inquiring gaze round the party upon a black silk bag which lay on her lap. She was about four or five-and-twenty; her eyes were blue and her hair fair; it hung carelessly over her forehead, and the whole of her costume gave evidence of a want of attention to what is called "setting one's self off to the best advantage." She was tall—thin—pale; and there was a sweet expression in her countenance which I shall never forget; it was mild and gentle, and seemed to be formed to its plaintive cast by suffering—and yet why should one so lovely be unhappy?

As the clock struck we started. The sudden turn of the team round the corner of North Street and Church Street brought a flush of colour into her cheeks; she was conscious of the glow which I was watching; she seemed ashamed of her own timidity. She looked up to see if she was observed; she saw she was, and looked down again. All this happened in the first hundred and seventy yards of a journey of fifty-two miles and a half.

My pig-faced friend, who sucked his barley-sugar sonorously, paid little attention to anybody, or anything, except himself; and in pursuance of that amiable tenderness, pulled up the window at his side. The lady, like the beau in the fur coat, laid her delicate head back in the corner of the coach, and slept, or seemed to sleep. The horror I felt lest my pig-faced friend should consider it necessary to join in any conversation which I might venture to originate with my unknown beauty opposite, kept me quiet; and I "ever and anon" looked anxiously towards his vacant features, in hopes to see the two gray unmean-

ing things which served him for eyes, closed in a sweet and satisfactory slumber. But no; although he spoke not, and if one may judge by countenances, thought not, still he kept awake, and ready, as it should seem, to join in a conversation which he had not courage to begin.

And so we travelled on, and not one syllable was exchanged until we reached Crawley. There my heart was much relieved. At Hands-cross we had dropped the cornet with the tufts; horses were ready to convey him to some man's house to dinner; and when we were quitting Crawley, I saw my excellent demolisher of barley-sugar mount a regular Sussex buggy, and export himself to some town or village out of the line of our road.

I here made a small effort at ice-breaking with my delicate companion, who consorted with her maid at one end of the room, while I with one or two more sensualists from the outside was refreshing myself with some cold fowl and salad. I ventured to ask her whether she would allow me to offer her some wine and water. Hang it! thought I, if we stand upon gentility in a stage-coach journey, smart as the things are, we shall never part sociably. She seemed somewhat of the same opinion, for she smiled. I shall never forget it: it seemed on her placid countenance like sunshine amidst showers—she accepted my proffered draught. “I rather think,” said I, “we shall travel alone for the rest of the journey—our communicative friends have left us.” She made no answer; but from the sort of expression which passed over her features I was very sorry I had made the remark. I was in the greatest possible alarm lest she should require the presence of her maid to play propriety; but no, she had no such notion.

A summons from Mr. Goodman soon put the party in motion, and in a few minutes we were again on our journey—the dear interesting creature and myself *tête-à-tête*. “Have you been long at Brighton?” said I. “Some time,” replied the lady—“some months, indeed.” Here came a pause. “You reside in London, I presume!” said I. “In the neighbourhood,” replied the lady; at the same time drawing off the glove of her left hand (which by the way was as white as snow), to smooth one of her eyebrows, as it appeared by what she actually did with it, but, as I thought, to exhibit to my sight the golden badge of union which encircled its third finger. “And,” said I, “have you been living alone at Brighton so long?” “Oh, no!” said the stranger; “my husband has only left me during the last few weeks, and

has now summoned me home, being unable to rejoin me on the coast.” “Happy man!” said I, “to expect such a wife.”

Now there did not seem much in this commonplace bit of folly, for I meant it for little else than jest, to summon up a thousand feelings, and excite a thousand passions—to raise a storm, and cause a flood of tears. But so it was—my companion held down her head to conceal her grief, and the big drops fell from her beautiful eyes. “Good God!” said I, “have I said anything to induce this emotion?—what have I done?—forgive me—believe me, if I have erred, it has been unintentionally—I—” “Don’t speak to me,” said the sufferer—“it is not *your* fault—you are forgiven—my heart is full, very full—and a word that touches the chord which vibrates to its very centre sadly affects me—pray—pray, let go my hand—and believe me, I am not angry with you—I am to blame.” “But,” said I—not implicitly obeying the injunction about letting go her hand,—because what harm can holding a hand do?—“you must be more explicit before I can be satisfied with forgiveness—you have occasioned an interest which I cannot control, you have excited feelings which I cannot subdue—I am sure you are unhappy, and that I have referred to something which—” “Pray, pray, ask me nothing,” said my agitated companion; “I have betrayed myself—but I am sure, quite sure,” added she—and I *do* think I felt a sort of gentle pressure of my hand at the moment—“that you will not take advantage of a weakness of which I ought to be ashamed.” “You may rely upon me,” said I, “that, so far as you may choose to trust me, you are safe; and you may believe, that any anxiety I may express to know more of circumstances which (whatever they are) so deeply affect you, arises from an interest which you had excited even before you spoke.” “What would you think of a woman,” said she, “who should open her heart to a stranger? or, what sympathy could sorrows excite, which might be told by her after an hour’s acquaintance? No, no; let me remain unknown to you, as I am. Let us talk on ordinary topics, and let us part friends—but not to meet again.”

Not much in the habit of making conquests, and not being of that particular “shape and make” to be fallen in love with at first sight, I confess this appeal seemed extraordinary. It was clear, from whatever cause arising I could not pretend to divine, that I had somehow prepossessed my companion in my favour; and certainly, if anything in the world could have induced me to resolve to meet this inter-

esting creature again and again, it was her expressed desire that such a thing should not occur. I wonder if she anticipated the effect of her prohibition when she announced it! "Friends!" said I, "why should we not part friends? Why should we not live friends? Let me implore you, tell me more of yourself—that is all I ask." "Alas!" said she, raising her blue eyes towards heaven, "is it possible that my pride and spirit should be so broken, so worked upon, that I could consent to admit of such a conversation with a stranger? How strangely do events operate upon the human mind!" "Gentle spirits should be gently treated," said I. "I fear some rude hand has broken in upon the rest that beings like you should enjoy?" "Oh," said she, "if I could tell you—and I believe I must—to justify myself for conduct which must appear to you so wild, so extraordinary, so unbecoming—oh, why did those people leave us together?"

I said nothing to this, because I could not exactly guess why they did; but that they had done so, I confess I did not so much regret as my companion *said* she did. "If my poor mother could look from heaven," said she, "and see me degraded as I am, what would she think of all the love and care expended upon me in my infancy and youth?" This last touch was rather wounding to my vanity; because, although the lady might consider herself somewhat let down in the world by travelling in a stage-coach, I thought it a little uncivil to refer to the circumstance while I was her fellow-passenger. "If," said I, "you will so far trust me as to confide your sorrows to me, I pledge myself to secrecy, and even to pursue any course which you may suggest for relieving them." "My story is brief," said my companion; "promise me not to refer to it at any future period during my life—that is, if we should ever meet after to-day, and I *will* trust you." Here the pressure of the hand was unequivocal; and by a corresponding, yet perhaps more fervent token, I sealed the compact between us. "I am the daughter," said she, "of a general officer, who with my exemplary mother resided chiefly in Somersetshire. The cares and attention of my parents were affectionately devoted to the education and improvement of their only child, and I became, as they have a thousand times said, the blessing of their declining years. I was scarcely seventeen when I lost my father, and his death produced not only a change of circumstances in our family, but a change of residence. My mother and myself removed to Bath. There

we resided until we were induced to visit the Continent, where—I am ashamed to go on—a nobleman became my avowed admirer, and made me an offer of marriage. His rank was exalted, his fortune large, but I could not love him: was I wrong in refusing to marry him?" "Assuredly not," said I, amazed at the animation which sparkled in eyes that lately flowed with tears, while she referred to the proper feeling and spirit she had exhibited in refusing a man she could not love. "That refusal," continued the lady, "my poor mother could not forgive; she never did forgive it, and I believe that her anger is still over me, for what I have since suffered seems like a curse. My mother's disapprobation of my refusal of this desirable match had a complicated origin. She believed, and rightly too, that I discarded her favourite, not only upon the negative feeling of indifference or dislike towards him, but because I secretly preferred another. She was right—" "And you—" "Stay," interrupted she—"hear me out—as I have begun, you shall know all. I did love another, a being all candour, openness, honour, and principle: talented, accomplished, gay, full of feeling, and generous to a fault. His name my mother would not hear me mention. She expelled him our house, excluded him from my society. What then?—trick and evasion on my part supplanted obedience and sincerity. The house of a friend afforded opportunities for our meeting, which my own denied—my youthful spirit could not bear restraint—we eloped and were married." "And thus you secured your happiness," said I. "Happiness!" said my companion; and never shall I forget the expression of bitterness, sorrow, and remorse which animated her countenance as she pronounced the word. "Misery—misery beyond redemption! My mother died two years after my ill-fated union with the man of my choice; and died without forgiving me my sad error. 'No,' said my angry parent; 'she has chosen her course and must follow it; and when I am in my cold grave she will repent, and I hope be forgiven.'" "But how were your prospects of happiness blighted?" said I. "Ah!" said my companion, "there is the point—there is the story which I dare not tell. Can I betray my husband? Can I accuse him? Can I commit him to a stranger?" "Being to a stranger," said I, "and one who, according to your own commands, is likely to remain a stranger to him always, you surely may." "Then hear me," said the lady: "we had scarcely been married three years, when, by some fatality to me wholly unaccountable, he

became infatuated by a woman—woman I must call her—who led him into gaieties without his wife; who, fascinated by his agreeable qualities, became the monarch of his affections, the controller of his actions, and who, not satisfied with others attracting him from his home and all its ties, excited in his breast the fiercest jealousy against me.” “Shocking!” said I; and I thought so as I looked at the bewitching creature; not but that I must confess I did not see the entire impossibility of the existence of causes for her husband’s apprehension, considering the confidential manner in which she communicated all her sorrows to me. “Treatment the most barbarous followed this,” said my companion; “a disbelief in my assertions, expressed contemptuously, marked all his answers to any request I made to him. The actions and conduct of my life were examined and discussed, until at length he sent me to the coast to live under the roof of his mother, while he was constantly domesticated with the vile partner of his gaieties and dissipations. Is not this enough to break a heart, or is it not enough to drive a woman to the commission of the very crimes with which she finds herself unjustly charged?”

Upon this last part of my fair friend’s inquiry as to the *lex talionis*, I could but have one opinion to give, and agreed cordially in her view of a case to which, as it appeared to me, she had devoted some considerable portion of her attention. “But,” said I, “you are now returning home?” “I am,” replied the lady; “because the rival I am doomed to bear with is no longer in London, and because the avocations of my husband will not permit him to visit Paris, whither she has gone. He thinks I am ignorant of all this, and thinks that I am a dupe to all his artifices; and why should I undeceive him?” “This rival,” said I, “must be a very potent personage, if *you* are unable to break the charm which fascinates your husband, or dispel the influence which she has over him. You *must* have the power, if you have the will to do so.” “No,” said she; “my power is gone—his heart is lost to me, and is inaccessible by me. Oh! you little know the treatment I have received from him!—from him whose whole soul was mine, but whose mind is steeled and poisoned against me!—No human being can tell what I have suffered—what I do suffer!”

It was clear I had now arrived at the conclusion of the story; all that remained was to make the application, or deduce the moral; and, I honestly confess, it appeared to me, that, notwithstanding the object of her journey

from her mother-in-law’s house at Brighton was to rejoin her spouse in London, she would gladly have availed herself of any seasonable opportunity of changing the place of her destination. In fact, I had involved myself more deeply than I anticipated, for, having become a *confidante*, and having volunteered being a cavalier, I apprehended that in a minute or two I should be called forth as a champion, and, like another knight-errant, have the outraged Damosel placed under my especial care.

I confess I was now rather anxious to ascertain who my fair friend was, and what her surname—her Christian name I had discovered to be Fanny. This discovery I made when she was recapitulating, more at length than I have thought it necessary to do, the dialogues between herself and her late respectable mother, in which I observed that, speaking in the maternal character, she called herself by that pretty and simple name, which never was better suited to a human being than herself. The animation and exertion of talking, and the excitement to which part of her narrative had given rise, together with the effect of the air on a delicate skin, had lighted up her sweet countenance, and I was just on the point of taking a very decisive step in the affair, when the coach suddenly stopped, and the door being opened, a portly lady, with a bandbox, and a bouquet as big as a gooseberry-bush, picked on purpose for her, as she told us, was squeezed by the high-pressure power of Mr. Goodman’s right hand into the coach. She was followed by a pale-faced girl of about ten years of age, with a smaller-sized bouquet, a basketful of sweetheart cakes, and a large phial full of weak red wine and water.

That I was sorry for the interruption, I must candidly admit; but if the new-comers had been quiescent, it would have been more bearable, as I might have had time and leisure to consider what I had heard, and resolve in my mind not only the sad case of the fascinating creature before me, but to decide as to what step I myself should take, when we came to the place of parting.

It is curious to see how soon a feeling of sympathy, or congeniality, or whatever else it may be, renders strangers intimate; and when that sort of intimacy has begun, how it continues and shows itself by comparison with the conduct observed to the next strangers who appear. I and my fair friend were upon such good terms with each other, and so distant to the people who had just joined us, that the big lady and the little girl no doubt took us, if not for man and wife, at least for intimates of

many years' standing; and then to see, the moment they came in, the care with which my fellow-traveller put her bonnet straight, and pulled her tippet round her, and put her bag in order, just as if she were before company! The contrast was very flattering to me, and so might have been much more of her conversation, but that she maintained it in a low tone, so as not to be heard by the strangers, forgetting, I conclude, that the pitch of voice which rendered it inaudible to them, left me equally ill-informed. "Pray, sir," said the big lady, "when does this here coach git to the Olephant and Castle?" "At a little past eight," said I. "We goes through Kinnington, I believe," said the lady. "We do." "If it is quite agreeable, sir," continued the awful dame, "to your good lady to have that 'ere window up, I should be uncommon obligated, because my little Emily Lawinia is jist out of the scarlet-fever, and I am afear'd of her taking could."

The combination of blunders in this little speech set the late weeping Fanny into a laugh; for there was in the corner of her eye that playful sparkle which no grief can quite subdue. She was as readily alive to fun as assailable by sorrow; and so it is with all people who feel strongly; for, as Moore says in one of his Melodies,

"The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns."

The plump lady, however, found that she had made some mistake; and not at all taking into the account that people in general do not very much approve of shutting themselves up in a coach, hermetically sealed, with patients in the scarlet-fever, set me and my "good lady" down as two proud, conceited upstarts, and revenged herself, to our utter dismay, by dissipating the sorrows of silence, in enjoying the solace of peppermint lozenges, one of which she herself took, and administered another to her darling pet on the opposite seat; so that, while my companion was gratified by the redolence of the fragrant herb through the medium of the old lady, I was indulged by the more active and efficient exertions of the living anatomy next her.

The coach rattled on, and I beheld my opposite neighbour no longer as a stranger. She leaned forward just as we passed Kennington turnpike, and asked me whether I went on to Charing Cross, or left the coach at the Elephant and Castle. I told her that I stuck by the ship to the last, and hoped she would permit me to assist her in securing her luggage. It was at this period, in the midst of the jangle of the vehicle and the clatter of the macadam-

ized road, that I endeavoured to induce her to tell me her name. This she positively refused. Then I looked about for the superscription of a letter, which sometimes very inflexible ladies, under similar circumstances, will considerably let slip—and thus, one gets in a moment *accidentally* what worlds would not tempt them deliberately to disclose—but no—it was too dark to read writing; yet, I was so convinced that she actually held a card ready to give me, that I endeavoured gently to force her delicate right hand open, in order to obtain the desired information. But I found I was wrong; she seemed determined, either that I should know nothing more of her, or, if I did, that I should at least have the trouble, or pleasure, as the case might be, of hunting after my intelligence.

Failing in the main point of my inquiries, I endeavoured to ascertain what part of London she resided in, and tried every street, square, row, and corner, from Grove Road, Paddington, to Dog Row, Whitechapel, in order to excite an affirmative nod, and one of those bewitching smiles which I began to love—but no. Well, thought I, the time must come when you must go, and then I shall follow; and so, if you choose to be silent and uncommunicative, and dignified and disagreeable, I can be revenged upon you; not that I could believe a woman who would generously confide the sorrows of her heart to a man, could be ill-natured enough to withhold the trifling addition of telling him where that heart was doomed to beat.

The moment arrived, and we reached the Elephant and Castle. The sudden check of Goodman's team took my poor Fanny by surprise, and threw her forward, so as to bring her somewhat in contact with myself; but the lamps of the coach had been lighted at Smithers Bottom, and we were in the dark compared with objects without; and never shall I forget the hurried scramble into which she "righted herself," as her eye glanced on a countenance outside the carriage, brightly illuminated by the lamp on that side—she seemed thunder-struck. "Gracious!" said she, "here's Charles!" "Who the deuce is Charles?" said I. "Hush!—my husband," replied the lady; "he's coming;—I'm so glad these people are in the coach." The door opened, and a hand was introduced. "Fanny!" said the master of that hand, in a soft tone of endearment. "Here I am, love," said my companion. "Alone!—what—quite full!" said the husband. "Yes, dear," said the wife, "and so tired. I never was so glad to get out of a coach in my life."

In a moment I thought I recognized the voice of the husband. I coiled myself into the corner. She would have got out without my being betrayed, if she had not dropped her glove.—Why the deuce had she taken it off?—A light was sent for, and the moment it came I beheld in the object of all my indignation, and the cause of all her sorrow—the oldest friend of my life—Charles Franklin. “Why,” exclaimed he, the moment he recognized me, “is that you!—fellow-traveller with my wife, and not known to each other?—this is curious!” “Franklin!” said I, in a sort of tremor. “Do you know my husband, *sir*?” said the lady—“how very strange!” Yes, thought I, I wish it were impossible. “I have not seen you these ten years,” said Franklin. “Come home with us—you must and shall—I—” “Indeed,” said I—“I—” “Oh, come, come,” said Franklin; “you can have no engagement—you shall have no engagement to supersede this. I rejoice in having found you after so long a separation,”—and then Mr. Franklin introduced me to his wife in due form, much to the astonishment of our fellow-travellers at the other side of the coach, who concluded by what they had seen, as indeed they had shown by what they had said, that we were, if actually not man and wife, two of the oldest and most intimate possible friends.

I have a melting heart in the way of a proposition from a friend, especially when it is made under extraordinary circumstances, like those which accompanied and preceded Franklin’s; but altogether I sincerely declare that I never was more embarrassed in my existence. I still wished to see the adventure through, and behold my Niobe in her own domicile. I looked to my charming companion for a telegraphic signal. If she had frowned a negative, I should have repeated the signal, and strenuously declined going; but by the glare of the lamp at the inn door I thought I saw affirmative in the glance of her eye, which induced me to believe that my visit would not annoy her; and so, really, rather than doom her to a *tête-à-tête* with her tyrant—though he *was* my friend—I consented to put myself in a position as irksome almost as position could be.

We left the coach—my trips from Brighton being periodical and frequent, I had no luggage, and we proceeded, with the maid and the band-boxes, to my friend’s house—of course I shall be excused mentioning the locality—but it was one of the prettiest *bijoux* I ever saw; good taste predominated in every part of its decorations, and I soon discovered, by certain drawings which were pendent on the walls, that my

fair companion was an artist, while the pianoforte and harp bespoke her (as she had herself, indeed, informed me she was) accomplished in other sciences.

After a suitable delay of preparation, such as taking off things, and refreshing, and all that, our dinner was served—nothing could be nicer or neater. “Fanny, dearest,” said Franklin, “let me give you this wing; I know, my life, you like it.” “No, Charles, dear, not a bit more, thank you,” said Fanny. “Come, love, a glass of wine with me,” said Charles; “’t is an old fashion, but we have been apart some weeks, so our friend will excuse it.” “To be sure he will,” said Fanny, and they drank to each other with looks admirably suited to the action. “How strange it is,” said Franklin, “that after so long a separation we should meet in this extraordinary manner, and that Fanny should not have found you out, or that you should not have discovered her!” “Why, my dear Charles,” said Mrs. Franklin, “strangers do not talk to each other in stage-coaches.” “Very true, my angel,” said Mr. Franklin; “but some accident might have brought your name to *his* ears, or *his* to yours.”

While all this was going on I sat in a state of perfect amazement. Charles Franklin and I had been schoolfellows, and continued friends to a certain period of life; he was all that his wife had described him to be, in the earlier part of his life, but I confess I saw none of the heartlessness, the suspicion, the neglect, the violence, the inattention of which she also spoke; nor did I perceive, in the bright animated look of pleasure which beamed over her intelligent countenance, the slightest remains of the grief and sorrow by which she had been weighed down on the journey. “Do you feel tired, my Fanny?” said Franklin. “No, dear,” replied the lady, “not very, now; but those coaches are so small when there are four people in them, that one gets cramped.”

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she departed, "not to be long." Charles flew to the door, and opened it for his departing fair—he accompanied her beyond its threshold, and I thought I heard a sound of something very like a kiss as they parted.

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I have not been there since. I called, indeed, once, and Charles called on me, but I have been little in London during the last season, and they have been much in the country. I could not have equitably maintained an intimacy with them, for I felt neutrality would be quite out of the question: thus, although the recurrence of my old friendship with Charles Franklin has been productive of no very satisfactory results as relate to ourselves personally, it has given me an additional

light in my path through the world, and now, whenever I see a picture of perfect happiness presented to my eyes, affection on one side and devotion on the other, assiduity met by kindness, and solicitude repaid with smiles, instead of feeling my heart glow with rapture at the beautiful scene before me, I instantly recollect that I once travelled to London in the BRIGHTON COACH.

THEODORE HOOK.

ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropt into the well,
And what to say to Muça, I cannot, cannot tell."

'Twas thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuharez' daughter.

"The well is deep; far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water.
To me did Muça give them, when he spake his sad farewell;
And what to say, when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they were pearls in silver set,
That when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget;
That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on other's tale,
But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear-rings pale.
When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped them in the well,
Oh! what will Muça think of me, I cannot, cannot tell!

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! he'll say they should have been,
Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,
Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere;
That changeful mind unchangeable gems are not befitting well,
Thus will he think:—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell!

"He'll think, when I to market went, I loitered by the way;
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say;
He'll think some other lover's hand among my tresses noosed
From the ears where he had placed them my rings of pearl unloosed.
He'll think, when I was sporting so beside this marble well,
My pearls fell in:—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell!

"He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same;
He'll say I loved, when he was here, to whisper of his flame;
But when he went to Tunis, my virgin troth had broken,
And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for his token.
My ear-rings! my ear-rings! Oh! luckless, luckless well!
For what to say to Muça, alas! I cannot tell!

"I'll tell the truth to Muça, and I hope he will believe
That I thought of him at morning, and thought of him at eve!
That musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone;
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they fell,
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well!"

J. G. LOCKHART, from the Spanish

THE CITY OF THE DEMONS.

[William Maginn, born at Cork, 1793; died in London, 20th August, 1842. He was known as the modern Rabelais, for he was equally distinguished, according to Jerdan, the editor of the once famous *Literary Gazette*, as "romancist, parodist, politician, satirist, linguist, poet, critic, scholar. . . . Were even the approach to a considerable collection of his productions accomplished, I am convinced that the world would be more than ever astonished by the originality, learning, fancy, wit, and beauty with which he illuminated the widest circle of periodical literature." From 1813 till 1823 he conducted a school at Cork; he then removed to London, and became one of the chief contributors to *Blackwood's Magazine* and one of the founders of *Fraser's Magazine*. His life was unfortunately one of continual struggle with poverty, which he bore with much good humour and apparent insensibility to its humiliations. An anecdote is told of him that, having signed a bill to satisfy a creditor, he exclaimed with perfect satisfaction, "Thank Heaven, that account is settled." It is remarkable that whilst we have no collective edition of his works in England, an admirable one was issued in New York in five vols. in 1855-57, edited by Dr. R. S. Mackenzie.]

In days of yore there lived in the flourishing city of Cairo a Hebrew rabbi, by name Jochonan, who was the most learned of his nation. His fame went over the East, and the most distant people sent their young men to imbibe wisdom from his lips. He was deeply skilled in the traditions of the fathers, and his word on a disputed point was decisive. He was pious, just, temperate, and strict; but he had one vice—a love of gold had seized upon his heart, and he opened not his hand to the poor. Yet he was wealthy above most, his wisdom being to him the source of riches. The Hebrews of the city were grieved at this blemish on the wisest of their people; but though the elders of the tribes continued to reverence him for his fame, the women and children of Cairo called him by no other name than that of Rabbi Jochonan the miser.

None knew so well as he the ceremonies necessary for initiation into the religion of Moses; and consequently the exercise of those solemn offices was to him another source of gain. One day, as he walked in the fields about Cairo, conversing with a youth on the interpretation of the law, it so happened that the angel of death smote the young man suddenly, and he fell dead before the feet of the Rabbi, even while he was yet speaking. When the Rabbi found that the youth was dead, he rent his garments and glorified the Lord. But his heart was touched, and the thoughts of

death troubled him in the visions of the night. He felt uneasy when he reflected on his hardness to the poor, and he said, "Blessed be the name of the Lord! The first good thing that I am asked to do, in that holy name, will I perform;" but he sighed, for he feared that some one might ask of him a portion of his gold.

While yet he thought upon these things, there came a loud cry at his gate.

"Awake, thou sleeper!" said the voice, "awake! A child is in danger of death, and the mother hath sent me for thee, that thou mayst do thine office."

"The night is dark and gloomy," said the Rabbi, coming to his casement, "and mine age is great; are there not younger men than I in Cairo?"

"For thee only, Rabbi Jochonan, whom some call the wise, but whom others call Rabbi Jochonan the miser, was I sent. Here is gold," said he, taking out a purse of sequins, "I want not thy labour for nothing. I adjure thee to come, in the name of the living God."

So the Rabbi thought upon the vow he had just made, and he groaned in spirit, for the purse sounded heavy.

"As thou hast adjured me by that name, I go with thee," said he to the man, "but I hope the distance is not far. Put up thy gold."

"The place is at hand," said the stranger, who was a gallant youth in magnificent attire. "Be speedy, for time presses."

Jochonan arose, dressed himself, and accompanied the stranger, after having carefully locked up all the doors of his house, and deposited his keys in a secret place—at which the stranger smiled.

"I never remember," said the Rabbi, "so dark a night. Be thou to me as a guide, for I can hardly see the way."

"I know it well," replied the stranger with a sigh, "it is a way much frequented, and travelled hourly by many; lean upon mine arm, and fear not."

They journeyed on; and though the darkness was great, yet the Rabbi could see when it occasionally brightened that he was in a place strange to him. "I thought," said he, "I knew all the country for leagues about Cairo, yet I know not where I am. I hope, young man," said he to his companion, "that thou hast not missed the way;" and his heart misgave him.

"Fear not," returned the stranger. "Your journey is even now done," and, as he spoke, the feet of the Rabbi slipped from under him,

and he rolled down a great height. When he recovered, he found that his companion had fallen also, and stood by his side.

"Nay, young man," said the Rabbi, "if thus thou sportest with the gray hairs of age, thy days are numbered. Woe unto him who insults the hoary head!"

The stranger made an excuse, and they journeyed on some little further in silence. The darkness grew less, and the astonished Rabbi, lifting up his eyes, found that they had come to the gates of a city which he had never before seen. Yet he knew all the cities of the land of Egypt, and he had walked but half an hour from his dwelling in Cairo. So he knew not what to think, but followed the man with trembling.

They soon entered the gates of the city, which was lighted up as if there were a festival in every house. The streets were full of revelers, and nothing but a sound of joy could be heard. But when Jochonan looked upon their faces, they were the faces of men pained within; and he saw, by the marks they bore, that they were Mazikin.¹ He was terrified in his soul; and, by the light of the torches, he looked also upon the face of his companion, and, behold! he saw upon him too the mark that showed him to be a Demon. The Rabbi feared excessively—almost to fainting; but he thought it better to be silent, and sadly he followed his guide, who brought him to a splendid house, in the most magnificent quarter of the city.

"Enter here," said the Demon to Jochonan, "for this house is mine. The lady and the child are in the upper chamber;" and, accordingly, the sorrowful Rabbi ascended the stair to find them.

The lady, whose dazzling beauty was shrouded by melancholy beyond hope, lay in bed; the child, in rich raiment, slumbered on the lap of the nurse, by her side.

"I have brought to thee, light of my eyes!" said the Demon, "Rebecca, beloved of my soul! I have brought thee Rabbi Jochonan the wise, for whom thou didst desire. Let him, then, speedily begin his office; I shall fetch all things necessary, for he is in haste to depart."

He smiled bitterly as he said these words, looking at the Rabbi; and left the room, followed by the nurse.

When Jochonan and the lady were alone, she turned in the bed towards him, and said:

"Unhappy man that thou art! knowest thou where thou hast been brought?"

¹Demons.

"I do," said he, with a heavy groan; "I know that I am in a city of the Mazikin."

"Know then, further," said she, and the tears gushed from eyes brighter than the diamond, "know then, further, that no one is ever brought here unless he hath sinned before the Lord. What my sin hath been imports not to thee, and I seek not to know thine. But here thou remainest for ever—lost, even as I am lost." And she wept again.

The Rabbi dashed his turban on the ground, and tearing his hair, exclaimed, "Woe is me! Who art thou, woman, that speakest to me thus?"

"I am a Hebrew woman," said she, "the daughter of a doctor of the laws, in the city of Bagdad; and being brought hither, it matters not how, I am married to a prince among the Mazikin, even him who was sent for thee. And that child, whom thou sawest, is our first-born, and I could not bear the thought that the soul of our innocent babe should perish. I therefore besought my husband to try to bring hither a priest, that the law of Moses (blessed be his memory!) should be done; and thy fame, which has spread to Bagdad, and lands further towards the rising of the sun, made me think of thee. Now my husband, though great among the Mazikin, is more just than the other Demons; and he loves me, whom he hath ruined, with a love of despair. So he said that the name of Jochonan the wise was familiar unto him, and that he knew thou wouldst not be able to refuse. What thou hast done, to give him power over thee, is known to thyself."

"I swear, before Heaven," said the Rabbi, "that I have ever diligently kept the law, and walked steadfastly according to the traditions of our fathers from the day of my youth upward. I have wronged no man in word or deed, and I have daily worshipped the Lord; minutely performing all the ceremonies thereto needful."

"Nay," said the lady, "all this thou mightest have done, and more, and yet be in the power of the Demons. But time passes, for I hear the foot of my husband mounting the stair. There is one chance of thine escape."

"What is that? O lady of beauty!" said the agonized Rabbi.

"Eat not, drink not, nor take fee or reward while here; and as long as thou canst do thus, the Mazikin have no power over thee, dead or alive. Have courage, and persevere."

As she ceased from speaking, her husband entered the room, followed by the nurse, who bore all things requisite for the ministration

of the Rabbi. With a heavy heart he performed his duty, and the child was numbered among the faithful. But when, as usual, at the conclusion of the ceremony, the wine was handed round to be tasted by the child, the mother, and the Rabbi, he refused it, when it came to him, saying:

"Spare me, my lord, for I have made a vow that I fast this day; and I will eat not, neither will I drink."

"Be it as thou pleasest," said the Demon, "I will not that thou shouldst break thy vow:" and he laughed aloud.

So the poor Rabbi was taken into a chamber looking into a garden, where he passed the remainder of the night and the day, weeping and praying to the Lord that he would deliver him from the city of Demons. But when the twelfth hour came, and the sun was set, the Prince of the Mazikin came again unto him and said:

"Eat now, I pray thee, for the day of thy vow is past;" and he set meat before him.

"Pardon again thy servant, my lord," said Jochonan, "in this thing. I have another vow for this day also. I pray thee be not angry with thy servant."

"I am not angry," said the Demon, "be it as thou pleasest, I respect thy vow:" and he laughed louder than before.

So the Rabbi sat another day in his chamber by the garden, weeping and praying. And when the sun had gone behind the hills the Prince of the Mazikin again stood before him, and said:

"Eat now, for thou must be an hungered. It was a sore vow of thine;" and he offered him daintier meats.

And Jochonan felt a strong desire to eat, but he prayed inwardly to the Lord, and the temptation passed, and he answered:

"Excuse thy servant yet a third time, my lord, that I eat not. I have renewed my vow."

"Be it so then," said the other; "arise, and follow me."

The Demon took a torch in his hand, and led the Rabbi through winding passages of his palace to the door of a lofty chamber, which he opened with a key that he took from a niche in the wall. On entering the room Jochonan saw that it was of solid silver, floor, ceiling, walls, even to the threshold and the door-posts. And the curiously-carved roof and borders of the ceiling shone in the torch-light as if they were the fanciful work of frost. In the midst were heaps of silver money, piled up

in immense urns of the same metal, even over the brim.

"Thou hast done me a serviceable act, Rabbi," said the Demon; "take of these what thou pleasest; aye, were it the whole."

"I cannot, my lord," said Jochonan. "I was adjured by thee to come hither in the name of God; and in that name I came, not for fee or for reward."

"Follow me," said the Prince of the Mazikin; and Jochonan did so into an inner chamber.

It was of gold, as the other was of silver. Its golden roof was supported by pillars and pilasters of gold, resting upon a golden floor. The treasures of the kings of the earth would not purchase one of the four-and-twenty vessels of golden coins which were disposed in six rows along the room. No wonder! for they were filled by the constant labours of the Demons of the mine. The heart of Jochonan was moved by avarice when he saw them shining in yellow light, like the autumnal sun, as they reflected the beams of the torch. But God enabled him to persevere.

"These are thine," said the Demon; "one of the vessels which thou beholdest would make thee richest of the sons of men—and I give thee them all."

But Jochonan refused again; and the Prince of the Mazikin opened the door of a third chamber, which was called the Hall of Diamonds. When the Rabbi entered he screamed aloud, and put his hands over his eyes, for the lustre of the jewels dazzled him, as if he had looked upon the noonday sun. In vases of agate were heaped diamonds beyond numération, the smallest of which was larger than a pigeon's egg. On alabaster tables lay amethysts, topazes, rubies, beryls, and all other precious stones, wrought by the hands of skilful artists, beyond power of computation. The room was lighted by a carbuncle, which from the end of the hall poured its ever-living light, brighter than the rays of noontide, but cooler than the gentle radiance of the dewy moon. This was a sore trial on the Rabbi; but he was strengthened from above, and he refused again.

"Thou knowest me then, I perceive, O Jochonan, son of Ben-David," said the Prince of the Mazikin; "I am a Demon who would tempt thee to destruction. As thou hast withstood so far, I tempt thee no more. Thou hast done a service which, though I value it not, is acceptable in the sight of her whose love is dearer to me than the light of life. Sad has been that love to thee, my Rebecca! Why

should I do that which would make thy cureless grief more grievous? You have yet another chamber to see," said he to Jochonan, who had closed his eyes, and was praying fervently to the Lord, beating his breast.

Far different from the other chambers, the one into which the Rabbi was next introduced was a mean and paltry apartment without furniture. On its filthy walls hung innumerable bunches of rusty keys of all sizes, disposed without order. Among them, to the astonishment of Jochonan, hung the keys of his own house, those which he had put to hide when he came on this miserable journey, and he gazed upon them intently.

"What dost thou see," said the Demon, "that makes thee look so eagerly? Can he who has refused silver, and gold, and diamonds, be moved by a paltry bunch of rusty iron?"

"They are mine own, my lord," said the Rabbi, "them will I take if they be offered me."

"Take them, then," said the Demon, putting them into his hand; "thou mayst depart. But, Rabbi, open not thy house only when thou returnest to Cairo, but thy heart also. That thou didst not open it before was that which gave me power over thee. It was well that thou didst one act of charity in coming with me without reward, for it has been thy salvation. Be no more Rabbi Jochonan the miser."

The Rabbi bowed to the ground, and blessed the Lord for his escape. "But how," said he, "am I to return, for I know not the way?"

"Close thine eyes," said the Demon. He did so, and, in the space of a moment, heard the voice of the Prince of the Mazikin ordering him to open them again. And behold, when he opened them, he stood in the centre of his own chamber, in his house at Cairo, with the keys in his hand.

When he recovered from his surprise, and had offered thanksgivings to God, he opened his house and his heart also. He gave alms to the poor, he cheered the heart of the widow, and lightened the destitution of the orphan. His hospitable board was open to the stranger, and his purse was at the service of all who needed to share it. His life was a perpetual act of benevolence, and the blessings showered upon him by all were returned bountifully upon him by the hand of God.

But people wondered, and said, "Is not this the man who was called Rabbi Jochonan the miser? What hath made the change?" And it became a saying in Cairo. When it

came to the ears of the Rabbi he called his friends together, and he avowed his former love of gold, and the danger to which it had exposed him, relating all which has been above told, in the hall of the new palace that he built by the side of the river, on the left hand, as thou goest down the course of the great stream. And wise men, who were scribes, wrote it down from his mouth, for the memory of mankind, that they might profit thereby. And a venerable man, with a beard of snow, who had read it in these books, and at whose feet I sat, that I might learn the wisdom of the old time, told it to me. And I write it in the tongue of England, the merry and the free, on the tenth day of the month Nisan, in the year according to the lesser supputation, five hundred ninety and seven, that thou mayst learn good thereof. If not, the fault be upon thee.

I HAE NAEBODY NOW.

I hae naebody now—I hae naebody now

To meet me upon the green,
Wi' her light looks waving o'er her brow,
And joy in her deep blue een;
Wi' the soft sweet kiss, an' the happy smile,
An' the dance o' the lightsome fay,
An' the wee bit tale o' news the while
That had happen'd when I was away.

I hae naebody now—I hae naebody now
To clasp to my bosom at even;
O'er her calm sleep to breathe the vow,
An' pray for a blessing from Heaven;
An' the wild embrace, an' the gleesome face,
In the morning that met mine eye:
Where are they now? where are they now?
In the cauld, cauld grave they lie.

There's naebody kens—there's naebody kens,
An' O may they never prove,
That sharpest degree of agony
For the child of their earthly love!
To see a flower in its vernal hour
By slow degrees decay;
Then softly aneath in the arms of death
Breathe its sweet soul away.

O dinna break my poor auld heart,
Nor at thy loss repine;
For the unseen hand that threw the dart
Was sent from her Father and thine.
Yes I moun mourn, an' I WILL mourn,
Even till my latest day;
For though my darling can never return,
I shall follow her soon away.

JAMES HOGG.

THE LIBRARY.

Let us take off our hats and march with reverent steps, for we are about to enter into a library—that intellectual heaven wherein are assembled all those master-spirits of the world who have achieved immortality; those mental giants who have undergone their apotheosis, and from the shelves of this literary temple still hold silent communion with their mortal votaries. Here, as in one focus, are concentrated the rays of all the great luminaries, since Cadmus, the inventor of letters, discovered the noble art of arresting so subtle, volatile, and invisible a thing as Thought, and imparted to it an existence more durable than that of brass and marble. This was, indeed, the triumph of mind over matter; the lighting up of a new sun; the formation of a moral world only inferior to the Almighty fiat that produced Creation. But for this miraculous process of eternizing knowledge, the reasoning faculty would have been bestowed upon man in vain: it would have perished with the evanescent frame in which it was embodied; human experience would not extend beyond individual life; the wisdom of each generation would be lost to its successor, and the world could never have emerged from the darkness of barbarism. Books have been the great civilizers of men. The earliest literature of every country has been probably agricultural; for subsistence is the most pressing want of every new community: abundance, when obtained, would have to be secured from the attacks of less industrious savages; hence the necessity for the arts of war, for eloquence, hymns of battle, and funeral orations. Plenty and security soon introduce luxury and refinement; leisure is found for writing and reading; literature becomes ornamental as well as useful; and poets are valued, not only for the delight they afford, but for their exclusive power of conferring a celebrity more durable than all the fame that can be achieved by medals, statues, monuments, and pyramids, or even by the foundation of cities, dynasties, and empires.

This battered, soiled, and dog's-eared Homer, so fraught with scholastic reminiscences, is the most sublime illustration of the preservative power of poetry that the world has yet produced. Nearly three thousand years have elapsed since the body of the author reverted to dust, and here is his mind, his thoughts, his very words, handed down to us entire, although the language in which he wrote has

for many ages become silent upon the earth. When the Chian bard wandered through the world reciting his unwritten verses, which then existed only as a sound, Thebes with its hundred gates flourished in all its stupendous magnificence, and the leathern ladies and gentlemen who grin at us from glass cases, under the denomination of mummies, were walking about its streets, dancing in its halls, or perhaps prostrating themselves in its temples before that identical Apis, or Ox-deity, whose thigh-bone was rummaged out of the sarcophagus in the Great Pyramid, and transported to England by Captain Fitzclarence. Three hundred years rolled away after the Iliad was composed, before the she-wolf destined to nourish Romulus and Remus prowled amid the wilderness of the seven hills whereon the marble palaces of Rome were subsequently to be founded. But why instance mortals and cities that have sprung up and crumbled into dust, since an immortal has been called into existence in the intervening period? Cupid, the god of love, is nowhere mentioned in the works of Homer, though his mother plays so distinguished a part in the poem, and so many situations occur where he would infallibly have been introduced, had he been then enrolled in the celestial ranks. It is obvious, therefore, that he was the production of later mythologists; but, alas! the deity and his religion, the nations that worshipped him and the cities where his temples were reared, are all swept away in one common ruin. Mortals and immortals, creeds and systems, nations and empires,—all are annihilated together. Even their heaven is no more. Hyænas assemble upon Mount Olympus instead of deities; Parnassus is a desolate waste, and the silence of that wilderness, once covered with laurel groves and gorgeous fances, whence Apollo gave out his oracles, is now only broken by the occasional crumbling of some fragment from the rocky summit of the two-forked hill, scaring the wolf from his den and the eagle from her cliff.

And yet here is the poem of Homer fresh and youthful as when it first emanated from his brain; nay, it is probably in the very infancy of its existence, only in the outset of its career, and the generations whom it has delighted are as nothing compared to those whom it is destined to charm in its future progress to eternity. Contrast this majestic and immortal fate with that of the evanescent dust and clay, the poor perishing frame whose organization gave it birth; and what an additional argument does it afford, that the soul capable of such sublime efforts cannot be in-

tended to revert to the earth with its miserable tegument of flesh. That which could produce immortality may well aspire to its enjoyment.

What laborious days, what watchings by the midnight lamp, what rackings of the brain, what hopes and fears, what long lives of laborious study, are here sublimized into print, and condensed into the narrow compass of these surrounding shelves! What an epitome of the past world, and how capricious the fate by which some of them have been preserved, while others of greater value have perished! The monks of the middle ages, being the great medium of conservation, and outraged nature inciting them to avenge the mortification of the body by the pruriousness of the mind, the amatory poets have not only come down to us tolerably entire, but they "have added fat pollutions of their own," passing off their lascivious elegies as the production of Cornelius Gallus, or anonymously sending forth into the world still more licentious and gross erotics. Some of the richest treasures of antiquity have been redeemed from the dust and cobwebs of monastical libraries, lumber-rooms, sacristies, and cellars; others have been excavated in iron chests, or disinterred from beneath ponderous tomes of controversial divinity, or copied from the backs of homilies and sermons, with which, in the scarcity of parchment, they had been over-written. If some of our multitudinous writers would compile a circumstantial account of the resurrection of every classical author, and a minute narrative of the discovery of every celebrated piece of ancient sculpture, what an interesting volume might be formed!

Numerous as they are, what are the books preserved in comparison with those that we have lost? The dead races of mankind scarcely outnumber the existing generation more prodigiously than do the books that have perished exceed those that remain to us. Men are naturally scribblers, and there has probably prevailed, in all ages since the invention of letters, a much more extensive literature than is dreamed of in our philosophy. Osymandias, the ancient King of Egypt, if Herodotus may be credited, built a library in his palace, over the door of which was the well-known inscription—"Physic for the Soul." Job wishes that his adversary had written a book, probably for the consolation of cutting it up in some Quarterly or Jerusalem Review; the expression, at all events, indicates a greater activity "in the Row" than we are apt to ascribe to those primitive times. Allusion is also made in the Scriptures to the library of the Kings of Persia,

as well as to one built by Nehemiah. Ptolemy Philadelphus had a collection of 700,000 volumes destroyed by Cæsar's soldiers; and the Alexandrian Library, burned by the Caliph Omar, contained 400,000 manuscripts. What a combustion of congregated brains!—the quintessence of ages—the wisdom of a world—all simultaneously converted into smoke and ashes! This, as Cowley would have said, is to put out the fire of genius by that of the torch; to extinguish the light of reason in that of its own funeral pyre; to make matter once more triumph over mind. Possibly, however, our loss is rather imaginary than real, greater in quantity than in quality. Men's intellects, like their frames, continue pretty much the same in all ages, and the human faculty, limited in its sphere of action, and operating always upon the same materials, soon arrives at an impassable acme which leaves us nothing to do but to ring the changes upon antiquity. Half our epic poems are modifications of Homer, though none are equal to that primitive model; our Ovidian elegies, our Pindarics, and our Anacreontics, all resemble their first parents in features as well as in name. Fertilizing our minds with the brains of our predecessors, we raise new crops of the old grain, and pass away to manure the intellectual field for future harvests of the same description. Destruction and reproduction is the system of the moral as well as of the physical world.

An anonymous book loses half its interest; it is the voice of the invisible, an echo from the clouds, the shadow of an unknown substance, an abstraction devoid of all humanity. One likes to hunt out an author, if he be dead, in obituaries and biographical dictionaries; to chase him from his birth; to be in at his death, and learn what other offspring of his brain survive him. Even an assumed name is better than none; though it is clearly a nominal fraud, a desertion from our own to enlist into another identity. It may be doubted whether we have any natural right thus to leap down the throat, as it were, of an imaginary personage, and pass off a counterfeit of our own creation for genuine coinage. But the strongest semi-vitality, or zoophyte state of existence, is that of the writers of *ephemerides*, who squeeze the whole bulk of their individuality into the narrow compass of a single consonant or vowel; who have an alphabious being as Mr. A., a liquid celebrity under the initial of L., or attain an immortality of zig-zag under the signature of Z. How fantastical to be personally known as an impersonal, to be literally a man of letters, to have all our virtues and talents in-

trusted to one little hieroglyphic, like the bottles in the apothecary's shop.

Even when we assume a literary individuality somewhat more substantial than this fanciful creation; when one is known, *propria persona*, as the real identical *Tomkins*, who writes in a popular magazine under the signature of any specific letter, to what does it amount?—an immortality of a month, after which we are tranquilly left to enjoy an eternity—of oblivion. Our very nature is ephemeral: we “come like shadows, so depart.” From time to time some benevolent and disinterested compiler endeavours to pluck us from the Lethæan gulf, by republishing our best papers under the captivating title of *Beauties of the Magazines*, *Spirit of the Modern Essayists*, or some such embalming words; but, alas! like a swimmer in the wide ocean, who attempts to uphold his sinking comrade, he can but give him a few moments' respite, when both sink together in the waters of oblivion.

HORACE SMITH.

A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

May the Babylonish curse
Strait confound my stammering verse,
If I can a passage see
In this word perplexity,
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind,
(Still the phrase is wide or scant)
To take leave of thee, GREAT PLANT!
Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate:
For I hate, yet love, thee so,
That, whichever thing I show,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrain'd hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine;
Sorcerer, that makest us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimed lovers take
'Gainst women: thou thy siege dost lay
Much too in the female way,
While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
Faster than kisses or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers shooting at us;

While each man, through thy height'ning
steam,

Does like a smoking Etna seem,
And all about us does express
(Fancy and wit in richest dress)
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost show us
That our best friends do not know us,
And for those allowed features,
Due to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to fell Chimeras,
Monsters that, who see us, fear us:
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
That but by reflex canst show
What his deity can do,
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
Some few vapours thou mayst raise,
The weak brain may serve to amaze,
But to the reins and nobler heart
Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
The Old World was sure forlorn,
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than before
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of *thee* meant: only thou
His true Indian conquest art;
And, for ivy round his dart,
The reformed god now weaves
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sov'reign to the brain.
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell.
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for the greener damsels meant;
Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,
Africa, that brags her foyson,
Breeds no such prodigious poison,
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite——

Nay rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue:
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.

'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee;
 None e'er prospered who defamed thee
 Irony all, and feign'd abuse,
 Such as perplexed lovers use,
 At a need, when, in despair,
 To paint forth their fairest fair,
 Or in part but to express
 That exceeding comeliness
 Which their fancies doth so strike,
 They borrow language of dislike;
 And, instead of Dearest Miss,
 Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,
 And those forms of old admiring,
 Call her Cockatrice and Siren,
 Basilisk and all that's evil,
 With, Hyæna, Mermaid, Devil,
 Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor,
 Monkey, Ape, and twenty more;
 Friendly Traitress, loving Foe,—
 Not that she is truly so,
 But no other way they know
 A contentment to express,
 Borders so upon excess,
 That they do not rightly wot
 Whether it be pain or not.

Or, as men, constrain'd to part
 With what's nearest to their heart,
 While their sorrow's at the height,
 Lose discrimination quite,
 And their hasty wrath let fall,
 To appease their frantic gale,
 On the darling thing whatever,
 Whence they feel it death to sever,
 Though it be, as they, perforce,
 Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
 Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee;
 For thy sake, TOBACCO, I
 Would do anything but die,
 And but seek to extend my days
 Long enough to sing thy praise.
 But, as she, who once hath been
 A king's consort, is a queen
 Ever after, nor will bate
 Any title of her state,
 Though a widow, or divorced,
 So I, from thy converse forced,
 The old name and style retain,
 A right Katherine of Spain;
 And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
 Of the blest Tobacco Boys;
 Where, though I, by sour physician,
 Am barr'd the full fruition
 Of thy favours, I may catch
 Some collateral sweets, and snatch
 Sidelong odours, that give life
 Like glances from a neighbour's wife;

And still live in the by-places
 And the suburbs of thy graces;
 And in thy borders take delight,
 An unconquer'd Canaanite.

CHARLES LAMB.

THE DOCTOR'S BANQUET.

[Tobias Smollett, born at Dalquhurn, Bonhill, Dumbartonshire, about March, 1721; died near Leghorn, 17th September, 1771. He was apprenticed to a surgeon in Glasgow; at eighteen wrote a tragedy—*The Regicide*, never acted—which had some share in determining him to try his fortune in London, whither he proceeded in his nineteenth year. He could not find any market for his tragedy, and in the following year he embarked as surgeon's mate in the unfortunate Carthagena expedition. He returned to London in 1746, and after trying to obtain practice as a physician in London and Bath, he finally settled in Chelsea and devoted himself to literature. A small income which his wife inherited relieved him of the more pressing anxieties about his household; and the success of *Roderick Random* gave him immediate reputation. *Peregrine Pickle* (from which our extract is taken) appeared next, and although, like his other works, containing much of that coarseness which characterized the literature of the last century, it displays humour enough, and enough keen observation of life and manners, to make us pardon the coarseness, whilst we must wish it had not been there to mar our pleasure. *The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom*, *The Adventures of an Atom*, *Sir Launcelot Greaves*, *The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker*, and *The History of England* were his principal works. But he translated *Don Quixote* and other famous books; he edited the early volumes of the *Critical Review*; and he wrote several poems, of which the best remembered are the lines suggested by the Duke of Cumberland's severities in Scotland after Culloden in 1746, and entitled *The Tears of Scotland*.]

Our young gentleman (Peregrine Pickle), by his insinuating behaviour, acquired the full confidence of the doctor, who invited him to an entertainment which he intended to prepare in the manner of the ancients. Pickle, struck with this idea, eagerly embraced the proposal, which he honoured with many encomiums, as a plan in all respects worthy of his genius and apprehension; and the day was appointed at some distance of time, that the treaters might have leisure to compose certain pickles and confections which were not to be found among the culinary preparations of these degenerate days.

With a view of rendering the physician's taste more conspicuous, and extracting from it the more diversion, Peregrine proposed that some foreigners should partake of the banquet; and, the task being left to his care and discretion, he actually bespoke the company of a

French marquis, an Italian count, and a German baron, whom he knew to be egregious coxcombs, and therefore more likely to enhance the joy of the entertainment.

Accordingly, the hour being arrived, he conducted them to the hôtel where the physician lodged, after having regaled their expectations with an elegant meal in the genuine old Roman taste; and they were received by Mr. Pallet, who did the honours of the house, while his friend superintended the cook below. By this communicative painter, the guests understood that the doctor had met with numerous difficulties in the execution of his design; that no fewer than five cooks had been dismissed, because they could not prevail upon their own consciences to obey his directions in things that were contrary to the present practice of their art; and that, although he had at last engaged a person, by an extraordinary premium, to comply with his orders, the fellow was so astonished, mortified, and incensed at the commands he had received, that his hair stood on end, and he begged on his knees to be released from the agreement he had made: but, finding that his employer insisted upon the performance of his contract, and threatened to introduce him to the commissaire, if he should flinch from the bargain, he had, in the discharge of his office, wept, sung, cursed, and capered for two whole hours without intermission.

While the company listened to this odd information, by which they were prepossessed with strange notions of the dinner, their ears were invaded by a piteous voice that exclaimed in French: "Dear sir! spare me the mortification of the honey and oil!" Their ears still vibrated with the sound, when the doctor entering, was by Peregrine made acquainted with the strangers, to whom he, in the transports of his wrath, could not help complaining of the want of complaisance he had found in the Parisian vulgar, by which his plan had been almost entirely ruined and set aside. The French marquis, who thought the honour of his nation was concerned at this declaration, professed his sorrow for what had happened, so contrary to the established character of the people, and undertook to see the delinquents severely punished, provided he could be informed of their names or places of abode. The mutual compliments that passed on this occasion were scarce finished, when a servant coming into the room, announced dinner; and the entertainer led the way into another apartment, where they found a long table, or rather two boards joined together, and furnished with a variety of dishes, the steams of which had such

evident effect upon the nerves of the company, that the marquis made frightful grimaces, under pretence of taking snuff; the Italian's eyes watered, the German's visage underwent several distortions of features; our hero found means to exclude the odour from his sense of smelling, by breathing only through his mouth; and the poor painter, running into another room, plugged his nostrils with tobacco. The doctor himself, who was the only person then present whose organs were not discomposed, pointing to a couple of couches placed on each side of the table, told his guests that he was sorry he could not procure the exact *triclina* of the ancients, which were somewhat different from these conveniences, and desired they would have the goodness to repose themselves without ceremony, each in his respective couchette, while he and his friend Mr. Pallet would place themselves upright at the ends, that they might have the pleasure of serving those that lay along. This disposition, of which the strangers had no previous idea, disconcerted and perplexed them in a most ridiculous manner; the marquis and baron stood bowing to each other, on pretence of disputing the lower seat, but in reality with a view of profiting by the example of one another, for neither of them understood the manner in which they were to loll; and Peregrine, who enjoyed their confusion, handed the count to the other side, where, with the most mischievous politeness, he insisted upon his taking possession of the upper place.

In this disagreeable and ludicrous suspense, they continued acting a pantomime of gesticulations, until the doctor earnestly entreated them to waive all compliment and form, lest the dinner should be spoiled before the ceremonial could be adjusted. Thus conjured, Peregrine took the lower couch on the left-hand side, laying himself gently down, with his face towards the table. The marquis, in imitation of this pattern—though he would have much rather fasted three days than run the risk of discomposing his dress by such an attitude—stretched himself upon the opposite place, reclining upon his elbow in a most painful and awkward situation, with his head raised above the end of the couch, that the economy of his hair might not suffer by the projection of his body. The Italian, being a thin limber creature, planted himself next to Pickle, without sustaining any misfortune, but that of his stocking being torn by a ragged nail of the seat, as he raised his legs on a level with the rest of his limbs. But the baron, who was neither so wieldy nor supple in his joints as his

'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee;
 None e'er prospered who defamed thee
 Irony all, and feign'd abuse,
 Such as perplexed lovers use,
 At a need, when, in despair,
 To paint forth their fairest fair,
 Or in part but to express
 That exceeding comeliness
 Which their fancies doth so strike,
 They borrow language of dislike;
 And, instead of Dearest Miss,
 Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,
 And those forms of old admiring,
 Call her Cockatrice and Siren,
 Basilisk and all that's evil,
 Witch, Hyæna, Mermaid, Devil,
 Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor,
 Monkey, Ape, and twenty more;
 Friendly Trai'tress, loving Foe,—
 Not that she is truly so,
 But no other way they know
 A contentment to express,
 Borders so upon excess,
 That they do not rightly wot
 Whether it be pain or not.

Or, as men, constrain'd to part
 With what's nearest to their heart,
 While their sorrow 's at the height,
 Lose discrimination quite,
 And their hasty wrath let fall,
 To appease their frantic gill,
 On the darling thing whatever,
 Whence they feel it death to sever,
 Though it be, as they, perforce,
 Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
 Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee;
 For thy sake, TOBACCO, I
 Would do anything but die,
 And but seek to extend my days
 Long enough to sing thy praise.
 But, as she, who once hath been
 A king's consort, is a queen
 Ever after, nor will bate
 Any title of her state,
 Though a widow, or divorced,
 So I, from thy converse forced,
 The old name and style retain,
 A right Katherine of Spain;
 And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
 Of the blest Tobacco Boys;
 Where, though I, by sour physician,
 Am debarr'd the full fruition
 Of thy favours, I may catch
 Some collateral sweets, and snatch
 Sidelong odours, that give life
 Like glances from a neighbour's wife;

And still live in the by-places
 And the suburbs of thy graces;
 And in thy borders take delight,
 An unconquer'd Canaanite.

CHARLES LAMB.

THE DOCTOR'S BANQUET.

[Tobias Smollett, born at Dalquhurn, Bonhill, Dumbartonshire, about March, 1721; died near Leghorn, 17th September, 1771. He was apprenticed to a surgeon in Glasgow; at eighteen wrote a tragedy—*The Regicide*, never acted—which had some share in determining him to try his fortune in London, whither he proceeded in his nineteenth year. He could not find any market for his tragedy, and in the following year he embarked as surgeon's mate in the unfortunate Carthage expedition. He returned to London in 1746, and after trying to obtain practice as a physician in London and Bath, he finally settled in Chelsea and devoted himself to literature. A small income which his wife inherited relieved him of the more pressing anxieties about his household; and the success of *Roderick Random* gave him immediate reputation. *Peregrine Pickle* (from which our extract is taken) appeared next, and although, like his other works, containing much of that coarseness which characterized the literature of the last century, it displays humour enough, and enough keen observation of life and manners, to make us pardon the coarseness, whilst we must wish it had not been there to mar our pleasure. *The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom*, *The Adventures of an Atom*, *Sir Launcelot Greaves*, *The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker*, and *The History of England* were his principal works. But he translated *Don Quixote* and other famous books; he edited the early volumes of the *Critical Review*; and he wrote several poems, of which the best remembered are the lines suggested by the Duke of Cumberland's severities in Scotland after Culloden in 1746, and entitled *The Tears of Scotland*.]

Our young gentleman (Peregrine Pickle), by his insinuating behaviour, acquired the full confidence of the doctor, who invited him to an entertainment which he intended to prepare in the manner of the ancients. Pickle, struck with this idea, eagerly embraced the proposal, which he honoured with many encomiums, as a plan in all respects worthy of his genius and apprehension; and the day was appointed at some distance of time, that the treat might have leisure to compose certain pickles and confections which were not to be found among the culinary preparations of these degenerate days.

With a view of rendering the physician's taste more conspicuous, and extracting from it the more diversion, Peregrine proposed that some foreigners should partake of the banquet; and, the task being left to his care and discretion, he actually bespoke the company of a

French marquis, an Italian count, and a German baron, whom he knew to be egregious coxcombs, and therefore more likely to enhance the joy of the entertainment.

Accordingly, the hour being arrived, he conducted them to the hôtel where the physician lodged, after having regaled their expectations with an elegant meal in the genuine old Roman taste; and they were received by Mr. Pallet, who did the honours of the house, while his friend superintended the cook below. By this communicative painter, the guests understood that the doctor had met with numerous difficulties in the execution of his design; that no fewer than five cooks had been dismissed, because they could not prevail upon their own consciences to obey his directions in things that were contrary to the present practice of their art; and that, although he had at last engaged a person, by an extraordinary premium, to comply with his orders, the fellow was so astonished, mortified, and incensed at the commands he had received, that his hair stood on end, and he begged on his knees to be released from the agreement he had made: but, finding that his employer insisted upon the performance of his contract, and threatened to introduce him to the commissaire, if he should flinch from the bargain, he had, in the discharge of his office, wept, sung, cursed, and capered for two whole hours without intermission.

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evident effect upon the nerves of the company, that the marquis made frightful grimaces, under pretence of taking snuff; the Italian's eyes watered, the German's visage underwent several distortions of features; our hero found means to exclude the odour from his sense of smelling, by breathing only through his mouth; and the poor painter, running into another room, plugged his nostrils with tobacco. The doctor himself, who was the only person then present whose organs were not discomposed, pointing to a couple of couches placed on each side of the table, told his guests that he was sorry he could not procure the exact *triclina* of the ancients, which were somewhat different from these conveniences, and desired they would have the goodness to repose themselves without ceremony, each in his respective couchette, while he and his friend Mr. Pallet would place themselves upright at the ends, that they might have the pleasure of serving those that lay along. This disposition, of which the strangers had no previous idea, disconcerted and perplexed them in a most ridiculous manner; the marquis and baron stood bowing to each other, on pretence of disputing the lower seat, but in reality with a view of profiting by the example of one another, for neither of them understood the manner in which they were to loll; and Peregrine, who enjoyed their confusion, handed the count to the other side, where, with the most mischievous politeness, he insisted upon his taking possession of the upper place.

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companions, flounced himself down with such precipitation, that his feet, suddenly tilting up, came in furious contact with the head of the marquis, and demolished every curl in a twinkling, while his own skull, at the same instant, descended upon the side of his couch with such violence, that his periwig was struck off, and the whole room filled with pulvilio.

The drollery of distress that attended this disaster entirely vanquished the affected gravity of our young gentleman, who was obliged to suppress his laughter by cramming his handkerchief in his mouth; for the bareheaded German asking pardon with such ridiculous confusion, and the marquis admitted his apology with such rueful complaisance, as were sufficient to awake the mirth of a Quietist.

This misfortune being repaired as well as the circumstances of the occasion would permit, and every one settled according to the arrangement already described, the doctor graciously undertook to give some account of the dishes as they occurred, that the company might be directed in their choice; and with an air of infinite satisfaction thus began:

"This here, gentlemen, is a boiled goose, served up in a sauce composed of pepper, lovage, coriander, mint, rue, anchovies, and oil! I wish, for your sakes, gentlemen, it was one of the geese of Ferrara, so much celebrated among the ancients for the magnitude of their livers, one of which is said to have weighed upwards of two pounds; with this food, exquisite as it was, did the tyrant Heliogabalus regale his hounds. But I beg pardon, I had almost forgot the soup, which I hear is so necessary an article at all tables in France. At each end there are dishes of the *salacacabia* of the Romans; one is made of parsley, pennyroyal, cheese, pine-tops, honey, vinegar, brine, eggs, cucumbers, onions, and hen-livers; the other is much the same as the soup-maigre of this country. Then there is a loin of veal boiled with fennel and caraway-seed, on a pottage composed of pickle, oil, honey, and flour, and a curious hachis of the lights, liver, and blood of an hare, together with a dish of roasted pigeons. Monsieur le Baron, shall I help you to a plate of this soup?"

The German, who did not at all disapprove of the ingredients, assented to the proposal, and seemed to relish the composition; while the marquis being asked by the painter which of the *silly-kickabys* he chose, was in consequence of his desire accommodated with a portion of the soup-maigre; and the count, in lieu of spoon-meat, of which he said he was no great admirer, supplied himself with a pigeon, therein

conforming to the choice of our young gentleman, whose example he determined to follow through the whole course of the entertainment.

The Frenchman, having swallowed the first spoonful, made a full pause, his throat swelled, as if an egg had stuck in his gullet, his eyes rolled, and his mouth underwent a series of involuntary contractions and dilatations. Pallet, who looked steadfastly at this connoisseur, with a view of consulting his taste, before he himself would venture upon the soup, began to be disturbed at these emotions, and observed with some concern, that the poor gentleman seemed to be going into a fit; when Peregrine assured him that these were symptoms of ecstasy, and for further confirmation, asked the marquis how he found the soup. It was with infinite difficulty that his complaisance could so far master his disgust, as to enable him to answer:

"Altogether excellent, upon my honour!"

And the painter, being certified of his approbation, lifted the spoon to his mouth without scruple; but far from justifying the eulogium of his taster, when this precious composition diffused itself upon his palate, he seemed to be deprived of all sense and motion, and sat like the leaden statue of some river-god, with the liquor flowing out at both sides of his mouth.

The doctor, alarmed at this indecent phenomenon, earnestly inquired into the cause of it; and when Pallet recovered his recollection, and swore that he would rather swallow porridge made of burning brimstone than such an infernal mess as that which he had tasted, the physician, in his own vindication, assured the company, that, except the usual ingredients, he had mixed nothing in the soup but some sal-ammoniac instead of the ancient nitrum, which could not now be procured; and appealed to the marquis, whether such a succedaneum was not an improvement on the whole. The unfortunate *petit-maitre*, driven to the extremity of his condescension, acknowledged it to be a masterly refinement; and deeming himself obliged, in point of honour, to evince his sentiments by his practice, forced a few more mouthfuls of this disagreeable potion down his throat, till his stomach was so much offended, that he was compelled to start up of a sudden; and, in the hurry of his elevation, overturned his plate into the bosom of the baron. The emergency of his occasions would not permit him to stay and make apologies for this abrupt behaviour; so that he flew into another apartment, where Pickle found him puking, and crossing himself with great devotion; and a chair at his desire being brought

to the door, he slipped into it more dead than alive, conjuring his friend Pickle to make his peace with the company, and in particular excuse him to the baron, on account of the violent fit of illness with which he had been seized. It was not without reason that he employed a mediator; for when our hero returned to the dining-room, the German got up, and was under the hands of his own lackey, who wiped the grease from a rich embroidered waistcoat, while he, almost frantic with his misfortune, stamped upon the ground, and in High Dutch cursed the unlucky banquet, and the impertinent entertainer, who all this time, with great deliberation, consoled him for the disaster, by assuring him that the damage might be repaired with some oil of turpentine and a hot iron. Peregrine, who could scarce refrain from laughing in his face, appeased his indignation, by telling him how much the whole company, and especially the marquis, was mortified at the accident; and the unhappy salacacabie being removed, the places were filled with two pies, one of dormice liquored with syrup of white poppies, which the doctor had substituted in the room of toasted poppy-seed, formerly eaten with honey, as a dessert; and the other composed of a hock of pork baked in honey.

Pallet, hearing the first of these dishes described, lifted up his hands and eyes, and with signs of loathing and amazement pronounced:

"A pie made of dormice and syrup of poppies, what beastly fellows those Romans were!"

His friend checked him for his irreverent exclamation with a severe look, and recommended the veal, of which he himself cheerfully ate, with such encomiums to the company, that the baron resolved to imitate his example, after having called for a bumper of Burgundy, which the physician, for his sake, wished to have been the true wine of Falernum. The painter, seeing nothing else upon the table which he would venture to touch, made a merit of necessity, and had recourse to the veal also; although he could not help saying that he would not give one slice of the roast beef of Old England for all the dainties of a Roman emperor's table. But all the doctor's invitations and assurances could not prevail upon his guests to honour the hachis and the goose; and that course was succeeded by another, in which he told them were divers of those dishes, which among the ancients had obtained the appellation of *politeles*, or magnificent.

"That which smokes in the middle," said he, "is a sow's stomach, filled with a composition of minced pork, hog's brains, eggs, pepper, cloves, garlic, anise-seed, rue, ginger, oil, wine,

and pickle. On the right-hand side are the teats and belly of a sow, just farrowed, fried with sweet wine, oil, flour, lovage, and pepper. On the left is a fricassee of snails, fed, or rather purged, with milk. At that end next Mr. Pallet are fritters of pompions, lovage, origanum, and oil; and here are a couple of pullets, roasted and stuffed in the manner of Apicius."

The painter, who had by wry faces testified his abhorrence of the sow's stomach, which he compared to a bagpipe, and the snails which had undergone purgation; no sooner heard him mention the roasted pullets, than he eagerly solicited a wing of the fowl; upon which the doctor desired he would take the trouble of cutting them up, and accordingly sent them round, while Mr. Pallet tucked the table-cloth under his chin, and brandished his knife and fork with singular address; but scarce were they set down before him, when the tears ran down his cheeks, and he called aloud, in a manifest disorder:

"Zounds! this is the essence of a whole bed of garlic!"

That he might not, however, disappoint or disgrace the entertainer, he applied his instruments to one of the birds; and when he opened up the cavity, was assaulted by such an irruption of intolerable smells, that, without staying to disengage himself from the cloth, he sprung away, with an exclamation, and involved the whole table in havoc, ruin, and confusion.

Before Pickle could accomplish his escape, he was sauced with a syrup of the dormouse-pie, which went to pieces in the general wreck; and as for the Italian count, he was overwhelmed by the sow's stomach, which, bursting in the fall, discharged its contents upon his leg and thigh, and scalded him so miserably, that he shrieked with anguish, and grinned with a most ghastly and horrible aspect.

The baron, who sat secure without the vortex of this tumult, was not at all displeased at seeing his companions involved in such a calamity as that which he had already shared; but the doctor was confounded with shame and vexation. After having prescribed an application of oil to the count's leg, he expressed his sorrow for the misadventure, which he openly ascribed to want of taste and prudence in the painter, who did not think proper to return and make an apology in person; and protested that there was nothing in the fowls which could give offence to a sensible nose, the stuffing being a mixture of pepper, lovage, and assafoetida, and the sauce consisting of wine and herring-pickle, which he had used instead of the celebrated garum of the Romans; that

famous pickle having been prepared sometimes of the *sombri*, which were a sort of tunny fish, and sometimes of the *silurus*, or shad fish; nay, he observed that there was a third kind, called *garum hæmation*, made of the guts, gills, and blood of the *thynnus*.

The physician, finding it would be impracticable to re-establish the order of the banquet, by presenting again the dishes which had been decomposed, ordered everything to be removed, a clean cloth to be laid, and the dessert to be brought in.

Meanwhile, he regretted his incapacity to give them a specimen of the *aliens*, or fish-meals of the ancients, such as the *jus diabaton*, the conger-eel, which, in Galen's opinion, is hard of digestion, the *cornuta* or gurnard, described by Pliny in his *Natural History*, who says the horns of many of them were a foot and a half in length; the mullet and lam-prey, that were in the highest estimation of old, of which last Julius Cæsar borrowed six thousand for one triumphal supper. He observed that the manner of dressing them was described by Horace, in the account he gives of the entertainment to which Mæcenas was invited by the epicure Nasidenus:

Affertur squillas inter Murena natantes, &c.

And told them, that they were commonly eaten with the *thus syriacum*, a certain anodyne and astringent seed, which qualified the purgative nature of the fish. Finally, this learned physician gave them to understand, that though this was reckoned a luxurious dish in the zenith of the Roman taste, it was by no means comparable, in point of expense, to some preparations in vogue about the time of that absurd voluptuary Heliogabalus, who ordered the brains of six hundred ostriches to be compounded in one mess.

By this time the dessert appeared, and the company were not a little rejoiced to see plain olives in salt and water: but what the master of the feast valued himself upon, was a sort of jelly, which he affirmed to be preferable to the *hypotrimma* of Hesychius, being a mixture of vinegar, pickle, and honey, boiled to a proper consistence, and candied *assafoetida*, which he asserted, in contradiction to Aumelbergius and Lister, was no other than the *laser syriacum*, so precious as to be sold among the ancients to the weight of a silver penny. The gentlemen took his word for the excellency of this gum, but contented themselves with the olives, which gave such an agreeable relish to the wine, that they seemed very well disposed to console themselves for the disgraces they had endured; and Pickle, unwilling to lose the least circumstance

of entertainment that could be enjoyed in their company, went in quest of the painter, who remained in his penitentials in another apartment, and could not be persuaded to re-enter the banqueting-room, until Peregrine undertook to procure his pardon from those whom he had injured. Having assured him of this indulgence, our young gentleman led him in like a criminal, bowing on all hands with an air of humility and contrition; and particularly addressing himself to the count, to whom he swore in English, he had no intent to affront man, woman, or child; but was fain to make the best of his way, that he might not give the honourable company cause of offence, by obeying the dictates of nature in their presence.

When Pickle interpreted this apology to the Italian, Pallet was forgiven in very polite terms, and even received into favour by his friend the doctor, in consequence of our hero's intercession: so that all the guests forgot their chagrin, and paid their respects so piously to the bottle, that in a short time the champagne produced very evident effects in the behaviour of all present.

A NEW ENGLISH BALLAD.¹

It was merry once in England,
Many years ago,
Before all this ill-blood was bred
Betwixt the high and low;
Was room enough to live and die
For every sort of men:
It was merry of old in England—
Shall it never be so again?

There were none too many to plough then,
There were none too many to sow;
And every man that would work
Had work enough to do;
Was beef enough and beer enough
For every person then:
It was merry of old in England—
Shall it never be so again?

English then were cheerful men,
As cheerful might they be,
And took their fill with right good-will,
Of love and jollity;
Wives were thought the better of
For bearing children then:
Till some of us are dead, I think,
It will not be so again.

¹ This ballad, which first appeared in the *Examiner* newspaper in May, 1832, renewed its significance in the year 1872.

Our fathers paid their own debts,
And none beside their own,
Nor ever left the children's sweat
In pledge for any loan;
They never dream'd of taxes
To raise the price of grain,
But bought their bread at market-price—
Shall it never be so again?

You know the rare old song, sirs,
They sang of Robin Hood,
And many a jolly yeoman
That hunted in Sherwood;
In spite of baron, earl, or king,
Those men were all free men;
And merry it was in the green forest—
Shall it never be so again?

Stand to it, noble English,
And look you round about,
And have your hearts and hands ready
To keep your enemies out;
No battle yet for freedom
Was ever fought in vain,
In the bosom of merry England,
Nor shall it be again.

Be mindful what your fathers did,
Be steady of cheer, and bold,
For you and yours shall live yet
Like Englishmen of old;
There's air, earth, water, and fire yet,
There's flesh, and blood, and brain;
It was merry of old in England—
And it *shall* be so again!

PETER BLOCH.¹

A HARTZ LEGEND.

Peter Bloch, the charcoal-burner, was out of sorts. He couldn't work—he couldn't talk—he couldn't even eat (the last an occupation of which he was very fond), when Katrina, his betrothed, came with his noonday meal of strong beer and still stronger cheese and sauerkraut, prepared by her own rosy hands.

Peter looked askance at Katrina, at her round, blooming, honest face, her short plump figure, and bare feet, and for the first time in his life thought her—coarse. And for the first time in his life, also, he turned up his nose at the beer, and the cheese, and the sauerkraut, and thought *them* coarse. So Katrina, with her dinner-basket on her arm, went away sorrowful, leaving Peter sitting idly on a log, apart from the other workmen, smoking a

short black pipe, and gazing out sullenly upon the gloomy forest, the smoking charcoal-kilns, and the little cottage, with its cabbage-garden and pig-sty, to which he was soon to bring home Katrina. Very poor and despicable it all now appeared to him. And yet only yesterday how proud he had been of that cottage! And how he had cultivated those cabbages, and fed those pigs, until they were as round and fat as—as Katrina, nearly—which was saying a great deal for them.

The truth was, Peter Bloch was dying of envy and discontent. Only an hour ago he had seen pass along the forest road the young Count von Schwaltzschoffensburgh, with a brilliant train of attendants, on his way to take possession of the castle of the late count, his uncle, and to marry the late count's daughter, the present fair and peerless Lady Hildegard Adelberga Rosalinden, who with an equally imposing train had ridden forth to meet him, and with the bailiff and the châtelaïne on either side, had delivered to him the keys of the castle.

All this had Peter Bloch seen; and from that moment envy and covetousness had poisoned the well-springs of his heart. Why should Nature have made his lot in life so different from that of this young man? he asked himself. Why should *he* be a charcoal-burner, and the other a nobleman? Why should he live in a hut, and the count in a castle? And the Lady Hildegard Adelberga Rosalinden was so fair—slim and white, like a lily—whilst Katrina much more resembled a red cabbage, thought Peter, with a sneer. And she had brought him beer and sauerkraut, whilst up at the castle there was to be this very day a grand feast, with richest viands and rarest wines—the latter stolen from the Baron Stick-inseide, in that knight's absence; and also an ox roasted whole. A fine fat ox Peter knew it to be, since it was only to-day that it had been taken from his poor neighbour, Hans Hapner, who had depended upon its sale for winter clothing for his large family of little ones.

"*Ach!*" sighed Peter Bloch: "I would that I were the Count von Schwaltzschoffensburgh. Then might I be happy."

"*He he! ha ha! ho ho!*" tittered a voice close beside him. And a hot breath, as of a charcoal-kiln, passed over Peter Bloch's cheek.

He turned round and saw, leaning against a neighbouring fir-tree, an extremely tall and thin individual, clad in a tight-fitting suit of black, with a remarkably high-crowned hat on his head, a red cloak over his shoulders, and oddly-shaped shoes, half hidden by enormous

¹ From *Scribner's Magazine* (New York).

red rosettes. The eyes of this personage were black as coals, and twinkled with merriment, as he laughed with a mouth stretched from ear to ear.

Peter stared, and the stranger, having apparently exhausted himself with laughter, bowed apologetically, and seated himself on the log by his side.

"Excuse me, *mein Herr*," he said; "but you—*he he!*—you were wishing to be the noble Count von Schwartzschoffensburgh?"

"What is that to you?" said Peter, sullenly.

"Only that it may be in my power to help you to your wish," answered the stranger, suavely. And he put his hand to his mouth, with a slight cough, as if to repress an involuntary delighted "*he he!*"

Peter looked incredulous.

"You do not believe me?" said the strange man, his little eyes twinkling maliciously.

"*Nein*," said Peter, doggedly.

"Try me!" said the man in black. "See here! write your name at the bottom of this parchment, and if you do not immediately become what you wish, then shall you throw me into your charcoal-furnace and burn me to a cinder."

"You agree to that?" quoth Peter.

"As I am an honourable soul who fears the fire," was the reply. "*He he! ha ha! ho! ho! ho!*"

So great was his merriment that it was some moments ere he could recover himself sufficiently to unroll the parchment and present to Peter a sharp-pointed iron pen.

"There is no ink," said Peter.

The man in black seized the pen, and without a word plunged the sharp point, with a sudden quick motion, into Peter Bloch's shin, left exposed by the rolled-up leathern breeches. "Oh, oh!" screeched Peter, hopping around on one foot and rubbing the wounded limb, which burned as if seared by a hot iron.

"It is nothing," responded the man in black, with a grin. "Here, take the pen before the blood dries, and write your name."

Peter obeyed; not from any faith in the stranger's promise, but simply from curiosity. He could not write, so was about to make the usual cross-mark when the stranger, with a startled yell, arrested his hand:

"Not that," he shrieked, glaring upon the affrighted Peter, and trembling all over. "Not that, but do as you see me do;" and he made a peculiar flourish of his long finger upon the parchment, which Peter imitated as well as he could, with the iron pen dripping with his own blood.

"*He, he, he! ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho, ho!*" resounded in hollow dying echoes through the forest, and the man in black was gone; whilst the charcoal-burner suddenly felt himself flung to the earth with a shock which at once deprived him of his senses.

When Peter presently began to recover, he debated whether he were not in a dream. A great many people were pressing around him with exclamations of alarm and concern. He heard their remarks vaguely.

"His neck is broken!"

"No, it is his back. Don't you see he is paralyzed?"

"Of a truth it is his highness' skull that is fractured. What is to be done?"

"Take him to the castle," said one voice.

"He must not be moved on any account," said another.

"A hot bath!"

"A cold bath!"

"Rub him!"

"Bleed him!"

"Water!"

"Brandy!"

"A blister!"

"A cooling lotion!"

"A doctor!"

"You, Breschoff, ride to the castle like a whirlwind for the doctor! Tell him our noble lord the count has fallen from his horse, and is lying senseless!"

It was true, as Peter Bloch now began to comprehend. The young Count von Schwartzschoffensburgh had, just before reaching the castle, been thrown from his high-blooded steed, and Peter found, to his great astonishment, that somehow he, Peter Bloch, was inhabiting the count's body. He was himself the Count von Schwartzschoffensburgh—only that he was still in spirit, in thought, in feeling, in everything but body, Peter Bloch the charcoal-burner.

"Hurrah!" feebly shouted the Count Peter, endeavouring to rise. Whereat there was some staring among the retinue, mingled with the expressions of joy at his recovery.

"I pray you, my lord count," said the seneschal of the castle, "condescend to accept of my horse for the nonce, since it has pleased your highness's to run away. Teufel is high-spirited but gentle."

Peter put up his right foot, encased in pointed boot and golden spur, lifted the other awkwardly over the saddle, and found himself seated with his back to the horse's head.

"My lord count has not yet recovered himself," said the equerry; but one of the late

count's pages tittered behind his plumed cap as he held the stirrup whilst the count reversed his position.

Now Peter had never in his life before been on horseback.

He clutched the reins with one hand, the horse's mane with the other, and rolled unsteadily from side to side, in mortal terror at every step of the high-pacing steed.

"It is only that his honour is still dizzy from his fall," said the mortified equerry, believing what he asserted. But the master-of-the-horse from the castle, looking upon the count with an experienced and criticizing eye, muttered to the master-at-arms his firm conviction that his highness was ignorant of the noble art of horsemanship, an opinion in which the other agreed.

Reaching the castle, the count was advised by the medical man to retire to rest for an hour or so, in which time the feast would be spread in the great banqueting-hall. But Peter, who felt perfectly well, and had, it will be remembered, missed his dinner, could not help thinking of the fat ox, and of all that he had heard, but had never seen, and still less tasted, of the delicious wines and luxurious viands of the castle-larder. So he at once declared himself hungry, and ordered that refreshments should be brought to him.

The steward, with his white badge and baton of office, marching in front, ushered in some half-dozen henchmen, bearing various dishes: such as a highly spiced game-pastry, eels done in wine, pickled porpoise, stewed truffles, olives, and a pie composed of minced venison, mixed with apples, raisins, wine, sugar, beef, spice, and woodcock. The butler followed with wines of various kinds. Peter ate long and drank deeply—until he could eat and drink no more. Not that he liked either the dishes or the wines, for the first were utterly distasteful to his palate, and the latter he considered insipid and mawkish, and, if the truth were told, not to compare with good beer. But he was hungry, and, besides, were not these the luxuries of the great and rich, for which he had often in secret sighed? Wherefore, as we have said, he ate and drank his fill, until with the last mouthful of the mince-pie a deadly sickness came over him, and he was compelled, with the assistance of the servants, to effect a hasty retreat from the table. And then he fell heavily on his bed and slept the sleep of him who has drunken too freely.

The steward and the butler looked at each other, and elevated the whites of their little eyes and the pinks of their fat hands.

"My lord count is a glutton," wheezed the steward.

"My lord count is a drunkard," gasped the butler. And all the henchmen and pages agreed with those two.

As for the lord count's own followers, they did not know what to think. Never before had they known his temperate highness to eat and drink like this.

In about two hours Peter Bloch—that is, the Count von Schwartzschoffensburgh—awoke, feeling dull and heavy.

"I don't like this," muttered the count. "I never felt like this when I was Peter Bloch." And he sighed.

"What would my noble lord count have?" queried the page-of-the-chamber, bowing low before him.

The count scratched his head and reflected. He had had enough to eat and drink—also, sleep sufficient; and he was at a loss what more to desire.

"Will it please my lord to take a bath?"

The Count Peter submitted. He wasn't in the habit of taking baths; and he now thought it very unnecessary and disagreeable, and when it was over made up his mind to take no more. Then he yawned, and wondered what else he could do. He felt very much inclined to step out and take a look at his pigs and cabbages—a thing which had always afforded him a certain pleasure and satisfaction. But he remembered, with a half sigh, that there were no pigs and cabbages here.

"Will it please my lord's highness to have music?" suggested the attentive page, observing his lord's air of *ennui*.

Peter Bloch did not care a straw for music, nor, in fact, know anything about it beyond Katrina's hand-organ, inherited from her father, on which, in the quiet evenings when their work was done, she was accustomed to grind extraordinary sounds to marvellous tunes. Peter rather liked this organ; it soothed him and gave him a pleasant, drowsy home-feeling; and now, when he heard a harp skillfully played upon by the castle minstrel in an adjoining apartment, he thought it greatly lacked the charm of Katrina's hand-organ.

"I don't care for music," quoth the count, indifferently, "unless"—a bright idea occurred to him—"unless the Lady Hildegard Adelberga Rosalinden will play!"—

"But, my lord count, at this hour—and in private! My lady is not accustomed to show herself at all times—neither to entertain suitors, save on suitable occasions. I pray you, my lord count, reflect."

But the lord count wouldn't reflect. All that he knew was, that he was Count von Schwartzschoffenburgh, and that he was in his own castle, where every one was bound to obey him; wherefore he sent his page with a message demanding the presence of the Lady Hildegarde. In fact, he remembered her beauty, and that she was his betrothed; and his heart began to warm toward her, inasmuch that he refused to listen to any excuse of the lady, so earnestly did he desire her presence and to gaze upon the loveliness of which he had hitherto been favoured with but a distant glimpse.

So the Lady Hildegarde Adelberga Rosalinden came, flushed and haughty, followed by her maidens bearing a harpsichord. Count Peter Bloch felt a little in awe of her magnificence, until, reflecting that he was a rich and handsome count, and the future lord of the haughty beauty, he gradually gathered courage to commence love-making. This he did in his own way, as he had been accustomed with Katrina. He stole to a seat by the lady's side, put his arm around her waist, pinched her cheek, and bestowed upon her rosy lips a resounding smack, designed to express admiration and respectful homage.

The Lady Hildegarde Adelberga sprang to her feet with a shriek, whereat everybody within hearing rushed into the apartment. Her relative, the old Baron Bluffenburg, on being informed of what had occurred, half drew his sword, but put it up again. For was not the count in his own castle? And was not the fair lady his betrothed? And most of all, was not the count more powerful than he? Wherefore, though highly indignant, the burly baron prudently restrained himself.

"The count is a brute!" said the baron to the other guests who had been invited to the feast. And they all agreed with him.

As to the count himself, he concluded that the Lady Hildegarde was excessively silly and absurd; and that he would prefer Katrina's simple good sense and honest affection any day.

In due time the feast was announced to be in readiness, and the noble count and his guests were ushered into the banqueting-hall. The count's appetite had partially returned, but he looked with disfavour on the drink and food before him.

"To what shall I have the honour of assisting my lord count?" inquired the head steward, humbly.

"Beer!" said the lord count. Whereat the butler stood aghast.

"The count is a fool," said the butler to the chief henchman, who nodded assent.

"Cheese!" continued his highness, "and sauerkraut!" And the steward turned pale.

"There is no question of it," he communicated in confidence to the chief cook. "The lord count is undoubtedly mad."

"Mad as a March hare," assented the chief cook, licking the boar's-head fat from his fingers. And all the turn-spits and scullions looked at each other and shook their heads.

The banquet was but half over when suddenly the loud blast of a trumpet sounded without, and the whole company sprang from their seats and rushed upon the battlements.

There, in front of the portcullis, appeared a gigantic horseman, clad in complete armour, with a large armed retinue behind, and in front a herald, who trumpeted forth, in the name of the valiant Baron Breckisnech, a haughty defiance to the Count von Schwartzschoffenburgh to immediate and mortal combat; by reason of the still unsettled feud that had existed between the said Baron Breckisnech and the late Count von Schwartzschoffenburgh. And unless this challenge were immediately and promptly responded to, he, the said valiant Baron Breckisnech, would straightway assault the castle, hang the count from the highest tower, cut off the heads of the seneschal and the warder thereof, and with those bloody trophies adorn the bastions of the main gateway. "Somought it be!" concluded the herald, solemnly.

The whole castle was now in dismay and confusion. All looked to the valour of the count for salvation, and no time was lost in bringing his armour and buckling it upon his trembling limbs.

"I—I am not well enough to fight," gasped the count, feebly. Whereupon his highness' medical advisers were summoned.

"The lord count is perfectly well," said the chief physician, feeling his pulse.

"Perfectly well," echoed the assistant physician, examining his tongue.

"But I—I can't fight," said the count, grasping the huge sword as though it were a charcoal-rake.

"My lord must try," said the master-at-arms, sternly.

"The lord count is a coward," said all the men-at-arms and retainers, in disgust, whilst the seneschal and the warder, rubbing their throats, earnestly urged upon the count expedition. But the count wouldn't hurry.

"I can't fight," he said. "My health won't allow of it."

"You must fight," said the Baron Bluffenburg. "Your honour demands it."

"I won't fight," said the count desperately.

"You shall fight," said the baron, resolutely.

So the baron took him by the arm and led him towards the gates, and when he resisted the master-at-arms took his other arm, and the seneschal and the warder pushed behind; and so they dragged and pushed him out at the gateway, and across the drawbridge, until he stood face to face with the valiant Baron Breckisnech, who advanced, sword in hand, to the encounter.

The next moment Peter Bloch felt a sharp burning pain in his breast as the baron's blade went through him. He grew blind and dizzy, grasped wildly at his own sword, and fell.

Consciousness returned slowly to Peter Bloch.

He looked around and saw, to his great surprise and joy, that he was in his own little cottage in the forest. He smelled the fresh resinous odour of the fir-trees, he heard the grunting of the pigs in the sty, and he saw from the open window the charcoal-kilns and the cabbage-garden; and sweeter than these to his delighted eyes was the plump, rosy face of Katrina, who, close beside him, was making a goat's-milk posset, into which her tears slowly fell.

"*Ach, himmel!*" said Katrina, kissing him tenderly on either cheek; "but he knows me now: he is well!"

"How was it?" asked Peter, heartily returning the salute and staring around.

"We found you lying senseless under the fir-tree, where I left you sitting when you refused your dinner," answered Katrina, soberly.

"Like the fool I was," muttered Peter.

"And you have been so strange ever since, *mein Peter*; asking for a little wine, and inquiring about 'the Lady Hildegarda.'"

"Ah!" muttered Peter Bloch to himself, "that was the Count von Schwartzschoffensburgh. He was here in my body whilst I occupied his, or—or have I been dreaming, I wonder?"

"How did it happen?" inquired Katrina, in her turn. "There was an awful smell of brimstone about the fir-tree, so old Gottlieb just now thought it best to brand the mark of the cross upon your breast, to preserve you from the power of the Evil One. Here is the mark, you see. Did you feel the burn? It was that which aroused you."

"And it was that which also saved me," said Peter. "That Baron Breckisnech, in his black armour, was the very man I saw beneath the fir-tree this morning. I knew him before he let down his visor and rushed upon me.

He thought to have me, did he, body and soul? But the cross saved me; *ach, Gott!* the cross saved me."

Katrina thought him dreaming still. And whether or not it was a dream, Peter Bloch was never, to his dying day, able to decide. Of one thing only was he positively sure—and that was that he was much happier as Peter Bloch, the charcoal-burner, with his wife Katrina, than he could ever have been as the Count von Schwartzschoffensburgh and the husband of the Lady Hildegarda. Probably Nature, of whom he had complained, knew this when she chose for his soul a corresponding body and station in life. She knows what is best for us after all.

SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

THROUGH THE WOOD.

Through the wood, through the wood,
Warbles the merle!

Through the wood, through the wood,
Gallops the earl!

Yet he heeds not its song

As it sinks on his ear,

For he lists to a voice

Than its music more dear.

Through the wood, through the wood,

Once and away,

The castle is gain'd,

And the lady is gay:

When her smile becomes sad,

And her eyes become dim;

Her bosom is glad,

When she gazes on him!

Through the wood, through the wood,

Over the world,

Rides onward a band

Of true warriors bold;

They stop not for forest,

They halt not for water;

Their chieftain in sorrow

Is seeking his daughter.

Through the wood, through the wood,

Warbles the merle;

Through the wood, through the wood,

Prances the earl;

And on a gray palfrey

Comes pacing his bride;

While an old man sits smiling,

In joy, by her side.

WILLIAM ANDERSON.¹

¹ *Poetical Aspirations*. By William Anderson, Esq. Edinburgh.

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS TOPICS.

BY THOMAS FULLER.

OF JESTING.

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits: wherefore jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season.

It is good to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting. The Earl of Leicester, knowing that Queen Elizabeth was much delighted to see a gentleman dance well, brought the master of a dancing-school to dance before her. "Pish!" said the queen, "it is his profession; I will not see him." She liked it not where it was a master-quality, but where it attended on other perfections. The same may we say of jesting.

Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's Word. Will nothing please thee to wash thy hands in but the font? or to drink healths in but the church-chalice? And know the whole art is learned at the first admissions, and profane jests will come without calling. If, in the troublesome days of King Edward IV., a citizen in Cheapside was executed as a traitor for saying he would make his son heir to the crown, though he only meant his own house, having a crown for the sign, more dangerous it is to wit-wanton it with the majesty of God. Wherefore, if, without thine intention, and against thy will, by chance-medley thou hittest Scripture in ordinary discourse, yet fly to the city of refuge, and pray to God to forgive thee.

Let not thy jests, like mummy, be made of dead men's flesh. Abuse not any that are departed, for to wrong their memories is to rob their ghosts of their winding-sheets.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to amend. Oh! it is cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches. Neither flout any for his profession, if honest, though poor and painful. Mock not a cobbler for his black thumbs.

He that relates another man's wicked jest with delight, adopts it to be his own. Purge them, therefore, from their poison. If the profaneness may be severed from the wit, it is like a lamprey; take out the sting in the back, it may make good meat. But if the staple conceit consists in profaneness, then it is a viper, all poison, and meddle not with it.

He that will lose his friend for a jest, deserves to die a beggar by the bargain. Yet

some think their conceits, like mustard, not good except they bite. We read that all those who were born in England the year after the beginning of the great mortality, 1349, wanted their four cheek-teeth. Such let thy jests be, that they may not grind the credit of thy friend; and make not jests so long as till thou becomest one.

No time to break jests when the heart-strings are about to be broken. No more showing of wit when the head is to be cut off; like that dying man, who, when the priest, coming to him to give him extreme unction, asked of him where his feet were, answered, "At the end of my legs." But at such a time jests are an unmannerly *crepitus ingenii*; and let those take heed who end here with Democritus, that they begin not with Heraclitus hereafter.

OF SELF-PRISING.

He whose own worth doth speak, need not speak his own worth. Such boasting sounds proceed from emptiness of desert; whereas the conquerors in the Olympian games did not put on the laurels on their own heads, but waited till some other did it. Only anchorites, that want company, may crown themselves with their own commendations.

It sheweth more wit, but no less vanity, to commend one's self, not in a straight line, but by reflection. Some sail to the port of their own praise by a side-wind; as when they dispraise themselves, stripping themselves naked of what is their due, that the modesty of the beholders may clothe them with it again; or when they flatter another to his face, tossing the ball to him that he may throw it back again to them; or when they commend that quality, wherein themselves excel, in another man (though absent), whom all know far their inferior in that faculty; or, lastly (to omit other ambushes men set to surprise praise), when they send the children of their own brain to be nursed by another man, and commend their own works in a third person, but, if challenged by the company that they were authors of them themselves, with their tongues they faintly deny it, and with their faces strongly affirm it.

Self-praising comes most naturally from a man when it comes most violently from him in his own defence; for, though modesty binds a man's tongue to the peace in this point, yet, being assaulted in his credit, he may stand upon his guard, and then he doth not so much praise as purge himself. One braved a gentleman to his face, that, in skill and valour, he

came far behind him. "It is true," said the other; "for, when I fought with you, you ran away before me." In such a case it was well returned, and without any just aspersion of pride.

He that falls into sin is a man, that grieves at it is a saint, that boasteth of it is a devil; yet some glory in their shame, counting the stains of sin the best complexion for their souls. These men make me believe it may be true what Mandevil writes of the isle of Soma-barre, in the East Indies, that all the nobility thereof brand their faces with a hot iron in token of honour.

He that boasts of sin never committed is a double devil. Let them be well whipped for their lying, and, as they like that, let them come afterwards, and entitle themselves to the gallows.

OF TRAVELLING.

It is a good accomplishment to a man if first the stock be well grown whereon travel is grafted, and these rules observed before, in, and after his going abroad:—

Travel not early before thy judgment be risen, lest thou observest rather shows than substance, marking alone pageants, pictures, beautiful buildings, &c.

Get the language (in part), without which key thou shalt unlock little of moment. It is a great advantage to be one's own interpreter. Object not that the French tongue learned in England must be unlearned again in France; for it is easier to add than begin, and to pronounce than to speak.

Be well settled in thine own religion, lest, travelling out of England into Spain, thou goest out of God's blessing into the warm sun.

Know most of the rooms of thy native country before thou goest over the threshold thereof, especially seeing England presents thee with so many observables. But late writers lack nothing but age, and home-wonders but distance, to make them admired. It is a tale what Josephus writes of the two pillars set up by the sons of Seth in Syria, the one of brick, fire-proof, the other of stone, water-free, thereon engraving many heavenly matters to perpetuate learning in defiance of time. But it is truly moralized in our universities, Cambridge (of brick), and Oxford (of stone), wherein learning and religion are preserved, and where the worst college is more sight-worthy than the best Dutch gymnasium. First view these and the rest home rarities; not like those English that can give a better account of Fontaine-

bleau than Hampton Court, of the Spa than Bath, of Annas in Spain than Mole in Surrey.

Travel not beyond the Alps. Mr. Ascham did thank God that he was but nine days in Italy, wherein he saw in one city (Venice) more liberty to sin than in London he ever heard of in nine years. That some of our gentry have gone thither and returned thence without infection, I more praise God's providence than their adventure.

To travel from the sun is uncomfortable; yet the northern parts with much ice have some crystal, and want not their remarkable.

If thou wilt see much in a little, travel the Low Countries. Holland is all Europe in an Amsterdam print; for Minerva, Mars, and Mercury—learning, war, and traffic.

Be wise in choosing objects, diligent in marking, careful in remembering of them. Yet herein men much follow their own humours. One asked a barber, who never before had been at the court, what he saw there? "Oh," said he, "the king was excellently well trimmed." Thus merchants most mark foreign havens, exchanges, and marts; soldiers note forts, armouries, and magazines; scholars listen after libraries, disputations, and professors; statesmen observe courts of justice, councils, &c. Every one is partial in his own profession.

Labour to distil and unite into thyself the scattered perfections of several nations. But (as it was said of one who, with more industry than judgment, frequented a college library, and commonly made use of the worst notes he met with in any authors, that he weeded the library) many weed foreign countries, bringing home Dutch drunkenness, Spanish pride, French wantonness, and Italian atheism. As for the good herbs, Dutch industry, Spanish loyalty, French courtesy, and Italian frugality, these they leave behind them. Others bring home just nothing; and, because they singled not themselves from their countrymen, though some years beyond the sea, were never out of England.

Continue correspondence with some choice foreign friend after thy return, as some professor or secretary, who virtually is the whole university or state. It is but a dull Dutch fashion, their *Albus Amicorum*, to make a dictionary of their friends' names: but a selected familiar in every country is useful: betwixt you there may be a letter of exchange. But be sure to return as good wares as thou receivest, and acquaint him with the remarkable of thy own country, and he will willingly continue the trade, finding it equally gainful.

Let discourse rather be easily drawn than

willingly flow from thee, that thou mayest not seem weak to hold, or desirous to vent news, but content to gratify thy friends. Be sparing in reporting improbable truths, especially to the vulgar, who, instead of informing their judgments, will suspect thy credit. Disdain

their peevish pride who rail on their native land (whose worst fault is that it bred such ungrateful fools), and in all their discourses prefer foreign countries, herein showing themselves of kin to the wild Irish, in loving their nurses better than their mothers.

THE DAMSEL OF PERU.

Where olive leaves were twinkling in every wind that blew
There sat, beneath the pleasant shade, a damsel of Peru;
Betwixt the slender boughs, as they opened to the air,
Came glimpses of her snowy arm and of her glossy hair;
And sweetly rang her silver voice amid that shady nook,
As from the shrubby glen is heard the sound of hidden brook.

'Tis a song of love and valour, in the noble Spanish tongue,
That once upon the sunny plains of Old Castile was sung,
When, from their mountain holds, on the Moorish rout below,
Had rushed the Christians like a flood, and swept away the foe.
Awhile the melody is still, and then breaks forth anew
A wilder rhyme, a livelier note, of freedom and Peru.

For she has bound the sword to a youthful lover's side,
And sent him to the war, the day she should have been his bride,
And bade him bear a faithful heart to battle for the right,
And held the fountains of her eyes till he was out of sight.
Since the parting kiss was given, six weary months are fled,
And yet the foe is in the land, and blood must yet be shed.

A white hand parts the branches, a lovely face looks forth,
And bright dark eyes gaze steadfastly and sadly toward the north;
Thou lookest in vain, sweet maiden; the sharpest sight would fail
To spy a sign of human life abroad in all the vale;
For the noon is coming on, and the sunbeams fiercely beat,
And the silent hills and forest tops seem reeling in the heat.

That white hand is withdrawn, that fair sad face is gone;
But the music of that silver voice is flowing sweetly on—
Not, as of late, with cheerful tones, but mournfully and low,—
A ballad of a tender maid heart-broken long ago,
Of him who died in battle, the youthful and the brave,
And her who died of sorrow upon his early grave.

But see, along that rugged path, a fiery horseman ride;
See the torn plume, the tarnished belt, the sabre at his side;
His spurs are in his horse's sides, his hand casts loose the rein;
There's sweat upon the streaming flank, and foam upon the mane;
He speeds toward that olive bower along the shaded hill:
God shield the hapless maiden there, if he should mean her ill!

And suddenly the song has ceased, and suddenly I hear
A shriek sent up amid the shade—a shriek—but not of fear;
For tender accents follow, and tenderer pauses speak
The overflow of gladness when words are all too weak:
"I lay my good sword at thy feet, for now Peru is free,
And I am come to dwell beside the olive grove with thee,"

W. C. BRYANT.

THE BATTLE OF GARSCLUBE.¹

[John Strang, LL.D., born in Glasgow, 1795, died there 8th December, 1863. As a local historian he earned considerable reputation; and his *Glasgow and its Clubs*, full of amusing anecdotes, gossip, and sketches of men and places, has obtained much more than local popularity. Having inherited a moderate competence, he devoted much time to continental travel and to the study of continental literature and art. As the results of this study, he published the *Life of Theodore Karl Körner*, with translated specimens of his poetry; *Tales of Humour and Romance*, from the German of Hoffman and others; *Germany in 1831*; and *Travelling Notes of an Invalid in Search of Health*. He also was the first to venture upon the issue of a daily paper in Glasgow, and the *Dry* was continued for six months under his direction (1832). In 1834 he was appointed City Chamberlain, and in this office onerously performed one of the greatest services to his native city, by collecting and arranging the annual reports of its vital, social, and commercial statistics.]

Pluris est oculatus testis unus quam auriti decem.—
PLAUTUS

The sun had not long poured down its enlivening beams upon the spires and streets of Glasgow, when the loud knock of Ritchie Falconer, the barber, made me start from the blankets, and throw myself into my calico dressing-gown. In these halcyon days every nose in the western metropolis of Scotland, from the lord-provost to Bell Geordie, was daily or hebdomadally in the hands of the barber.—Silver-tempered razors, almond shaving-soap, and patent strops were in the womb of futurity; and however urgent the necessity might be of then ridding one's self of what has since become so fashionable, a man would as soon have tried to amputate his own limb as have attempted to draw a razor athwart his own face. The *friseurs* of that period, although they could not boast of the elegant scratch-wigs which cover the phrenological developments of our modern *perruquiers*, had bumps upon their frontal *sinuses* which indicated something more than a mere acquaintanceship with bear's-grease and honey-water. They were generally fellows of wit and observation, had got what was called a *grammar-school* education, and mindful of their former corporation connection with the men of the scalpel and lancet, conceived it becoming to sport as much of the Latin which Rector Barr had whipped into them as could easily be squeezed into their morning colloquies. The fact is, a Glasgow Strap of last century prated more of the virtues of Miltiades than

those of Macassar, and ingratiated himself more by the raciness of his conversation than by the starch of his cravat or the sabre-cut of his whiskers. Besides all this, everything that was transacted in the city was as well known to him as it was to the prying and hawk-eyed editors—alas! now defunct—of the *Journal and Mercury*. He knew the peculiarities of every establishment, from the *blue-and-white-check* COCK (*anglice* small manufacturer) to the tobacco aristocrat, and was as intimately acquainted with the past removes at a bailie's dinner, as the projected changes at the city council-board. In short, he was little less entertaining than the Spanish Asmodeus, and not less anxiously was he looked for by his morning customers in Glasgow, than was the little tell-tale devil by Don Cleophas Perez Zambullo, in Madrid.

But *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*. The use of the barber's basin seems almost a fiction. The perambulatory race of Straps are extinct—the morning tale of the suds is no more.

"Good morning, sir," said Ritchie, with a smiling countenance, as he opened my chamber-door; "had a good night's rest, I hope?"

"Pretty well," said I, throwing myself into my shaving chair.

"*Gardeo te valere*," added the barber, "as I always say to Professor N—— when I'm gaun to curl his *caput*. But, alas! there's naething steerin' in the college at the present time—they're a' awa, frae the weest to the biggest, takin their *otium cum dignitate*; even John M'Lachlan *bidellus*, honest man, is awa to Gourrock. He gaed aff yesterday in the fly-boat,² and his wife, on account o' the high wind, is between the de'il and the deep sea o' anxiety to hear o' his arrival."

"You must have then quite a sinecure, Falconer," muttered I, through the thick lather that encompassed my mouth.

"Sinecure," exclaimed Dick, "and the deacons'-chusing sae sune? I hae just been up wi' Deacon Lawbroad, the tailor, wha threeps he maun be shaved sax times a week at this time, instead o' twice, and my certie it is nae sinecure to raze him. Od, his face tak's mair time to clear than half a dozen—but nae won'er, sune or later the corporation *galtravages* tell on a man's chin and mak it tender."

"But I thought the deacon had turned over

² Before the invention of steam-boats, this was the only conveyance by water to the villages on the Frith of Clyde. The voyage to Gourrock, which in those times frequently extended to two days, is now performed regularly in about two hours.

¹ From *The Englishman's Magazine*.

a new leaf in the prospect of obtaining a magisterial chain."

"A chain! *Oh tempora! oh mores!*" cried the barber sneeringly, while he followed it with a *whew-w-w*—like that of my uncle Toby, "set him up indeed! my sang, they'll be ill aff when they tak the tailor to the council chaumer. It does nae doe for would-be bailies to be drinking *pap-inat* the *Black Boy* till twa in the morning, and hawering and clashing wi' Peggy Bauldy. Na, na, we maun hae doucer pows than the deacon's to bow in the Wynd Kirk frae the front o' the loft! Doctor Porteous, honest man, could na thole to see sae mony marks o' the speerit staring him in the face ilka Sunday! But weel-a-wat there's nae saying wha'll be bailies. *Audaces fortuna juvat timidusque repellit.*"

"Why, Ritchie," said I, "it would not at all astonish me to see you yourself following the town-officers, ere many years, and wondered at as one of the wise men of the west."

"Why, sir, *at pulchrum est digito monstrari et dicier hic est*," said the barber, evidently delighted with the idea, "after that thouless, feckless, senseless coof, Macsapless, ane needna lose a heart. Well, but he's a fine han' for the provost! I'm sure he'll vote through thick and thin wi' him, and boo like ony *white-bannet* at an uncton. Od, the folk say he coft his cocked hat frae Miller and Ewing twa years since syne, and what is mair likely, he slept wi' his chain the first night after he got it. But what do ye think the twa-faced body mued in the council the ither day? naething less than what was proposed in Provost Cheek's time, him, ye ken, wha lieved in the lan' just aboon the flesh-market—naething less than that the city barbers shouldna be alloo'd to shave their customers on Sunday. Foul fa' the silly loon! Had he as muckle brains in his pow as powther on his shouthers, he micht hae seen the folly o' his hypocrisy. I really won'er the provost, wha is a sensible man, would listen to sic a yawmering hypocritical body. But this is only another proof to me, that when the unco guid get into power, they're aye scadding their tongues in ither folk's kale. The bailie has lang sat under Mr. Balfour, honest man, and the Outer Kirk folk, ye ken, a' think themselves muckle better than their neebours."

"And what are we to do on Sunday, Falconer? The council cannot lay an embargo on one's beard growing."

"*Verbum sapienti!*" replied Ritchie, taking me by the nose as the finishing touch of his razing operation. "The trade has agreed to cause their apprentices to parade the streets

on that morning in white hose, and you have only to raise the window, haud up your wee finger, and, my sang! your chin will sune be as smooth as it is noo, Sunday though it be. Are decent Christian folks, do you think, to gang like heathenish Jews at the nod o' a Glasgow trades bailie? Od, I ken a *black-a-vised* lad that maun be shaved twice a-day when he wants to be particular. Do ye think it is affording 'a praise and protection to those who'd do well' to keep men frae hearing the word on account o' a lang beard? But let the deacon sleep—*Anoto quaramus seria ludo*. I've something mair extraordinary to tell you, but in the meantime I must get the curling-tongs heated before throwing a little moost (powder) into your hair."

On the barber's return with heated tongs, I immediately begged him to say what he had to communicate.

"Od, sir, it is no unco guid intelligence. Do ye ken there's an unco sough aboot rioting and rebellion?" said Dick in a canting and fishing tone of voice.

"Rioting and rebellion! Pooh, pooh. That must be all fudge. Meal is abundant and cheap at present, wages are high, and trade is brisk; the Scottish convention has been dissolved, and the secret societies have given up their sittings, and the Friends of the People are united against the French and French revolutionary principles. But who are they that are to occasion the dread riot or revolution, as you call it?"

"I dinna ken," said Ritchie sarcastically, "whether it will be by the freens o' the people, or the foes of the king; but if it happens, it will be by a set o' folk that are no ower weel pleased wi' the government, and really I'm no muckle astonished at their displeasure. Od, there's no mony decent weel-doing men, that would like to be shot at against their will for a pair shilling a day."

"Oh, I understand you," said I, "you have heard it hinted that there may be some further disturbances consequent on the extension of the Militia Act to Scotland."

"You have hit it," answered the barber. "Do you ken, as I was coming here this morning, I heerd a clashing and clavering maist as noisy as that in the washing-house; something serious o' the kind is expected to happen in the neighbourhood."

"Why, Falconer, I am exceedingly sorry to hear any rumour of that kind, for, to tell you the truth, this militia measure is not at all popular, and what is worse, it has been deemed by many altogether contrary to the strict letter

of the articles of Union. On this account it has been made a handle of by demagogues, and I am really alarmed lest the people, goaded on by such individuals, may commit some outrage by which they will ultimately become the unfortunate sufferers."

"*Recte, Domine!*" cried Ritchie, covering my head and face with powder. "They hae been egged on to do sae already, and what has been the upshot?—broken heads and cauld wames! Oh, it was a sair story that at Tranent. It was a black burning shame that sae mony innocent folk should be slain and slaughtered—God forbid siclike doin's here! I hope the folk will tak tent; and if decent lads maun leave their wives and bairns against their will, in defence o' their kintra, let the kintra pay them better, and look kindlier after their sma' families. Had the laddies hereabouts mair to say in the makin' o' their laws than they hae, I jalouse they wouldna get sic scrimp justice. But *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*, I'm maybe speaking treason, and ye ken I wouldna like to gang o'er the *dib* (sea) like Tam Muir and the like o' them. We maun keep oot o' the clutches o' auld Braxy as lang as we can. My sang! he's a gae little freen to foregather wi' onywhere, but I can tell you, I would rather meet wi' him in the heart of a change-house than at the *bar*. But I maun be rinnin. Forget what I hae been yelping about politics, but dinna forget to haud up your wee finger on Sunday at the window to the first pair o' white hose ye see, when you want a shave;" and gathering up his various implements of trade, and offering me, as usual, a *vale, Domine*, off flew Ritchie Falconer to adonize and amuse some other customer.

Arraying myself in my morning suit, I sallied forth to take my usual walk to the *Pointhouse*. The banks of the Clyde were at that period unpolluted with cotton-mills, weaving factories, print-fields, and dye-works. The verdant turf was only trodden by a few idle stragglers, while the water was unruffled for hours save by the salmon-fishing boats which paddled from Finnieston to Govan. No steam-boat crowded with fashionables, and pouring out its volumes of heavy smoke, had yet waved the river's general placidity. No ship was seen looming in the distance; a ponderous gabert, a herring-wherry, and a Gourock fly were all the Clyde then bore on her bosom, and these were, "like angels' visits, few and far between."

During this really rustic ramble my thoughts involuntarily turned on the riots apprehended by Ritchie Falconer, and on the probability

that the volunteers, to which I had a pride in belonging, would be called out to quell them. The melancholy affair at Tranent constantly pressed itself on my recollection, and I could not help beseeching Heaven to forfend what might force me, in my military capacity, to fire on perhaps the most thoughtless and guiltless of my countrymen. On returning to the city I made inquiry concerning the rumour communicated by the barber, and found that it had already got general wind; and in going to the coffee-room after breakfast I discovered that the idea was occupying the various knots of gossips that encircled the tables. Hearing nothing, however, but conjecture, the matter was immediately forgotten amid the bustle of business, until I was stopped in the street a little after two o'clock by a friend, who, with a face as long as a yard-stick, communicated the fact that a serious disturbance had that day taken place in the parish of New Kilpatrick, and that the rioters, when the messenger left the place, were threatening to set fire to the Lord-president of the Court of Session's house at Garscube, who had incurred the displeasure of the populace for carrying the Militia Act into operation, in his capacity of deputy-lieutenant of the county. While busily conversing upon the subject, and thinking of the means that would be resorted to for preventing such outrages, the sound of distant drums and fifes was heard advancing from the west to the east end of the city, and on listening, I immediately recognized the well-known *assembly* rattle of the Royal Glasgow Volunteers. I took instant leave of my friend, and hurried home to don my regimentals and to attend the summons.

On entering the house I found my worthy old servant in a fearful consternation. She had heard the news of the riot coloured with a thousand fancied terrors, and the result in her eyes appeared to assume a magnitude little short of a rebellion as frightful as the one she had some faint recollection of in her girlhood.

"Hech, sirs! hech, sirs!" sighed Girzy, wringing her hands, as she saw me buckling on my bayonet and cartouch-box, and examining the flint of my musket—"that I should leeve to see anither tuilzie amang freends and brithers! that these een should again look on folk fechtin' wi' their ain kith and kin, and murdering ane anither for the sake o' mere *ne'er-do-weels*. Peden's prophecy, I'm thinking, will come to pass sooner than sinners jalouse, when a man will travel a simmer's day up the strath o' Clyde and neither see a lum reeking nor hear a cock crow! Oh, maister, ye had better stay at hame, and say ye're no

that weel. Heaven will forgie you for sic a sma' lie. The'll be plenty there without you. Wha wud like to hae innocent bluid on their head? Wash your hands, oh, wash your hands o't! Think o' the thoughtless souls at Tranent that were sent without a moment's warning to their dreed account. How many cheerless cots and mourning hearts that massacre occasioned! Were it a wheen o' thae cruel-hearted French clanjamphry, wha murdered their king, that had landed to destroy us, I wouldna care to see you sae buskit, but to gang out that way to kill your ain countrymen; oh it's a black burning shame! Dinna gang, sir—dinna gang the length o' your wee tae!"

Seeing Girzy's anxiety, and knowing the deep interest she took in my welfare, I thought it my duty to calm her by saying, that the rebellion she believed to have broken out at Garscube was nothing but a squabble between a few farm-servants and the legal authorities, and that the mere appearance of the volunteers on the ground would restore all things to their wonted quiet.

"Weel, weel!" replied Girzy very sceptically; "I wish it may be sae. He that wull to Cupar maun to Cupar. But oh, sir, take care o' yoursel, and oh if the habble should turn out to be mair than you jaloused, you had better leave it to be settled by them that are paid for being shot at. Tak tent to yoursel, and oh be shure no to turn the point of your gun against wives and bairns!" and following me to the door, she pulled an old shoe off her foot, and threw it down the stair after me, as she said, "for guid luck!"

On arriving at George's Square, which was the place of rendezvous, I found an unusually large assembly of the corps, all the individuals of which were in high spirits and eager for the fray. On falling in and counting the files, there appeared to be the full complement. Three hundred bayonets were in fact present, and it is perhaps not too much to say, that there was no member of the corps who would have hesitated to beard the tasteless wight who denied this regiment to be the handsomest in his Majesty's service. Whether this opinion was founded in justice, or was the result of mere self-complacency, it is not for me to determine; but it is certain that this corps of gentlemen at least proved a constant theme of admiration to all the sighing spinsters around the city tea-tables; and what was far better for its deathless fame, it attracted the notice of the Glasgow Homer, better known under the every-day cognomen of *Blin' Alick*, who in his peripatetic wanderings extended the gallant

character of the corps in the following graphic lines:—

"We are gentlemen of honour,
And we do receive no pay;
Colonel Corbet's our commander,
And with him we'll fight our way!"

And so they seemed determined to do on this memorable occasion; for no sooner had the gallant colonel told us that we were that day assembled to support the king and the glorious constitution, and that every man was expected to do so with his life, than the whole regiment simultaneously doffed their caps, and gave a loud huzza of approbation. The colonel was a man in whose military tactics every member of the corps placed implicit confidence. He was none of your pot-bellied, sun-shining, feather-bed soldiers. He was a tall, slender, wiry figure, with an eye that would not have winked in front of a battery, and a heart that would have bounded to have led on the forlorn hope. On observing the peculiar manner which he had of turning out his toes, one might have supposed this officer a complete military martinet; but this idea was immediately dispelled so soon as he crossed his *Bucephalus*, seeing that this was managed in perfect defiance of all the rules of Earl Pembroke's *menage*. Unlike many volunteer commanders, he had smelt gunpowder when it was seasoned with a goodly peppering of bullets, and had, in his youth, crossed blades with the determined foes of his country. He had been present in the bloody conflict in the market-place of St. Hiliers, on the 6th of January, 1781, and had on that occasion gazed upon the dying features of the gallant Major Pierson. The colonel also boasted in the highest degree, what was esteemed absolutely necessary to one's *gentility* in those days of Spencean principles, the character of being a thorough-paced Tory, and a sworn foe to demagogues and democrats. With many useful and amiable qualities of the head and heart, which it is here unnecessary to enumerate, this gallant officer had one foible, and it was one which, whenever military movements were occupying his thoughts, or were the topic of conversation, he invariably displayed. Proud, as well he might be, of his bravery at Jersey, he had acquired the habit of prefacing every opinion on military tactics, and every project of military operation, with a full and particular account of the whole transactions of the eventful day of St. Hiliers, and which at length became to his friends and the corps about as well known and as tiresome, as the story of the royal *disjeune* at the castle of Tillietudlem. Upon the present occasion,

this *Lady Margaret Bellenden* peculiarity exhibited itself strongly, for no sooner were the cartouch-boxes observed being filled with ammunition, than the colonel, after telling us that we were about to march to Garscube, and warning us when there to be steady and cool, involuntarily stumbled upon Jersey.

"Gentlemen," said he, "well do I recollect when, on the morning of the 6th of January, 1781, the drum summoned us to arms, and when——"

The major, knowing the colonel's foible, and aware that there was no time for the accustomed yarn of half an hour, no sooner heard the famous 6th of January whispered, than, in defiance of strict military rule, he instantly rode up and intimated that all was in readiness, and hinted that the regiment should now proceed. The colonel's thread of discourse being broken, the battle of St. Hiliers was forgotten, and instant preparations were made for the battle of Garscube. The volunteers having been successively ordered to "prime and load, fix bayonets, shoulder arms, and by sections on the left backwards wheel," the word "march" was next given, and off they paced boldly to beard the foe, followed by a fiece of idle urchins, whose reiterated shouts rendered the field-officers' steeds more restive than their horsemanship perhaps warranted.

The day was one of those more in unison with the climate of Italy than that of Scotland. There was not a single cloud in the visible horizon, nor a breath of wind to temper the rays of a scorching sun. The soldiers, unaccustomed to the tight-lacing of their scarlet jackets, and loaded with heavy muskets and well-filled cartouch-boxes, had not proceeded far on their march before every individual felt himself in an unusually "melting mood;" and when at length the corps approached the spot which was to prove the field of its fame, every mouth was as parched as though it had been subjected to the sirocco of the Arabian desert, while every eye looked more eagerly for an engagement with a tavern or a rivulet than with a rebel or a rioter. On approaching the bridge of Garscube the colonel halted the regiment, and sent forward a detachment to reconnoitre. The light company, to which I belonged, having been selected for this important duty, we immediately hurried on at double quick; and in due conformity with the established rules of military tactics, took possession, though without opposition, of the bridge, as the key to a position on the right bank of the Kelvin. On the regiment's reaching the *tête-du-pont*, the colonel looked on every hand for

the enemy, but lo! not even the ghost of a rioter came within the range of his visional organs. A few idle women chattered in knots, and criticized, with apparent delight, our dusty and broiling condition, while a band of boys, seemingly just relieved from the ferula of the schoolmaster, hailed us with the reiterated and elegant salutation of "*The brosey weavers.*"

If what was to be done appeared an enigma to the corporal as well as the colonel, what ought to be done was to all abundantly evident. The hour, the walk, and the heat of the day all conspired in making a powerful appeal to the mind and the materialism of every volunteer. Exhausted nature loudly implored the assistance of the commissariat, while the incipient idea of laying the country under a general contribution flitted simultaneously athwart every brain, and demanded immediate realization. Whether the general idea of this foraging foray was or was not strictly in accordance with the colonel's conduct at St. Hiliers it is not necessary to inquire; but no sooner had we grounded arms at the bridge of Garscube, than a council of war was summoned to consider of ulterior proceedings, and particularly of the best means of defeating the annoying attacks of General *Hunger*, and combating the no less terrific onsets of his brother *Thirst*. The result of the conference was, that while a small party should be left to keep the rallying position of the bridge, the remainder of the corps should be permitted to ferret out for themselves what was individually requisite. Three hundred soldiers, with stomachs like those of the cormorant, and throats as dry as a potsherd, would have required a land more celebrated for milk and honey than that around Garscube. As it was, however, each individual seemed determined to cater for himself; and no sooner was the order given for a general forage, than off flew the whole volunteers like locusts over the face of the country. To sack a dairy, and ransack a hen-roost, became immediately a general occupation. At least a dozen of red coats were seen *billeting* themselves on every farm-house, draining their churns, and *stowing away* their cheese and *banmacks*; while the few public-houses that were scattered along the roadside were relieved on that memorable day of all their stale beer, sour porter, and *humped* ham. Never had there been seen in the parish so urgent a demand for everything in the shape of meat or drink, nor more handsome payment for what could be obtained: for though the volunteers bore bayonets, they likewise carried purses; and testified a universal

desire to make the people feel that they owed their entertainment to their silver, and not to their steel.

The foraging party to which I belonged consisted of two besides myself. One of these was an individual whose round rosy cheeks bore indubitable tokens of having taken regular toll of everything that had passed through his mouth; while the other had jaws so lank and skinny, that they might have served for a lantern. The former, bating an unconquerable propensity for breaking the third commandment, was an honest-hearted Christian, and a universal favourite; while the latter was a French *émigré*, with all the *politesse* and prejudices of the ancient *régime*. Besides being a Frenchman, my foraging companion also played the *French horn*; on account of which accomplishment he had been admitted into the *band*. Having remarked some blue smoke curling through a thicket of trees, and judging wisely that a snug cottage would be there embosomed, we made a steeple-chase for the spot, and soon found ourselves in the audience-chamber of a bustling matron, actually engaged in freeing a large churn of its butter.

"Gude safe us, gudewife!" exclaimed my punchy friend as we entered the apartment, "I fin' we're just come in the nick o' time!—Lord, woman, gie us a waught o' that sour milk as fast as you like, for we're a' on the point of choking. What an awfu' het day this has been for marching!"

"What brocht ye sae far frae hame on sic a day?" said the matron jestingly, "and whan you left it, wha obleeged ye to bear sic a burden? We kintra folk are no sae taen up in sowjering—we would rather bide at hame and mind our wark. You're no come, I hope, to countenance thae fules that would tak our gudemen awa frae their hames, against their ain will and the will o' the Almighty—that would mak our bairns fatherless and us widows. It's a bonny like story indeed, this militia trade. It's quite contrar baith to the law and the gospel. If you're come to talk to the gudeman about that matter, I maun tell ye he's no at hame, nor winna be;—so ye tak your drap drink and gang your ways."

"*Pardonnez-moi, madame*," whispered my companion, *Monsieur Coulon*, advancing towards the alarmed matron, kneeling down and kissing her hand. "*Vous vous trompez assurément*, you mak von gran mistake, madame. By gar, ye come to dis house not like dee *voleurs* to rob you of anything, far less of *mon-sieur votre mari, oh mon Dieu! de tout, de tout*. We do not vant your husband at all, at all.

Ah, comme vous êtes jolie, aimable—quels beaux yeux! By gar—"

"Tuts, man, get up and dinna be fashous," interrupted the matron. "Are ye daft or glaikit? What is't ye're haverin? I dinna understan' thae blethers at a'. See and lay your lugs in that bicker. You look as tho' you werena that ower often at hame at meal time; and since ye tell that ye hae naithing to say to the gudeman, I maun try to bring ye something better, as I jalouse your walk will hae gien ye a drouth like the packman's."

Having offered our best thanks for the woman's kindness, she placed before us a large *lebbeck*, a basketful of oat-cakes, and a bottle of mountain-dew, to which my jolly companion and I paid our instant obeisance. The "gudewife," seeing the Frenchman rather bashful and backward in partaking of the feast, turned towards him and said, "Come, come, Maister Scantocreesch, fa' tae, and dinna let your modesty wrang ye."

"*Ah, madame, vous me flattez trop*," said the musician. "By gar, you do me infinite honour. This bottermilk"—taking a draught—"is beautiful—*superb, magnifique*—pretty well! Dis is your *vin du pays, n'est ce pas?* Permit that I drink you got-o-hel!"

"Tuts, man, what are you gab-gabbing at," said the matron, "tak your pick and your drap, and keep your palavers for them that understan' them."

Monsieur Coulon immediately drew in a chair and commenced operations; and in the true spirit of Dugald Dalgetty, tucked in what might at least serve him for the next four-and-twenty hours. Thinking that the repast on the musician's part merited a digester, I pointed to the bottle, and suggested to him the propriety of taking some of the stomach-soothing elixir.

"*Pardonnez-moi, monsieur*," said the Frenchman, shrugging his shoulders. "Dat *blue ruin*, as de English soldier calls it, puts my whole head *toijours* into one flame. I vill rader take von oder drop of de Scottish *vin du pays*," approaching the churn, which at that moment was standing about an angle of seventy-five degrees, for the more effectually freeing it of its contents.

"What!" said my rosy-cheeked companion, "more of that stuff yet? Lord safe us! That's awfae!"

"*Ne derangez-vous pas*—I love dis ver moch, and vill now take von oder gran drink of it"—putting his head into the churn. The gudewife, seeing the Frenchman's powdered wig and jaundiced visage within the precincts

of what she, of all things, considered as sacred to cleanliness, and hearing him lapping the buttermilk, ran towards him, exclaiming, "De'il's in the worriecow, is he gaun to pollute my hail kirm o' mulk wi' his ill-fared greasy gaband moosty pash!" While she accompanied the exclamation with a smart blow on the musician's back.

Monsieur Coulon, eager at the draught, and about precisely poised on the churn, no sooner received the blow, than it threw him off his balance, and to the utter dismay of all present, was seen to pop head-foremost into the gaping vessel. The Frenchman's heels were instantly kicking in the air, while a loud gurgling noise issued from the churn that demanded instant attention. In the twinkling of an eye I dashed forward, and seized the struggling musician by the limbs, and with one effort extricated the poor fellow from his wooden surtout. But what words can describe or what pencil delineate the absurd and ridiculous appearance of the half-drowned horn-blower. Gasping for breath, and struggling for vision, he stood before us in all the insignia of this new order of the *Bath*, with a countenance whose yellow wrinkles poured down streams of buttermilk, while adown his long queue a torrent rushed from the well-soaked fountain of his wig. The matron was in the deepest distress for having been the innocent cause of such a mishap to the poor Frenchman; and to an infinity of apologies added every exertion in her power to restore his garb and his temper to their former propriety.

While Monsieur Coulon was busily making up matters with the matron and her mirror, the roll of a distant drum awakened attention, and hinted to us the necessity of an immediate retreat. Having each pulled a piece from our purse, we pressed it on the gudewife; but it was not till we had qualified the gift by telling her to lay it out on something for her daughter that she would consent to touch our silver.

On regaining the bridge, we learned that the troop of Glasgow volunteer cavalry had, previous to our arrival, dispersed the whole pitch-fork belligerent band of discontents, who, after burning the parish records of Kilpatrick, had taken up a position on a neighbouring hill. There being no further danger apprehended, the idea—a fearful one to those accustomed to feather-beds—of our corps bivouacking that night on the lawn of Garscube was abandoned. The colonel, after a lengthy harangue, in which he declared that the regiment under his command had that day done

honour to itself, and, as usual, mixed up the sermon with what he had himself accomplished on the 6th January, 1781, at last gave the welcome word of "Right about, face," and off marched the volunteers at a smart pace for the city.

As we trudged along the road, more occupied with the freaks of the foray than the feats of our prowess, a furious-looking dog was seen to rush down from a farm-steading a little off the road, whose appearance gave strong and determined symptoms of combativeness. On observing it approaching, I instantly halted, and called out to my punchy foraging companion,

"Huzza! G——; there's an enemy at last for you—will you meet him?"

"By *gom!* that's an awfu' illfared neebour," said my friend; "shall it be blood?" And, without waiting a reply, up went his musket to the shoulder—off went the shot; but, alas! on came the mastiff. The danger was imminent; the dog looked as bold as a lion.

"Charge bayonets!" cried I—"A la victoire!" blew M. Coulon; and in a moment the supposed disseminator of hydrophobia received such a tickling of the steel as sent him to the right-about in a twinkling. My portly friend, however, was not to be satisfied with merely *flanking* the enemy. He had determined that no quarter should be given, and, bent on signaling himself, he made another fearful thrust at the retreating foe. Happily, however, for the dog, but unfortunately for the volunteer, the lunge missed its object, the steel pierced the earth, and over went my friend headforemost into the ditch, at the expense, too, of his bayonet, which snapped asunder under the force and pressure of seventeen stone.

After the tuiizie with the mastiff, nothing remarkable happened till we arrived within a mile of Glasgow. Here, however, a scene occurred that is yet fresh in my recollection, while it still occasions considerable merriment among the small knot of septuagenarians that gazed upon it then. The rear-guard having telegraphed the approach of cavalry, the colonel instantly threw the battalion into a position to receive them, and sent out a few skirmishers to reconnoitre. On these falling back, with the intelligence that the commander of the advancing corps (which was the Glasgow light horse) had given the countersign and parole, the colonel wheeled us into line, and when the dragoons were in the act of passing, ordered a general salute. The glittering of the firelocks and the noise of the music created, as might

be supposed, a very considerable confusion among individuals who were almost as ignorant of a *cover* as a campaign—a confusion which the captain, from having his charger burdened with a prisoner, who most *unmilitarily* occupied the front of the saddle, felt some difficulty to calm. But if the majority of this troop of chasseurs felt rather uneasy in their saddles on this saluting occasion, there was one in particular in the rear whose position and countenance betokened anything but security and self-possession. The *galloway* which this awkward wight bestrode being as fiery as the proboscis of her rider, no sooner had fixed her eye on so many new faces than she showed an evident disposition to dissolve immediately her present co-partnery.

The perilous prancings and curious curvettings that succeeded, having attracted attention, what was the astonishment of all to find that the light dragoon was no other than the would-be *Bailie Lawboard*, whose picture the barber had drawn so graphically in the morning. It was now evident that the poor deacon's desire for notoriety had here led him a rather dangerous dance, since it was plain to all that his seat would not long remain either secure or a sinecure. Guiltless alike of the rules of Gambado and of Pembroke, the tailor soon lost all command of his steed, while the *persuaders*, from the early habit which their wearer had acquired of drawing up his legs when in danger, having been brought to bear rather unceremoniously on the flanks of the mare, made her as unceremoniously throw up her heels, and eject the dragoon from his saddle. The animal, finding the rider embracing her rather too kindly round the neck, and feeling the usual *restrainers* dangling about her ears, set off at full gallop, and it was now a hundred guineas to a goose that the chasseur would be, ere a few minutes, gazetted a *field* officer. To the *footpads*, as the volunteers were opprobriously designated by their brethren on horseback, the appearance of a trooper charging in the manner of the deacon was anything but gall and wormwood; and no sooner did the corps recognize the copper nose of the snip in a John Gilpin attitude, than they, in defiance of all order, simultaneously roared out, "There goes the tailor riding to Brentford!"

The loud shout, followed by a louder bang of the bass drum, having put more mettle into the *galloway's* heels, she soon shot ahead of the troop, and having shied and flung up her heels at an abrupt turn of the road, off went the tailor over the hedge into a corn-field, and on went the mare over the toll-bar

to the corn-chest, which she soon reached, to the utter consternation of the snip's anxious consort, who awaited his arrival. The deacon, though a little alarmed, was far more comfortable than he had been for many minutes before, on finding himself, like Commodore Trunnion, thus safely riding at anchor. The colonel, fearing, however, that some medical assistance might be requisite, and recollecting that the troop boasted only a farrier, instantly despatched his orderly for the volunteer surgeon, who rode in the rear of the corps. This son of Esculapius, though at the head of his profession, was a gentleman of a most somnolent disposition, and what is more singular, his steed partook of the poppy-juice qualities of its master. There was this happy peculiarity, however, about the horse and the rider, that both were never found in the arms of Morpheus together. On this occasion the surgeon, having no gun-shot wounds to attend to, had given way to his usual propensity on leaving Garscube, while his horse continued so sharply awake, as to have carried his master through the whole manoeuvres which the regiment had performed on the march. The surgeon having been roused from his snooze by the orderly, instantly galloped off to the assistance of the trooper, who had, however, previous to his reaching the ground, got fairly on his legs, and was taking considerable credit for throwing himself off so neatly. The doctor, having applied a finger to the tailor's pulse, and having passed his hand over his limbs, declared him free from blemish, and that there was no necessity for prescribing any other medicine than a walk to the city. The doctor and the deacon having taken their position in the rear of the regiment, it proceeded onward, and soon found itself within the precincts of Glasgow.

On entering the city the band immediately struck up "Caller Herring," the sounds of which made every window fly open, and suggested to every cook the necessity of making instant preparation for the approach of her hungry master. Fearing, however, that the instructive melody might not altogether tell on the deaf ears of Girzy, my fat friend, who had agreed to take a steak with me, no sooner saw my old housekeeper at the window than he bawled out at the top of his voice, "Girzy, my lass, you may put on the *taties* noo!" Scarcely had the pleasing sound reached the ear of old Girzy, than I was accosted by the well-known "*Guadeo valere*" of Ritchie Falconer, who, after sarcastically exclaiming, "*Fortuna favet fortibus*," breathlessly inquired what had befallen his customer the deacon,

and told us of the consternation of his wife. The story of the tailor's mishap satisfied the barber, while the appearance of Lawboard himself quieted the fearful prognostications of his anxious helpmate.

The corps, on reaching its usual place of rendezvous, was immediately dispersed, while the soldiers hurried home to calm the fears of their wives, mothers, and sisters. In the evening the club-rooms of the city rang with unusual mirth and jollity. Each roof echoed back the scenes of the day and of the foray, but among them there was none that occasioned more fun and laughter than the tale of the churn and the *promotion* of the tailor.

Thus began and thus ended the ever-memorable day of the Battle of Garscube—a day unstained with blood, unsurpassed by heat, alike famous for its foray and for the capture of one prisoner—a day in short which proved the brightest gem in the garland of Glasgow volunteer glory, and has afforded as noble a theme of conversation to the few remaining pig-tailed soldiers of the Scottish western metropolis as that of St. Hiliers did to their gallant commander.

The Glasgow corps of volunteers, which so eminently distinguished itself on that eventful occasion, scarcely survived the close of the century that gave it birth, while the generality of the happy faces that grinned with delight at the ludicrous plight of Deacon Lawboard have now, as Hamlet says, few left to mock their grinning; and had I not perhaps been reminded the other day of the immortal action of this gallant corps, by perusing the equally deathless deed of its bounty on the wall of the Royal Infirmary Hall, I might possibly have never dreamed of becoming the humble annalist of its military glory.

Courteous and indulgent reader, having now doubtless exhausted thy time and thy patience, permit me, ere I close, to plead the tell-tale privilege of an old soldier; a plea which may, perhaps, induce thee to pardon the gossip and the garrulity of a

JOHN STRANG.

A MERRY HEART.

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

From "A Winter's Tale."

COME WHOAM TO THI CHILDER AN' ME.

[Edwin Waugh, born at Rochdale, Jan. 29, 181., died 1890. As the "Lancashire Post," Mr. Waugh earned a reputation in England and America such as his genius merited. He was designated the "Lancashire Burns;" and the pathos, humour, and power with which he paints the homely ways and thoughts of his country people exalt him to a high place amongst the poets of recent times. A fourth edition of his poems was published in 1876 (Manchester). He has also written many sketches and tales, of which the most notable are, *Sketches of Lancashire Life and Localities*, *Tufts of Heather*, *Tattlin Matty*, *Besom Ben*, *Home Life of the Lancashire Factory Folk*, *The Owd Blanket*, *Yeth Bobs an' Scaplines*, *Snowed Up*, &c.]

Aw've just mended th' fire wi' a cob;
Owd Swaddle has brought thi new shoon;
There's some nice bacon collops o'th hob,
An' a quart o' ale-posset i'th oon;
Aw've brought thi top cwot, doesto know,
For th' rain's comin' deawn very dree:
An' th' har'stone's as white as new snow;
Come whoam to thi childer an' me.

When aw put little Sally to bed,
Hoo cried 'cose her feyther weren't theer;
So aw kiss'd th' little thing, an' aw said
Thae'd bring her a ribbin fro' th' fair;
An' aw gav her her doll, an' some rags,
An' a nice little white cotton bo';
An' aw kiss'd her again; but hoo said
At hoo wanted to kiss *thee* an' o'.

An' Dick, too, aw'd sich wark wi' him,
Afore aw could get him up stairs;
Thae tow'd him thae'd bring him a drum,
He said, when he're sayin' his prayers;
Then he look'd i' my face, an' he said,
"Has th' boggarts taen houd o' my dad?"
An' he cried whol his e'en were quite red;—
He likes thee some weel, does yon lad!

At th' lung-length aw geet 'em laid still;
An' aw hearken't folks' feet at went by;
So aw iron't o' my cloos reet weel,
An' aw hang'd 'em o'th maiden to dry;
When aw'd mended thi stockin's an' shirts,
Aw sit deawn to knit i' my cheer,
An' aw rayley did feel rather hurt—
Mon, aw'm *one-ly* when theaw art'nt theer.

"Aw've a drum and a trumpet for Dick;
Aw've a yard o' blue ribbin for Sal;
Aw've a book full o' babs; an' a stick,
An' some bacco an' pipes for mysel;

Aw've brought thee some coffee an' tay—
 Iv thae'll feel i' my pocket, thae'll see;
 An' aw've bought tho a new cap to-day,—
 But aw olez bring summat for thee!

"God bless tho, my lass; aw'll go whoam,
 An' aw'll kiss thee an' th' childer o' reawnd;
 Thae knows, at wheerever aw roam,
 Aw'm fain to get back to th' owd greawnd;
 Aw can do wi' a crack o'er a glass;
 Aw can do wi' a bit o' a spree;
 But aw've no gradely comfort, my lass,
 Except wi' yon childer and thee."

ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

[Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D., born at Anstruther, Fife, 17th March, 1780; died at Edinburgh, 30th May, 1847. He was distinguished as an orator, philosopher, and divine. He was the earnest and potent advocate of church extension, and the leader of the Disruption movement in the Church of Scotland, 1842-3. The services he rendered to his country and religion were invaluable. He was the author of numerous theological and philosophical works. The following essay was written before he became occupied in the great labour which formed the noble climax of a noble career.]

Man is the direct agent of a wide and continual distress to the lower animals, and the question is, Can any method be devised for its alleviation? On this subject that scriptural image is strikingly realized, "The whole inferior creation groaning and travailing together in pain," because of him. It signifies not to the substantive amount of the suffering, whether this be prompted by the hardness of his heart, or only permitted through the heedlessness of his mind. In either way it holds true, not only that the arch-devourer man stands pre-eminent over the fiercest children of the wilderness as an animal of prey, but that for his lordly and luxurious appetite, as well as for his service or merest curiosity and amusement, nature must be ransacked throughout all her elements. Rather than forego the veriest gratifications of vanity, he will wring them from the anguish of wretched and ill-fated creatures; and whether for the indulgence of his barbaric sensuality or barbaric splendour, can stalk paramount over the sufferings of that prostrate creation which has been placed beneath his feet. That beauteous domain whereof he has been constituted the terrestrial sovereign, gives out so many blissful and benignant aspects; and whether we look to its peaceful lakes, or its flowery landscapes, or its

evening skies, or to all that soft attire which overspreads the hills and the valleys, lighted up by smiles of sweetest sunshine, and where animals disport themselves in all the exuberance of gaiety—this surely were a more befitting scene for the rule of clemency than for the iron rod of a murderous and remorseless tyrant. But the present is a mysterious world wherein we dwell. It still bears much upon its materialism of the impress of Paradise. But a breath from the air of Pandemonium has gone over its living generations. And so "the fear of man, and the dread of man, is now upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into man's hands are they delivered: every moving thing that liveth is meat for him; yea, even as the green herbs, there have been given to him all things." Such is the extent of his jurisdiction, and with most full and wanton license has he revelled among its privileges. The whole earth labours and is in violence because of his cruelties: and from the amphitheatre of sentient nature there sounds in fancy's ear the bleat of one wide and universal suffering—a dreadful homage to the power of nature's constituted lord.

These sufferings are really felt. The beasts of the field are not so many automata without sensation, and just so constructed as to give forth all the natural signs and expressions of it. Nature hath not practised this universal deception upon our species. These poor animals just look, and tremble, and give forth the very indications of suffering that we do. Theirs is the distinct cry of pain. Theirs is the unequivocal physiognomy of pain. They put on the same aspect of terror on the demonstrations of a menaced blow. They exhibit the same distortions of agony after the infliction of it. The bruise, or the burn, or the fracture, or the deep incision, or the fierce encounter with one of equal or superior strength, just affects them similarly to ourselves. Their blood circulates as ours. They have pulsations in various parts of the body like ours. They sicken, and they grow feeble with age, and, finally, they die just as we do. They possess the same feelings; and what exposes them to like suffering from another quarter, they possess the same instincts with our own species. The lioness robbed of her whelps causes the wilderness to ring aloud with the proclamation of her wrongs; or the bird whose little household has been stolen fills and saddens all the grove with melodies of deepest pathos. All this is palpable even to the general and unlearned eye; and when the

physiologist lays open the recesses of their system by means of that scalpel under whose operation they just shrink and are convulsed as any living subject of our own species, there stands forth to view the same sentient apparatus, and furnished with the same conductors for the transmission of feeling to every minutest pore upon the surface. Theirs is unmixed and unmitigated pain—the agonies of martyrdom, without the alleviation of the hopes and the sentiments, whereof they are incapable. When they lay them down to die their only fellowship is with suffering; for in the prison-house of their beset and bounded faculties there can no relief be afforded by communion with other interests or other things. The attention does not lighten their distress as it does that of man by carrying off his spirit from that existing pungency and pressure which might else be overwhelming. There is but room in their mysterious economy for one inmate, and that is, the absorbing sense of their own single and concentrated anguish. And so in that bed of torment, whereon the wounded animal lingers and expires, there is an unexplored depth and intensity of suffering which the poor dumb animal itself cannot tell, and against which it can offer no remonstrance; an untold and unknown amount of wretchedness, of which no articulate voice gives utterance. But there is an eloquence in its silence; and the very shroud which disguises it only serves to aggravate its horrors.

To obtain the regards of man's heart in behalf of the lower animals we should strive to draw the regards of his mind towards them. We should avail ourselves of the close alliance that obtains between the regards of his attention and those of his sympathy. For this purpose we should importunately ply him with the objects of suffering, and thus call up its respondent emotion of sympathy, that among the other objects which have hitherto engrossed his attention, and the other desires or emotions which have hitherto lorded it over the compassion of his nature, and overpowered it, this last may at length be restored to its legitimate play, and reinstated in all its legitimate pre-eminence over the other affections or appetites which belong to him. It affords a hopeful view of our cause that so much can be done by the mere obtrusive presentation of the object to the notice of society. It is a comfort to know that in this benevolent warfare we have to make head not so much against the cruelty of the public as against the heedlessness of the public; that to hold forth a right view is the way to call forth a right sensibility; and that to as-

sail the seat of any emotion, our likeliest process is to make constant and conspicuous exhibition of the object which is fitted to awaken it. Our text, taken from the profoundest book of experimental wisdom in the world, keeps clear of every questionable or casuistical dogma, and rests the whole cause of the inferior animals on one moral element, which is, in respect of principle; and on one practical method, which is, in respect of efficacy, unquestionable: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." Let a man be but righteous in the general and obvious sense of the word, and let the regard of his attention be but directed to the case of the inferior animals, and then the regard of his sympathy will be awakened to the full extent at which it is either duteous or desirable. Still it may be asked, To what extent will the duty go? and our reply is, that we had rather push the duty forward than be called upon to define the extreme termination of it. Yet we do not hesitate to say that we foresee not aught so very extreme as the abolition of animal food; but we do foresee the indefinite abridgment of all that cruelty which subserves the gratifications of a base and selfish epicurism. We think that a Christian and humanized society will at length lift their prevalent voice for the least possible expense of suffering to all the victims of a necessary slaughter—for a business of utmost horror being also a business of utmost despatch—for the blow, in short, of an instant extermination, that not one moment might elapse between a state of pleasurable existence and a state of profound unconsciousness. Again, we do not foresee, but with the perfecting of the two sciences of anatomy and physiology, the abolition of animal experiments; but we do foresee a gradual, and at length a complete, abandonment of the experiments of illustration, which are at present a thousand-fold more numerous than the experiments of humane discovery. As to field-sports, we for the present abstain from all prophecy in regard either to their growing disuse or to the conclusive extinction of them. We are quite sure, in the meantime, that casuistry upon this subject would be altogether powerless; and nothing could be imagined more keenly or more energetically contemptuous, than the impatient, the impetuous disdain wherewith the enamoured votaries of this gay and glorious adventure would listen to any demonstration of its unlawfulness. We shall therefore make no attempt to dogmatize them out of that fond and favourite amusement which they prosecute with all the intensity of a passion. It is not thus that the fascination will be dissipated. And

therefore, for the present, we should be inclined to subject the lovers of the chase and the lovers of the prize-fight to the same treatment, even as there exists between them, we are afraid, the affinity of a certain common or kindred character. There is, we have often thought, a kind of professional cast, a family likeness, by which the devotees of game and of all sorts of stirring or hazardous enterprise admit of being recognized; the hue of a certain assimilating quality, although of various gradations, from the noted champions of the hunt to the noted champions of the ring or of the racing-course; a certain dash of moral outlawry, if I may use the expression, among all those children of high and heated adventure, that bespeaks them a distinct class in society—a set of wild and wayward humourists, who have broken them loose from the dull regularities of life, and formed themselves into so many trusty and sworn brotherhoods, wholly given over to frolic, and excitement, and excess, in all their varieties. They compose a separate and outstanding public among themselves, nearly arrayed in the same picturesque habiliments—bearing most distinctly upon their countenance the same air of recklessness and hardihood—admiring the same feats of dexterity or danger—indulging, the same tastes, even to their very literature—members of the same sporting society—readers of the same sporting magazine, whose strange medley of anecdotes gives impressive exhibition of that one and pervading characteristic for which we are contending; anecdotes of the chase, and anecdotes of the high-breathed or bloody contest, and anecdotes of the gaming-table, and, lastly, anecdotes of the highway. We do not just affirm a precise identity between all the specimens or species in this very peculiar department of moral history. But, to borrow a phrase from natural history, we affirm that there are transition processes by which the one melts, and demoralizes, and graduates insensibly into the other. What we have now to do with is the cruelty of their respective entertainments—a cruelty, however, upon which we could not assert, even of the very worst and most worthless among them, that they rejoice in pain, but that they are regardless of pain. It is not by the force of a mere ethical *dictum*, in itself perhaps unquestionable, that they will be restrained from their pursuits. But when transformed by the operation of unquestionable principle into righteous and regardful men, they will spontaneously abandon them. Meanwhile we try to help forward our cause by forcing upon general regard those sufferings which are now so unheeded and unthought of. And

we look forward to its final triumph as one of those results that will historically ensue in the train of an awakened and a moralized society.

It is true we count the enormity to lie mainly in the heedlessness of pain; but then we charge this foully and flagrantly enormous thing not on the mere desperadoes and barbarians of our land, but on the men and the women of general, and even of cultivated and high-bred society. Instead of stating cruelty to be what it is not, and then confining the imputation of it to the outcast few, we hold it better, and practically far more important, to fasten the imputation of it on the commonplace and the companionable many. Those outcasts to whom you would restrict the condemnation are not at present within the reach of our voice. But you are; and it lies with you to confer a tenfold greater boon on the inferior creation than if all barbarous sports and all bloody experiments were forthwith put an end to. It is at the bidding of your collective will to save those countless myriads who are brought to the regular and the daily slaughter all the difference between a gradual and an instant death. And there is a practice realized in every-day life which you can put down—a practice which strongly reminds us of a ruder age that has long gone by, when even beauteous and high-born ladies could partake in the dance, and the song, and the festive chivalry of barbaric castles, unmindful of all the piteous and the pining agony of dungeon prisoners below. We charge a like unmindfulness on the present generation! We know not whether those wretched animals, whose still sentient frameworks are under process of ingenious manufacture for the epicurism or the splendour of your coming entertainment; we know not whether they are now dying by inches in your own subterranean keeps, or, through the subdivided industry of our commercial age, are now suffering all the horrors of their protracted agony in the prison-house of some distant street where this dreadful trade is carried on. But truly it matters nought to our argument, ye heedless sons and daughters of gaiety! We speak not of the daily thousands who have to die that man may live, but of those thousands who have to die more painfully just that man may live more luxuriously. We speak to you of the art and the mystery of the killing trade, from which it would appear that not alone the delicacy of the food, but even its appearance, is, among the connoisseurs of a refined epicurism, the matter of skilful and scientific computation. There is a sequence, it would appear—there is a sequence between an exquisite death and an exquisite or a beautiful pre-

paration of cookery; and just in the ordinary way that art avails herself of the other sequences of philosophy—the first term is made sure that the second term might, according to the metaphysic order of causation, follow in its train. And hence we are given to understand, hence the cold-blooded ingenuities of that previous and preparatory torture which oft is undergone both that man might be feasted with a finer relish, and that the eyes of man might be feasted and regaled with a finer spectacle. The atrocities of a Majendie have been blazoned before the eye of a British public; but this is worse in the fearful extent and magnitude of the evil—truly worse than a thousand Majendies. His is a cruel luxury, but it is the luxury of intellect. Yours is both a cruel and a sensual luxury; and you have positively nought to plead for it but the most worthless and ignoble appetites of our nature.

But, if possible to secure your kindness for our cause, let me, in the act of drawing these observations to a close, offer to your notice the bright and the beautiful side of it. I would bid you think of all that fond and pleasing imagery which is associated even with the lower animals when they become the objects of a benevolent care, which at length ripens into a strong and cherished affection for them—as when the worn-out hunter is permitted to graze and be still the favourite of all the domestics through the remainder of his life; or the old and shaggy house-dog that has now ceased to be serviceable is nevertheless sure of its regular meals and a decent funeral; or when an adopted inmate of the household is claimed as property, or as the object of decided partiality, by some one or other of the children; or, finally, when in the warmth and comfort of the evening fire, one or more of these home animals take their part in the living group that is around it, and their very presence serves to complete the picture of a blissful and smiling family. Such relationships with the inferior creatures supply many of our finest associations of tenderness, and give, even to the heart of man, some of its simplest yet sweetest enjoyments. He even can find in these some compensation for the dread and the disquietude wherewith his bosom is agitated amid the fiery conflicts of infuriated men. When he retires from the stormy element of debate, and exchanges for the vindictive glare and the hideous discords of that outcry which he encounters among his fellows—when these are exchanged for the honest welcome and the guileless regards of those creatures who gambol at his feet—he feels that even in the society of the brutes, in whose

hearts there is neither care nor controversy, he can surround himself with a better atmosphere far than that in which he breathes among the companionships of his own species. Here he can rest himself from the fatigues of that moral tempest which has beat upon him so violently; and, in the play of kindliness with these poor irrationals, his spirit can forget for a while all the injustice and ferocity of their boasted lords.

But this is only saying that our subject is connected with the pleasures of sentiment. But there is one aspect in which it may be regarded as more profoundly and more peculiarly religious than any one virtue which reciprocates, or is of mutual operation among the fellows of the same species. It is a virtue which oversteps, as it were, the limits of a species, and which in this instance prompts a descending movement, on our part, of righteousness and mercy towards those who have an inferior place to ourselves in the scale of creation. The lesson of this day is not the circulation of benevolence within the limits of one species. It is the transmission of it from one species to another. The first is but the charity of a world; the second is the charity of a universe. Had there been no such charity, no descending current of love and of liberality from species to species, what, I ask, should have become of ourselves? Whence have we learned this attitude of lofty unconcern about the creatures who are beneath us? Not from those ministering spirits who wait upon the heirs of salvation. Not from those angels who circle the throne of heaven, and make all its arches ring with joyful harmony when but one sinner of this prostrate world turns his footsteps towards them. Not from that mighty and mysterious visitant, who unrobed him of all his glories, and bowed down his head unto the sacrifice, and still from the seat of his now exalted mediatorship pours forth his intercessions and his calls in behalf of the race he died for. Finally, not from the eternal Father of all, in the pavilion of whose residence there is the golden treasury of all those bounties and beatitudes that roll over the face of nature, and from the footstool of whose empyreal throne there reaches a golden chain of providence to the very humblest of his family. He who hath given his angels charge concerning us means that the tide of beneficence should pass from order to order through all the ranks of his magnificent creation; and we ask, Is it with man that this goodly provision is to terminate, or shall he, with all his sensations of present blessedness, and all his visions of future glory let down upon him from above, shall he turn him selfishly and scornfully away

from the rights of those creatures whom God hath placed in dependence under him? We know that the cause of poor and unfriended animals has many an obstacle to contend with in the difficulties or the delicacies of legislation. But we shall ever deny that it is a theme beneath the dignity of legislation, or that the nobles and the senators of our land stoop to a cause which is degrading, when, in the imitation of Heaven's high clemency, they look benignly downward on these humble and helpless sufferers.

TRUE VIRTUE.

[Ben Jonson, born in Westminster, 11th June, 1574; died in Aldersgate Street, London, 6th August, 1637. His father died about a month before the birth of the poet. He obtained some education at the Westminster School, worked, it is said, for some time as a bricklayer; passed a few weeks at the Cambridge University, and afterwards served a campaign in the Low Countries as a common soldier. On returning to England he tried his fortune on the stage, and, having "ambled by a play-waggon in the country," he repaired to London, where he obtained an engagement at the Curtain, but failed to win credit or subsistence as an actor. One of the pleasantest legends of his life is that it was by the kindly influence of Shakspeare that Jonson's first play was accepted at the Globe Theatre; and from that time the two poets became fast friends. In 1598 *Every Man in his Humour* was first performed, and its success gave the author prominence as a dramatic writer. Comedies, tragedies, masques, and poems followed this first success, and "Rare Ben Jonson," became recognized as one of the chief wits of the age. In 1616 he journeyed on foot to Scotland to visit Drummond of Hawthornden. In 1620 he was appointed poet-laureate, with a salary of a hundred marks, afterwards increased to pounds, with the addition of a tierce of canary by Charles I. His works display much classical knowledge and vast experience of human nature, but the labour with which he exercised his talents is too apparent. Fuller says, "His parts were not so ready to run of themselves, as able to answer the spur; so that it may be truly said of him that he had an elaborate wit, wrought out by his own industry. He would sit silent in learned company, and suck in (besides wine) their several humours into his observations. . . . His comedies were above the *Volge* (which are only tickled with downright obscenity), and took not so well at the first stroke as at the rebound; yea they will endure reading so long as either ingenuity or learning is fashionable in our nation." The admiration of his dramatic works has somewhat shadowed the beauty of his lyrics, although one or two of his songs retain the popular favour to this day. The following is taken from *The Forest*, a series of poems first published in 1616.]

Not to know vice at all, and keep true state,
Is virtue and not fate:
Next to that virtue is to know vice well,
And her black spite expel:

Which to effect (since no breast is so sure
Or safe, but she'll procure
Some way of entrance) we must plant a guard
Of thoughts to watch and ward
At th' eye and ear (the ports unto the mind)
That no strange or unkind
Object arrive there, but the heart (our spy)
Give knowledge instantly
To wakeful reason, our affections' king:
Who in th' examining
Will quickly taste the treason, and commit
Close, the close cause of it.
'Tis the securest policy we have
To make our sense our slave.
But this true course is not embraced by many:
By many? Scarce by any.
For either our affections do rebel,
Or else the sentinel,
That should ring alarm to the heart, doth sleep,
Or some great thought doth keep
Back the intelligence, and falsely swears
They're base and idle fears
Whereof the loyal conscience so complains.
Thus by these subtle trains
Do several passions invade the mind,
And strike our reason blind:
Of which usurping rank some have thought love
The first; as prone to move
Most frequent tumults, horrors, and unrests,
In our inflamed breasts.
But this doth from the cloud of error grow,
Which thus we overblow.
The thing they here call love is blind desire,
Arm'd with bow, shafts, and fire;
Inconstant, like the sea, of whence 'tis born,
Rough, swelling, like a storm:
With whom who sails, rides on the surge of fear,
And boils, as if he were
In a continual tempest. Now, true love
No such effects doth prove;
That is an essence far more gentle, fine,
Pure, perfect, nay divine;
It is a golden chain let down from heaven,
Whose links are bright and even—
That falls like sleep on lovers, and combines
The soft and sweetest minds
In equal knots: this bears no brands, nor darts,
To murther different hearts;
But in a calm and Godlike unity
Preserves community.
O who is he that in this peace enjoys
Th' elixir of all joys?
A form more fresh than are the Eden bow'rs,
And lasting as her flow'rs:
Richer than time, and as time's virtue rare—
Sober as saddest care.
A fixed thought, an eye untaught to glance;
Who, blest with such high chance,
Would, at suggestion of a steep desire,
Cast himself from the spire

Of all his happiness? But soft: I hear
 Some vicious fool draw near,
 That cries we dream, and swears there's no such thing
 As this chaste love we sing.
 Peace, Luxury, thou art like one of those
 Who, being at sea, suppose,
 Because they move, the continent doth so.
 No, Vice, we let thee know
 Though thy wild thoughts with sparrow's wings do fly,
 Turtles can chastely die.

He that for love of goodness hateth ill
 Is more crownworthy still
 Than he, which for sin's penalty forbears;
 His heart sins, though he fears.
 But we propose a person like our dove,
 Grac'd with a phoenix love;
 A beauty of that clear and sparkling light
 Would make a day of night,
 And turn the blackest sorrows to bright joys:
 Whose od'rous breath destroys
 All taste of bitterness, and makes the air
 As sweet as she is fair.
 A body so harmoniously compos'd
 As if nature disclos'd
 All her best symmetry in that one feature!
 O, so divine a creature,
 Who could be false to? chiefly when he knows
 How only she bestows
 The wealthy treasure of her love on him;
 Making his fortunes swim
 In the full flood of her admir'd perfection
 What savage, brute affection,
 Would not be fearful to offend a dame
 Of this excelling frame?
 Much more a noble and right generous mind,
 To virtuous moods inclin'd,
 That knows the weight of guilt: he will refrain
 From thoughts of such a strain,
 And to his sense object this sentence ever,
 "Man may securely sin, but safely never."

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

Cupid and my Campaspe played
 At cards for kisses—Cupid paid;
 He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
 His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;
 Loses them too; then down he throws
 The coral of his lip, the rose
 Growing on's cheek (but none knows how),
 With these, the crystal of his brow,
 And then the dimple of his chin;
 All these did my Campaspe win.
 At last he set her both his eyes,
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
 O Love! has she done this to thee?
 What shall, alas! become of me?

JOHN LYLY [1584].

THE MAJOR'S SECRET.¹

The managing editor's patience was almost exhausted. "Positively, Major Standish, I don't see that we can find room for anything of yours in the *Camera* this week. Or any week," he added, with an inward oath to himself, glancing impatiently at the heap of "revises" waiting upon his desk. He did not take them up, however, but stood outwardly respectful, for he was a young fellow, and Standish, though a notorious bore, was old and white-headed.

The major patted him patronizingly on the shoulder. "My dear fellow," in his most luscious, grandiloquent tone, "let me give you a hint. I've been twenty years in the very thick and heat of American journalism, and you are but a neophyte. You want to make the *Camera* weighty? I call it dull, sir, *dull*. Too much respectability kills a paper. It needs a different class of articles—something at once forcible and light. Philosophic and *vif*, sparkling, and—well, do you take my meaning?"

"Something like that in your hand, eh?" laughed Stinger.

"Precisely. You've hit it," complacently twitching his white whiskers.

"No. Not to-day, major."

"Suppose we try a short thing on fish culture? I've got myself up on fishes thoroughly."

"The *Times* did that on Friday."

The major stood a moment anxious and silent. "This new asteroid, now? When I was on the *London News* Griffin used always to say, 'For anything taking in the scientific line, Dan Standish is our man.' Don't want it, eh? Who's doing that hanging down in Delaware for you? I'll make you a two-column job of it for five dollars, and pay my own expenses. That road always dead-heads me."

Stinger took up his proofs. "We sent a stenographic reporter this morning. We really have no use for you, Major Standish."

"You never were more mistaken in your life. Where you need me, my dear boy, is to take charge of your reportorial corps. I'd make those lazy fellows toe the mark."

"Mr. Stinger!" It was the proprietor M'Murray's voice, which rasped through the room like the filing of a saw. He came to the door of his office. A sandy, flat-built Scotchman, to whose making-up Nature had grudging

¹ From the *New York Galaxy Magazine*.

every atom of flesh save in the one matter of a keen, red, tomahawk-shaped nose. "Have not those proofs gone up yet? You encourage too many idlers in the office, sir. You here again, Standish?"

"Ah, Mr. M'Murray! A de-lightful morning, sir!" The major beamed down on him effulgent. Stinger and Withrow, the new editor, both driving their pens furiously at M'Murray's appearance, winked at each other. The seedy major, with his grand brawny build, his imperturbable suavity, and his dauntless lying, always came off first-best in these encounters. M'Murray, in his faultless black clothes, with all his backing of wealth and conscientious religion, seemed to feel himself thin and sour, and cowed before him.

"I wonder," he said, with a sneer, "that with your higher literary occupations you can spare time to besiege this office as you do."

"'Pon my soul, I wonder too. Now that is precisely what my publishers say to me. 'Write a book, Standish,' they say. 'Take the public between the eyes with a knock-down blow.' Then those magazine fellows in New York and Boston are crying out every month for me to come to their help. But I like to see the old *Camera* succeed, that's the truth."

"The *Camera* is under obligation to you."

"Not at all. I'm glad to help build it up. I've a pride—Philadelphia enterprise, sir—a pride in it," backing to the door. "What I have here, sir," touching his forehead, "was meant for mankind, not to barter for fame or money. By the way, have you seen that last little thing of mine in the *Westminster*?"

"No, nor nobody else," savagely.

"Ah, you don't take the quarterlies. I'll send it to you. I'll send it you. Good morning, Mr. M'Murray, good morning."

"Keep that liar and braggart out of the office, Mr. Stinger," said M'Murray, in his coldest, civillest tones; for when other men would have raged, his sense of duty kept him quietest. He smoothed his face before going back into the office. Young John Proctor was there, the clergyman to whom M'Murray's church, through his influence, had just given a call. He had just come from the *dépôt* after two years' absence in the west, and M'Murray was striving to do him honour in his hard, ungenial way. Proctor had been a sort of ward of his, and it was whispered about in the office that M'Murray would be glad to have him now for a son-in-law. This church was his idol, and to see his only child the wife of one of its ministers was in his opinion to inclose her in the pearly gates of salvation

while yet alive. "The office" felt as if the delicate, bright-haired little heiress would be thrown away on Proctor. "These penniless preachers know how to feather their nests," Stinger had said but a few minutes before.

Mr. M'Murray could not forget Standish when he went back to his office. "Lazy old Bohemian!" he growled. "If you want the most disreputable vices, Mr. Proctor, always look for them in an old man who lives by his wits."

"Who was it?"

"Standish—the major. You know him?"

"What! There?" Proctor dashed out into the office without his hat, and down the stairs, shouting, "Hillo, Major!" leaving M'Murray astonished behind him. He took up his pen and began to write severely. The carnal flesh was stronger in the young man than he had thought. Withrow, out of curiosity, lounged down the stairs, and found John at the door looking anxiously up and down the street.

"Ah, Mr. Withrow! do you remember me?—John Proctor," wringing his hand in a hearty fashion, which he used to have when a boy. "I'm looking for a friend of mine—Major Standish."

"Yes. Major Munchausen, we call him in the office."

"He is a friend of mine," coolly. "The office does not know him as well as I do, probably."

Withrow felt himself rebuffed, but only for a minute. "The old fellow has a cockloft over a warehouse somewhere, where he cooks for himself. How he lives God knows. He has nothing now but the odd jobs we give him here in the office. He's had nothing from us for two weeks."

"Is he alone? There was a little girl, or woman, rather?" Proctor hesitated. The story of the old major and Madeline was something which he could not drag out before this fellow.

"Niece or something? She lives in some country town now, I believe, and colours photographs. A great artist, the major says. She's a dull girl, I fancy. Women without brains have to scratch hard for a living nowadays."

Mr. Proctor did not care to enter into the woman question. He stood whistling under his breath, with some queer ideas in his clerical head, which Mr. Withrow would have hardly thought befitted it. They grew out of the remembrance of those Saturday afternoons, when, for year after year, he used to escape from boarding-school and repair to that same

cockloft over the warehouse, there to feel himself a gipsy or a Crusoe for a few hours. What a vagabond, uncertain life it was! the poverty, the shifts, the fun, the inextinguishable jollity and tender love under it all! What a prince the major and Madeline made of him—saving all week to compass the Saturday's roast chicken and cranberry tart! Proctor had never known father or mother; his ideas of love or a home were all drawn from poor Standish and his crazy menage. So strong was this boyish instinct in him just now that he actually stood breathless when anybody resembling the major came in sight. If the old man should not recognize him, or should meet him with the formal deference of other respectable people, why, then, good-bye to that old boyhood, so horribly dear and disreputable!

Now the major was in a restaurant a few doors down the street. "Try an advertisement in the *Camera*, Sam," he said to the book-keeper. "I swear it will pay you like—like——" His talk halted; the ideas seemed to stagger through his brain.

"I believe you've had a drop too much, Standish," said Sam.

"No; I've had to stop drinking. You can't get a glass of champagne fit for a gentleman in this accursed town. But about the advertisement?" (The *Camera* paid him a small percentage on this sort of business, and a few cents now would buy him his dinner.) "No."

The major leaned on the glass counter for a moment. It was two days since he had tasted food. The steam of savoury dishes below was too much for him. A collapsed stomach in a powerful frame like his is a deadly drag upon a man's pluck. He looked at Sam. The fellow would give him his dinner if he asked it, he knew.

He gathered himself up with an effort. "I'd steal, but I can't beg," he said, silently. He nodded affably to Sam, and filipped to the parrot as he went out. His high-featured, usually florid face, had turned cold and blue under the moustache and whiskers, but he carried himself jauntily.

John Proctor saw him as soon as he stepped on the street. There was the identical broadcloth suit cut twenty years ago, and the vast expanse of shirt-bosom, frayed in the plaits, but immaculately white. The major was a property of the town, well known as the city clock. With his bushy white mane, his imposing shoulders, his lofty bow, he radiated and filled the pavement from wall to curb.

Proctor thought the old man would be glad to see him, but he certainly had not expected the strange effect which the sight of him produced. Standish stopped as though he had been struck a blow, holding him off at arm's length. His pomposity seemed to suddenly drop from him.

"Why, Jack! Jack!" he stammered, "I did not look to see you. I beg your pardon, Mr. Proctor. I forget——" drawing back, yet still holding the young man's coat-sleeve with what would have been very like a caress in a woman.

"Forget? You forget old friends, I think."

"Prince Hal has changed his state," said the major, smiling, with an effort to be himself. "It is time he shook off old Falstaff."

"How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
So surfeit-swelled, so old, and so profane!"

touching his big breast, with a bitter laugh.

"You did not use to affect the cynic."

"No. It is the sight of you that reminds me of what I had better forget."

Proctor was ashamed, as one man always is of emotion in another. "You had always an unreasonable liking for me, vicious young dog that I was," he said, lightly. "You're at the old place, I suppose? I'll come round at dusk. We'll broil a steak together, hey, major? My hand has not lost its cunning."

The old man looked down at him steadily with an inexplicable brightness in his keen eyes. "I did not think you would go so far as that, my boy," he said, quietly.

Mr. M'Murray's carriage drew up at the door at that moment. It was plain but rich, the horses thoroughbred. An innocent-looking delicate little blonde, dressed with Quaker-like plainness, looked out and blushed crimson at the sight of John. At that the blood mounted also into the fellow's tell-tale face, and he went down to the carriage, leaning on the door to speak to her.

"A handsome pair, major," whispered Withrow, who was still loitering near.

Standish nodded. "She looks like a good religious woman. M'Murray would raise his daughter cleaner than other girls."

"She's worth a cool half million; that's the way in which I'd think *you* would look at her."

"So I do, Mr. Withrow. Proctor is lucky—very lucky. Talents, and education, and religion, and now a good wife with money. The boy could not ask for more."

There was something in the old man's unusual quiet, and the look which he fastened on Proctor, that roused Withrow's curiosity.

"There used to be some connection between you and the young man, wasn't there? He

was under your guardianship when he was a boy, I think I've heard?"

"Not at all, sir," eagerly, "not at all. It was a mere business transaction. I held certain moneys for the lad's use from his father, and paid his bills; that was all. I placed him under Mr. M'Murray's care when he was entered here first at school. M'Murray has the entrance to the best society, and is religious; those were the two things I looked at. Why, the boy's blood is of the best. His father was one of the old blue-bloods of Virginia. He would never have trusted his son to the guardianship of an old scallawag like Dan Standish." The major was himself again, his rolling voice and theatrical gestures keeping time, and apparently enjoying each other thoroughly.

"Oh, that's it? You were not one of the blue-bloods, then?"

"My father was a butcher, sir. I've lived by my wits; and an infernally poor capital they are for any man. I'll say that. I've dined with dukes and raskickers in my day, Mr. Withrow. But the smell of the slaughter-house followed me. A man is nothing without family here in Philadelphia." And again his eyes rested on Proctor, with the anxious thoughtfulness so strangely at variance with his ordinary stagey manner.

Withrow clapped his hand to one pocket, then to the other. "By the way! Where the deuce ——? Oh, here it is. Come this way, major," drawing him into the doorway, and opening a New York paper. "Here in the Personals. 'Richard Standish.' You see? No relation of yours, eh?"

The major had the paper up before his face. He took out his cracked eye-glasses and adjusted them on his nose; took them down and wiped them leisurely; read the card once, a second time. "No, I don't know the man."

"From Virginia, you see," said Withrow, putting the paper in his pocket again, "and came here about the same time you say you did. But your name's Dan. Certainly. It looks to me like a trick of the police to get hold of a criminal."

"So it does to me."

"Going, eh? Proctor's busy," with a significant wink. "He has no need of old fellows like us now."

"No." The major stood a moment watching John's eager gestures, and the bright blushing face bent over him. "No; he has no more need of me," he said, quietly, and turned away with a bow as he passed the carriage, though neither of them saw him.

Mr. M'Murray, with the young clergyman again in his office, safely trapped, could not let him go without a word or two of rebuke. "Should you accept it" (they were talking of the call), "you must be careful, my dear sir, to avoid even the appearance of evil. You are young and impulsive, fond of your friends. The dignity of your position would render improper many associates whom you knew as a boy, unless, indeed, you approach them officially, administering the Word as the hope of salvation. This Major Standish now, for example ——"

"I am very uncertain about accepting this church at all," broke out Jack. "There's a place in the west that suits my ways better. But I could not marry on their salary. It's the merest pittance. I could barely live on it."

Mr. M'Murray paused, and answered with deliberation: "In the matter of marriage must you consult that point of salary at all, Mr. Proctor? The wife you select may—will, in all probability—be independent. A woman ought to feel herself honoured in being called to share the spiritual work of a Christian minister, and should rejoice if she can bear her part in his temporal burdens."

"I'll never be supported by a rich wife," said John, bluntly. "I'll be frank with you, Mr. M'Murray. There is a woman whom I have loved long and faithfully. I will marry her if I can. If she has money, well and good; but I must be the provider in my own household."

"It is a natural feeling, and a manly one," said M'Murray, not ill-pleased.

"We differ, too, in the matter of associates," obstinately resumed Jack. "I have never felt that my 'cloth,' as the vulgar phrase has it, placed me one whit apart from other men. When I measure myself with a prince or ruffian in the dock by his courage or good sense, or faithfulness to his friend, I touch a brotherhood between us stronger than any church bond. We get our naked hands together. You understand? And oftener, then, it is he who gives the Word to me than I to him," he added, under his breath.

Mr. M'Murray checked the angry rebuke on his lips. All young men were flighty nowadays, and given to this visionary talk. He remembered John Proctor's brilliant reputation in the Church, the crowds that pressed to hear him as he went from city to city. If Clara were his wife no woman in the Church would hold higher rank. "I cannot understand," he said, gently, "what bearing this has on your intimacy with Major Standish,

particularly"—raising his voice when Proctor would have spoken—"when I have every reason to believe the police are on his track as a long-escaped criminal."

John's face burned as though he himself had been accused. "What proof have you of this?" he said, rising.

"There is a New York detective here to identify him now," in a mysterious whisper. "I could learn no more from him than that Standish is living under an assumed name. But I fear the worst, Mr. Proctor, the very worst."

"Bah!" muttered John to himself. "Where is this fellow? I'll go to him at once," putting on his cap.

M'Murray rose and put out his hand. It was high time that he became the mouthpiece of the church and Clara. "Mr. Proctor, I beg that you will not espouse this disreputable old man's cause so vehemently. His name is a public by-word of infamy among newspaper men. A vapouring boaster and liar."

"Newspaper men know but one side of the fellow," retorted John, hotly. "I could tell you tales of him, of his unselfishness and his noble charity, that would put the lives of many of our professors to shame. Besides, he was kind to me when I was a boy. I'll not turn my back on him now."

M'Murray's sallow cheek began to burn. "Then I regret to say, Mr. Proctor, that you must make your choice between the church and your very boyish impulse. A clergyman who makes an associate of so doubtful a character is hardly suited to our society. As for his good traits, I know nothing. I do know that the righteousness of the carnal flesh is filthy rags."

"And I know that courage and self-sacrifice are proofs of as good mettle in poor old Standish as in a church-member, and come as direct from the Master of both. I must judge for myself in these matters."

"Assuredly. But if your judgment in points so essential differs so widely from ours, I must beg leave, as chairman of the committee, to withdraw the call. Do not be rash, my dear sir," changing his voice, and laying his hand on John's shoulder. "There! don't answer me now. Think it over, and by evening you'll see that I was right. You are young and—pardon me—a little hot-headed."

A friendly word disarmed Jack. He laughed. "You're right there, anyhow. Let the matter go till evening. But I will not change my mind." And nodding a hasty good-by, he ran down the office stairs.

Now the quality of loyalty to his friends was exaggerated in John Proctor. But yet he was a young man, with all the ambition, tastes, and shrewd knowledge of the world belonging to young men of the present day. When he reached the pavement he saw the stately towers of the church in which he was called to minister, and beyond, the exquisite parsonage, its picturesque walls draped with ivy. Mr. M'Murray's carriage rolled by again, and soft, tender little Clara beckoned smiling to him with her white jewelled hand. It was a high path and a flowery one that opened itself before him. No wonder that the doubt suggested itself to him, as he stood hesitating, whether it was worth giving it up for a bit of quixotism—a romantic fealty to a boyish fancy.

Later in the afternoon the major stood leaning against a pile of bales in front of the warehouse, loftily tapping his chin with his pinchbeck-headed cane and listening to Mr. M'Murray. That gentleman, in his anxiety lest the church should actually lose Proctor, had resorted to the desperate remedy of an appeal to Standish. The old man kept his malicious eyes fixed upon him, and grinned with enjoyment of his embarrassment, but under the grin he looked haggard and anxious.

"So the boy has a mind to take the part of his old friend? He'd stick by the hulk because it's going down? Tut! tut! There's stupidity for you."

"I do not talk in metaphor about hulks. I only thought it likely, from my knowledge of you, you might presume on your acquaintance with the lad and his generous nature to draw him into trouble, and I warn you what the result will be to him."

"It will ruin him to be known even as my friend. I understand."

M'Murray hesitated. After all, why not give Standish a hint of the detective on his track? If he would escape, all difficulty would be over. "Inquiries of a significant kind have been made for you this week, Major Standish," he said.

"So I have been told."

"I do not know to what part of your past career they refer."

"And you'd better not ask too closely, Mac. Dan Standish has led a hot life, I tell you," with a vicious wink that made the deacon shudder from hat to boots.

"Well, I have discharged my duty," he said, after an irresolute pause. "It is most probable that young Proctor will come to seek you this afternoon."

"And if he comes, I am not to see him?" with an attempt at a jocular tone that had more terrible force in it even to the cold-blooded hearer than any painful outcry. "Why, man, I am pushed nearer to the wall to-day than anybody knows. As for this boy—well, no matter what he is to me. I gave up something for him once. It seems as if I had the right to ask his help now, when—when death has me by the throat." He looked vacantly, quickly about him, at the boxes, the cars rattling by, at the head of his cane. M'Murray thought he had been drinking. "I am sorry I troubled myself about it," he said, with dignity. "Good day, Major Standish."

"Good day," effecting a flourishing bow with his unsteady hand. "Take old Dan to point your next sermon, will you? I've lived by my wits. I've made myself the companion of poets—of nobles, sir! And now when the end comes, d—— it, man, I haven't a friend!"

Mr. M'Murray hurried nervously away, picking his steps among the boxes and bales. Standish stood a moment looking at the ground, and then turned and stumped up the narrow rickety stairs that led to the top of the building. He did not know what especial sin of old times was coming back to give him the last blow, nor did he care. That was all fair enough. It seemed to him sometimes, comparing his life with that of other men, that he had lived just like a beast from hour to hour, out of whatever impulse was in him. He was ready to meet any old abomination of his past life and take the punishment. "I've had the dance, and I'll pay the piper," he said, kicking open the door of his room and going in.

"But—the boy?"

Now the major's cockpit was in reality a garret room covering the whole sixth story of the warehouse. The beams overhead, the plastered walls, the half-dozen squat dormer windows, the pine floor, were as clean as lime and scrubbing could make them. It looked, in fact, like a big white plain with a little camping ground at one end, in which was a grate with a good fire, a tent-bed neatly made, a table with pens and paper laid in exact order, the *Men of our Day*, out of which the major furnished obituaries at ten minutes' notice for the *Camera*, and an odd volume of *Appleton's Cyclopaedia*, out of which he drew its supplies of science. Great decency of cleanliness everywhere, but nothing to eat. If there had been, perhaps the major's acts in the next hour would have been less guilty in the eyes of religious people. But when it comes to looking out in the world from a starving body a man is apt

to slip the orthodox leashes and follow his own notions of right and wrong.

He took off his black coat carefully, hung it up, threw his braces loose down his back, and sat down in his shirt-sleeves before the fire, his hands on his fat knees. He wished, dully, Madeline was here to puzzle it out for him, remarking, half aloud, that if that girl undertook to write a leader it would be bosh, but in anything else she never failed to hit the nail plump on the head. There was a round roly-poly brown crock in the window, in which bloomed a buttony little rose, one of the Burgundy sort, red, fresh, and pungent. Madeline had left it. It was like her somehow, the major thought. Do what he would, his thoughts would go back to the girl and to the years she had lived with him, instead of this question of life and death which must be settled to-day.

There was the door to her little room ajar. He always had contrived to pay the trifle of rent for the room after she left him, liking to think of it as hers. He remembered the day he brought her there first. He had had a tough siege nursing old Durbrow, her father (on the *Camera*, like himself). When he was dead the major settled up the estate: there were four hundred dollars of debts, and for assets, one trunk, empty; one suit of clothes, patched; one watch, gold; a pretty lot of meerschaums; and the little girl of five, just over the measles. The watch went to pay the debts, and the little girl, of course, must go to an asylum. But the major brought her home for a week to cheer her up a bit. He took her to the theatre and circuses every afternoon; he bought her a gay little plaid silk suit (it was a flush time with him just then); he stuffed her with oysters and caramels; and in the night, when she cried for her father, took her on his knee in her white night-gown, made her say over her prayers again, and then rocked and croaked over her some old ditty about "Shepherds, have you seen my love?" till she fell asleep. The other men, who missed him at billiards or over their stews and ale when the papers were out toward morning, used to unearth old Standish at this sort of work, and joked him about it roughly enough. But they were pleased when he kept her week after week, and used to be coming in perpetually with scraps of anxious advice about croup or nettle-rash, and fell into the habit of buying all sorts of expensive and useless things for "poor Durbrow's baby."

So it went on for years. There was always a strong smell of cigars and printer's ink in the

air the child breathed, and no doubt when she came to be a young lady she learned to think in a scrappy, itemizing, newspaper way; but Madeline's life was in fact as cleanly, and sweet, and tender among these men as if she had been one of any rosebud garden of girls, perhaps more so. Whatever garment of lies the major chose to put on as armour, or to perk and vaunt himself in out among other men, he never wore it into "the cockloft." Nobody could account for the almost pathetic tenderness of his love to the girl. It was more than seemed due for her father's sake or even her own.

Once, however, he had said to her, "You came to take the place of a child that I lost." That was the only time he had hinted at the secret of his former life. He kept it hidden even from himself.

It came to him to-day, and would not be thrust aside. In a few hours it would be known to all the world.

John Proctor was his son.

He remembered well now the last day when he had called the boy by that name. It was a dreary, rainy season in November, three or four years before he took Madeline. He sat by a hotel window with Jack on his knee. It was a week since he had come from Richmond, leaving the child's mother dead there. He had spent the week going from one newspaper office to another, vaunting and vapouring, and drinking hard, but with a still cold consciousness all the time of standing by her grave, on which the rain pattered, with her child's life left in his hands to do with it what he would.

Mary's boy would have grown into a truthful, God-fearing man if she had lived; a gentleman, too—the class which Standish, with all his tawdry bragging, watched far off with jealous awe. Now ——. What could he make of the boy? He took the little chap's hands in his, and pulled him closer, trying with his bleared eyes to penetrate the future. Like father, like son; it was so always. For himself, whether it was the taint of the butcher-shop or some flaw in his making-up he did not know, but he was labelled everywhere for contempt. Even here, where he was a stranger, he was marked already, he saw, as disreputable, vulgar, a frothy bubble of a man. He was sore and galled by the snubs he had met with to-day. He sat quiet in the gaudy hotel parlour, holding Jack close while the servants lighted the lamps and people came and went; he looked steadily at the cost of what he meant to do.

"I'll take the weight of your old father off of you, Jack," he said at last, stooping to kiss the fat, red little face. "Good-bye, my son."

VOL. III.

He did take it off. He entered the boy under the name of Proctor at a fashionable boarding-school, setting aside the entire sum he had saved with which to start a paper in Philadelphia. "I can scratch for myself," he said.

"Let the lad have everything he wants," he urged his governess one day. "His father had the best blood in Virginia in his veins, madam. And teach him religion. His mother ——" but he broke down here. "She's yonder," he said, quietly, at last, glancing up. The governess nodded, and understood him.

So the feint succeeded. Of what it cost himself he said nothing; it had lifted the boy at once, he thought, into a pure region of fashion, and refinement, and salvation. The glories of the Proctors, in course of years, grew and multiplied readily in the major's handling. There were times when he became confused himself, so real had Jack's illustrious family grown. "Remember your father the general, lad," he would cry, when urging the boy to manliness or courage. "*Noblesse oblige!*"

"D——d if I know whether there was a General Proctor or not," he would mutter, perplexed, to himself afterward.

Well, there was the end of it all now. The lie had been played successfully for years, yet now all Jack's world was to know that it was a lie. Sitting by the fire in his shirt-sleeves, tapping his knees with his clumsy fingers, the major went over it this afternoon.

"There's nobody who knew me in Virginia, and knows my name is Knead and not Dan, that can't tell about the boy." He saw no way of escape. "If to call himself my friend was ruin to the lad, what will become of him as my son?" And to-day Jack's fate stood in the balance, as M'Murray had said. Again and again the major reasoned round the dreary circle.

"On one side the charge of a great church, wealth, and the woman he loves; on the other —me." There was nothing beyond that. To-night must end it one way or the other. The drumming of his fingers grew slower on his knees, till he sat like a block staring in the fire. The gnawing hunger tearing at his flesh made his brain clearer. He was to be hung on his boy like a mill-stone to drag him down, till one or other of them died. What if he were dead now? Great gain would follow; and as for loss —.

The major rose mechanically, the eyes under his grizzly brows growing strangely keen and glittering. "I don't know that I'm of much

account, if one took stock of me." He passed his hand with a queer chuckle over his big, hungry, rheumatic body; then glanced hastily toward the pile of MSS. on which no publisher had drawn for months, proudly conscious for a moment of the genius which had been his birthright. "I never made my mark, though," he muttered. He repeated that once or twice.

The stock was taken.

He stood quiet a moment, and then sopped his face with his ragged white handkerchief. It was strangely composed and grave. He went to a closet and took down from the orderly shelves a bottle full of a dark-brown liquid, from which he half-filled a goblet, which he placed ready on the mantel-shelf; then, as though doubting its efficacy, he took out a tiny vial full of white powder, and hid it in his pocket. Unlocking a desk, he took out an old leather-covered Bible, yellow with age, and began turning over the leaves to find the family record.

"Born, Jan. 31st, John, only child of Richard and Mary Standish."

He read it over, as he had done every day since he gave the boy up. He fancied God came as near to him in those words as he could in any others in that book. It was the only page which he ever read. *She* had written them there.

"She knows whether I've loved her and you, Jack," stooping to kiss the faded writing. "Your old father shall never be a weight on you, boy." He opened a knife and cut the leaf. It was loose now; he held it in his hand and stooped over the fire irresolute. After all, his real hold on life for a good many years had been through that page; as it began to crisp, he glanced up quickly at the goblet, and then out of the square dormer window. Lights were beginning to gleam in the houses beyond the Schuylkill, the sky warmed red as cinnabar on the frosty sunset, while wisps of feathery smoke from some passing steamer wavered across it. The world gave him a friendly look—for *the last*.

He threw the paper in the fire, put out his hand for the goblet—when there was a sudden soft flurry behind him, and two nervous little hands were clapped over his eyes. The next thing was a hearty kiss right on his mouth.

"Why, Madeline! child! is it you?"

"Of course it is not me! there are so many pretty girls stealing in to kiss you without leave! Oh, dear, I'm quite frozen, Uncle Dan!"

She looked as if she were; her chubby dimpled face was blue, and the rimy drops

stood in her eyes. She perched herself up on the major's chair, beating her hands in their woollen gloves together. "If you only could unlace my boots? My feet haven't had a bit of feeling for an hour. Five miles did they tramp. I didn't want to break the note for car-fare. It's the half-yearly pay-day, you know. Just look at it," fumbling in her bosom under her sacque, and bringing out, warm and crisp, a bright new note. "I couldn't sleep until we'd both seen it and—gone halves!" winking with both eyes, and laughing all over in the most ridiculous, lovable way. The major had taken off her shoes, and stood with them in his hands looking down at her. She was so alive with beauty, warm-blooded, and happy! She seemed to come to him like sudden youth or summer in this last desperate hour. There hung about her even the faint scent of roses. It seemed so easy to come back to sit down beside his little daughter, who loved him with all her honest heart, and be happy and jolly and alive as always.

But he knew what he had to do.

"How long are you going to stay, Maddy?"

"Until to-morrow—unless you would rather I would go to-night," quickly.

"Yes, I would rather. I have some business—there will be some men here after a while—it wouldn't be best for you to stay."

"Very well," Maddy nodded, turning her stockinged feet about before the fire. She never asked questions, but she generally found out all that she wanted to know without them. "How long can I stay, Uncle Dan?" taking off her hat.

"In two hours will be time enough. Let me have you as long as I can."

"Isn't that a lovely hat?" poising it on her little fat fist, and looking over it steadily into his gaunt, changeless face. "The brown is just the shade of my hair. Been hard at work on the *Camera* lately, dear?"

"They've needed nothing for two weeks."

"Oh!" She was quiet a minute. "Just put that hat carefully away in my room, won't you? and bring me my slippers. They're in the lower drawer. You have the keys." She sat motionless until the door closed behind him, and then like a flash she was in the pantry cupboard, which was empty, as we know, and back again by the fire. She took up the goblet and smelled it. The major, coming back, glanced at it jealously, but it stood where he left it, and Maddy was leaning lazily back in her own low chair. She was pale, and the water stood in her eyes.

"You're not well, child?"

"No. Sit down by me, Uncle Dan. I'm tired and I'm hungry, that's all. I ordered a miraculous little supper as I came along. It will be here presently." She took his big hand as he sat by her, fingering it over, holding it now and then to her cheek. Something else than hunger had been at work with him. They were both too old soldiers to be beaten, as he was to-day, by a little wholesome fasting. But what was the sore? She did not know where to thrust her probe.

"They've raised my salary, Uncle Dan. Did you notice?"

"No, I did not. I'm glad of it, my darling. You can go through the world alone pretty well now, Maddy?"

She made a grimace. "If one only cares for hard work and money—yes. But I'm tired of being alone. I mean to either come home, or you must come to me. Though a man of your talents would be wasted in a Jersey village like that. They have only one newspaper. You could not go there."

"Only one newspaper, have they?"

There was silence. "Jack is at home," he said at last.

The cheek against which she had pressed his fingers grew suddenly, fiercely hot. She got up and laid some wood on the grate, sat down leisurely, her face turned from him. "Who did you say had come home—John? John Proctor?"

"Yes—Jack" The very name of the boy stabbed him like pain, yet he could not keep it off his lips. He did not waver in his resolve. He would put himself out of the way to keep the shameful birth of his boy a secret. Yet, as the clock ticked away the moments of this last hour, nature grew almost too strong for him. He could have cried out, so that all the world might hear, for his son—for his son, whose flesh and blood was the same as his. He heard the girl speaking to him as in a dream. Her voice trembled in spite of herself.

"Tell me something about him, Uncle Dan. Is he much changed?"

"I see no change in him." He caught sight of her face, and through all his dull absorption it startled him; it was so strangely fresh, and dewy, and young.

"I suppose John has been successful, then?" she said at last, with an effort. "He told me once he would never come back or write until he could do a man's work, and make all his friends proud of him. He thought they would forget him. He need not have been very much afraid of that." She was talking half to herself, stooping as she sat on her stool, her brown

eyes fixed on the fire, her hands pressed on her breast. "I always knew he would find some little home in the west, and then come back; I knew he would."

"Maddy!"

"Yes, Uncle Dan."

"I'll tell you about Jack," in an unnaturally loud, harsh voice. "He is a man of mark now—a leader in his sect. They've called him to the first church here. His companions are not yours or mine, and his ways are not ours. They would look upon him as tainted if he made friends of shiftless Bohemians like us. He's in a world the door of which is shut to you and me. It will be the same way when we are dead. He will be inside, but when I come the door will be shut—shut."

A sudden comprehension broke through her face. Dimpled, kissable little face as it was, there was a latent nobility in it, great steadiness, and strength. "I think you're unjust to us, and to Jack," she said firmly, standing before him.

"I tell you the boy is on the road to success, and he must go on," he cried. "Nobody shall stand in his way to hinder him. I mean to stand out of his way. It will be quite easy for me to do it—quite easy."

Some suspicions of years ago were coming back to her. "I think I understand," she said. "Is Jack willing that you should give him up?"

"What could it matter to him? A shabby old liar and braggart, as M'Murray called me. I saw his church to-day, and the house where he will live. So grandly furnished, Maddy!"

"Churches and furniture!" with a contemptuous shrug. "What are they to Jack?"

"I saw the woman he is to marry."

"Ah! *the woman* —"

"A daughter of M'Murray's; a delicate, white rosebud of a girl. He has everything now the world can give, Jack has. There's but one bar in his way, and that won't be there long."

But Madeline had turned to the window, her face toward the sun that was going down. It was some time before she came back. When she did, she stood by the mantel-shelf looking down at him. "Does the woman love him?"

"I thought so. It was in her face."

"She only has known him a little while?"

"Withrow told me they met last month in Chicago. The match was arranged there."

She looked at her hand. There was a thin gold ring on one finger—a cheap little trifle, such as a school-boy would give. It had been there so many years that it bound and pained

the woman's full-grown finger. It had done so for many years.

"One month?" she said to herself, again and again.

The sun was down, but the reflection from the snow on the roofs threw a pleasant brightness into the many windows, while the clock ticked cheerfully the last hour of daylight away. A noise below broke the silence into which they had fallen. The stairs were long and rickety, and steps could be heard creaking from one flight to the other.

"It's Jack!" The major spoke hoarsely, standing up. He had been thinking it over as he sat. However false and disreputable his course had been since he was a man, he at least was right, he thought, in this act of its close.

"Nothing in his life so became him as the ending of it," he quoted to himself. "But M'Murray would call it a theatrical trick."

Jack was at the street door; in a few minutes it would be too late. He thrust his fingers into his pocket, and secreted the little vial in his palm. He went to the door as if to close it. At that moment Maddy caught sight of a yellow bit of writing on the hearth, stooped, picked it up. She nodded as she read it without surprise.

"His son? And Jack wants the old man now to deny it? Not to stand in his way?"

The first hint about that poor white rabbit Clara had turned her blood to gall. She was suddenly bitter and unjust as death to Jack, to whom she had given her whole life of patient, sweet-tempered trust.

The steps came nearer. The poor old major backed toward the inner door, his uncouth face white and wet. "I'm not well. I'm going to lie down on your bed. Take him away with you, Maddy. I can't see either of you tonight." Yet even then it gave him a vague pleasure to hear how light and gay and resolute the boy's steps were.

Maddy came quietly between him and the door. "No, we will both see this Jack, who puts you out of his way."

The door opened. There was the old, short, stout-built Jack! The old sturdy, honest face under the same fur cap, the twitch in the mouth ready to make a joke at anybody or at himself.

"Why, Maddy? I did not hope to find you here, little woman," giving her a brotherly shake of the hand, and so figuratively setting her aside. How the dull morbid shadows that had filled the room crept aside before him! Madeline felt that her life had been but a pas-

sionate dream. Practical, common-sense people on the same plane of society saw each other a month ago in Chicago, and married rationally. And why should a practical, rational man encumber himself with this late-discovered father, with his undoubtedly unwholesome fancies and stagey habits?

"Major Standish"—Jack, with all his hearty manner, was embarrassed—"I came to speak to you on business of importance. You have no secrets from Maddy?"

"Don't speak, boy! For God's sake! In a little while I will set it all right! Wait one minute!" retreating to the door.

"But I won't wait." Jack had his hands on the major's shoulders, and forced him down on a chair. His face flushed as he spoke, and his voice grew unsteady. "Look at this old man, Madeline. Twenty years ago he came here a healthy, middle-aged man, with a comfortable living, and a son—a boy that he could have educated plainly, and had to work for him, and be a companion as he grew old. But what does he do? Puts the boy where he will be tended like a prince, be clothed in purple and fine linen, gives up his income to him, while he—look at this cockloft, Maddy! Look—*here!*" He put his hand on the old man's head, and drew it through the thin white hair. Once or twice he began to speak, but stopped. At last he said: "I know the shifts you have made to live, the insults you bore, that I might sleep soft and live warm! It's well I do know them all. You will never want the care of a son again; so help me God!"

"Yes, yes, I knew you would say that," cried the major. "But of what use was it all? You have ruined yourself. I know what I am. Who told you this?"

"A man who came from Virginia to find you."

"What does he want?"

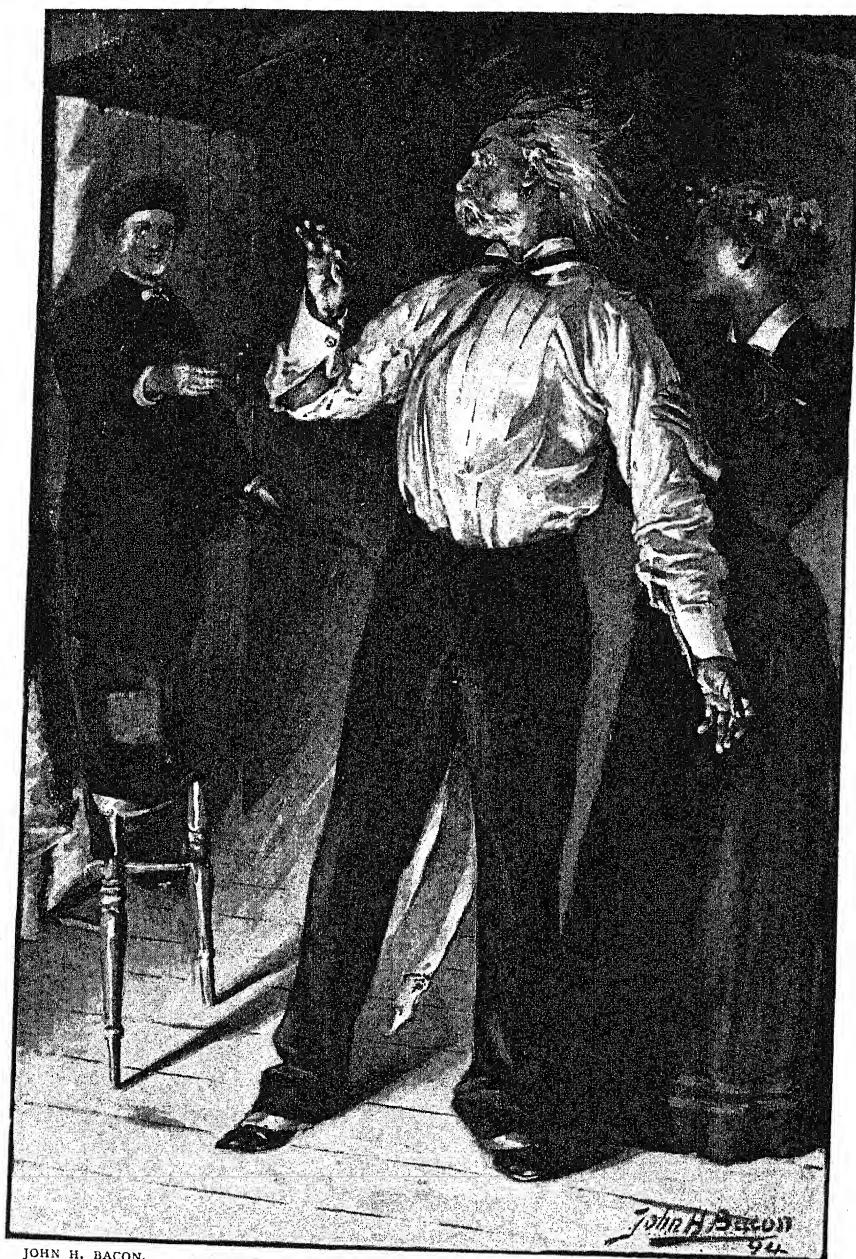
"He would not tell me." Proctor's face clouded. The major's quick eyes marked it.

"He has a warrant for me, I suppose?" sullen and dogged.

"I do not know. He refused to give me any hint."

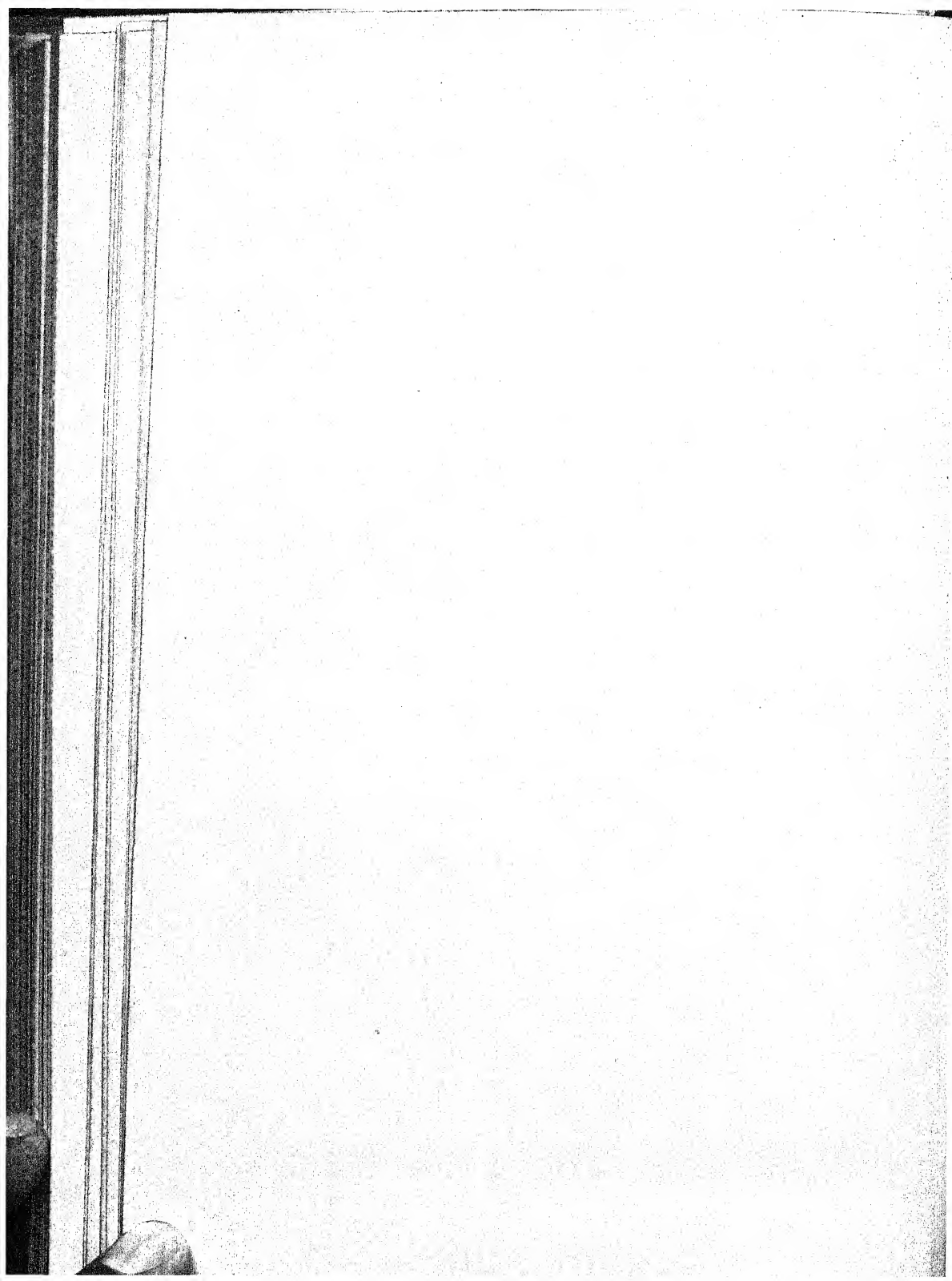
"There were several little affairs—there's no use in their stirring up muddy water, that I can see," peevishly. "But if it's criminal—let me alone, Jack," catching the young man's sleeve. "You shall not drag yourself down for me. I'll not have my whole life thwarted," fiercely.

Jack's answer was to glance around the poverty-stricken garret, and at his own costly, quiet dress. The tears were in his eyes. "We're



JOHN H. BACON.

THE MAJOR IS STARTLED AT THE APPEARANCE OF HIS SON.



one now, come what will, father," he said, quietly. "That is the man at the door."

The major went to open it. "I'll balk them yet," he muttered. "I'll not drag Jack down." He came back in a moment, a huge yellow envelope in his hand. "He sent it in a letter. A man can't be arrested by letter? It may be —" turning it over. "What's this? — bless my soul, what's this? Why, it's no arrest!"

"Thank Heaven for that!" muttered Proctor.

"Robert Standish is dead, Jack," poring and muttering over a parchment sheet.

"Is he, sir?" indifferently. Jack was standing awkwardly alone, for Madeline, whom he had time to notice now, was engrossed in tying up some drawings of hers which she was going to take away with her. She would not leave one vestige of herself in her old home, she thought. The old man would go with his son to the delicate little rosebud of a girl. As for her, what did it matter that she had no home, nobody on earth but them? that her life had held nothing but them?

The drawings looked like masterpieces of art to Jack; he had heard of Maddy's genius. How cold and still she had grown in these two years! It might be devotion to art and to her work. She looked as impassive and abstracted as if she had gone into some height unknown to him, from whence she would look down on all his fancies and his —. Jack never remained long in doubt about anything.

"Maddy." He crossed the hearth-rug to the corner where she stood, and took up her hand. "The ring? It's gone!"

Maddy glanced down carelessly. "Ring? Yes. I remember now. That ring was too small. I took it off long ago."

Jack's eyes twinkled; he held her wrist tight. "How long ago? Within the hour? See how red and bruised the poor little hand is!"

The pity was too much for heroic Maddy. She gave a sob, but held the tears back in her wet, miserable eyes. Jack never knew in all his life how deep the bruise went when that ring came off. He looked at her steadily—closer, closer; lifted the hurt hand till his breath touched it, then kissed it, just as he used to kiss her lips long ago, as no man had touched them since, as they never would be kissed again.

She drew back. "You have no right to play with me in that way." At the first tone of her altered voice Jack stood startled and grave. "What do you mean, Madeline? You need not feign that you did not know I loved you when I went away two years ago!"

"You were under no promise to me," quickly. "I have no right to reproach you."

"No promise. But I loved you."

"And now little Clara has taken my place," with icy composure. "I do not think that strange."

"That poor little creature! Oh, Madeline!"

That touch of contempt was worth more than a thousand arguments. "Do you mean to say you *don't* love her, Jack?" catching his coat lapels with both her hands. "I've been so—so miserable! I —." She dropped her head and said no more; but the little Burgundy rose had opened its heart to him now with all its sweetness and spicy perfume, and Jack knew the flavour of it well. He had been waiting for it for a good many years.

They sat together in a shaded corner; the major was poring over his parchment by fire-light. After a while Madeline referred to her rival again, patronizingly. "Clara is pretty, you must acknowledge, Jack. Though she is weak, as you say, poor child!"

"I don't know," said Mr. Jack, whose conscience twinged him with certain moonlight walks in Chicago. "She was very considerate and kind to me, Madeline. Her father was anxious for me to take the first church here. But I'd made up my mind to that little home in the west—if you would go with me."

"I always thought you'd come for me," said honest Maddy.

The major was looking at them over his spectacles. "So? So?" he said, in amazement. "Why, God bless you, children! You plan better for yourself than I did for you."

Jack laughed, and drew his chair over between them. "It will be hard work to live, at first. But we three are old comrades, and know how to rough it."

"This is a duplicate of Robert Standish's will," said the major, striving to be legal and lucid, "and by it I find certain demesnes, messuages—well, I don't know, to tell the truth, if it's a fortune or a mere competency, Jack. But it's enough for us all to give M' Murray and his cursed *Camera* the go-by for life. We may start a *National Magazine* with it," in his old bragging tone.

"There will be no more of this for you then, father," glancing around. The bare floors, and pinched poverty, and the worn-out old man with his white hair in the midst, chafed Jack angry and sore continually.

"And here is the supper. At last?" cried Maddy.

"I had really forgotten I was hungry; but it is long past my usual dinner hour," said the

major, loftily. He rose with alacrity to help her spread the white cloth, and set the hot, dainty dishes on it, managing, as he lighted the lamp, to empty a half-filled goblet into the ashes. "Such abominable wine as these fellows furnish me now!" he muttered, and then suddenly stopped, looking at Jack, a shamed, defeated look creeping all over his big body. He went to him. "My son," he said, humbly, "it would be better you left me behind, you and Maddy. I'm a miserable, faulty old man."

"And I am a faulty young one," said Jack, hastily. "But there's that between you and me, father, which God will look to find in us all underneath these weeds that grow atop."

Maddy came closer to the two men. "I think I know what you mean. And I too," she said with infinite love, and very bad grammar, putting her hand softly into theirs.

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

PRAYER.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd, or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of the eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, Behold, he prays!

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

The saints, in prayer, appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made by man alone:
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For mourners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God!
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

A LESSON IN BIOGRAPHY.¹

AN EXTRACT FROM THE LIFE OF DR. POZZ, IN TEN VOLUMES, FOLIO, WRITTEN BY JAMES BOZZ, ESQ., WHO FLOURISHED WITH HIM NEAR FIFTY YEARS.

—We dined at the chop-house. Dr. Pozz was this day very instructive. Talking of books, I mentioned *The History of Tommy Trip*, and said it was a great work. Pozz. "Yes, sir, it is great relatively; it was a great work to you when you were a little boy; but now, sir, you are a great man, and Tommy Trip is a little man."

Feeling somewhat hurt at this comparison, I believe he perceived it, for as he was squeezing a lemon he said, "Never be affronted at a comparison; I have been compared to many things, yet I never was affronted at a comparison. No, sir; if they were to call me a dog, and you a cannister tied to my tail, I should not be affronted."

Cheered by this kind mention of me, though in such company, I asked him what he thought of a friend of ours who was always making comparisons. Pozz. "Sir, that fellow has a simile for everything. I knew him when he kept shop—he then made money, and now he makes comparisons; he would say, for instance, that you and I were two figs stuck together, two figs in adhesion, and then he would laugh."

To this vivid exertion of intellect I observed in reply, "Certain great writers have determined that comparisons are odious." Pozz. "No, sir, not odious in themselves, not odious as comparisons; the fellows who make them are odious; the whigs make comparisons."

We supped that evening at his house, when I took an opportunity of showing him a copy of verses I had made on a pair of breeches.

¹This satire, written, it is believed, by the Rev. James Beresford, appeared shortly after the publication of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. Mr. Beresford, besides many sermons, produced *The Miseries of Human Life*; or, *the Last Groans of Timothy Testy and Samuel Sensitive*—an amusing book of facetiae, by which a man may be brought to laugh at himself for allowing the accidents of life to ruffle him. The author was born in 1764, and died in 1840.

Pozz. "Sir, the lines are good; but where could you find such a subject in Scotland?"

Bozz. "The greater the proof of invention, which is a characteristic of poetry." Pozz. "Yes, sir; but it is an invention which few of your countrymen can enjoy." I reflected afterwards on the depth of this remark. It affords a proof of that profundity which he displayed in every branch of literature.

Having accidentally asked him if he approved of green spectacles, he made answer: "As to green spectacles, sir, the question seems to be this,—If I wore green spectacles, it would be because they assisted vision, or because I liked them; but if a man were to tell me he did not like green spectacles, and that they hurt his eyes, I would not compel him to wear them. No, sir; I would rather dissuade him from making use of them."

A few months after I consulted him again on this subject, and he honoured me with a letter, in which he confirmed his former opinion; it may be found in its proper place, vol. vi. page 2789. And having since that time maturely considered the point myself, I must needs confess that in all such matters a man ought to be a free moral agent.

The next day I left town for six weeks, three days, and seven hours, as I find by a memorandum in my journal. During this time I received only one letter from him, which is as follows:—

"To James Bozz, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

"My bowels have been very bad; pray buy for me some Turkey rhubarb, and bring with you a copy of your tour.

"Write me soon, and write me often.

"I am, dear Sir, yours affectionately,

"SAM. POZZ."

It would have been unpardonable to have omitted a letter in which we see so much of his great and illuminated mind.

On my return to town we met again at the chop-house, and had a long as well as a highly interesting conversation; indeed, there is not one hour of my life in which I do not profit by some part of his valuable communications.

On medical subjects his knowledge was immense. He told me that one of our friends had just been attacked by a most alarming complaint. He had entirely lost the use of his limbs—he was speechless—his eyes swollen, and every vein distended: yet his face was pale, and his extremities cold, at the same time his pulse beat one hundred and sixty strokes in a minute.

I said, with tenderness, that I would immediately go and see him, and take Dr. Bolus with me. Pozz. "No, sir, don't go." I was startled at so unexpected a reply, well knowing his compassionate heart, and earnestly demanded of him the reason why I should not procure for the afflicted person instant relief. Pozz. "Sir, you do not know his disorder." Bozz. "Pray, what is it?" Pozz. "Sir, the man is *dead drunk*."

This explanation threw me into a violent fit of laughter, in which he joined me, rolling about, as he used to do when he enjoyed a joke; but he afterwards checked me by the following words: "Sir, you ought not to laugh at what I said, for he who laughs at what another man says will soon laugh at that other man. Sir, you ought to laugh but seldom; you should laugh only at your own jokes."

Talking of a friend of ours, who was a very violent politician, I said, "I did not like his company." Pozz. "No, sir, he is not healthy; he is sore, sir, his mind is ulcerated, he has a political whitlow; you cannot touch him, sir, without giving him pain. I would never venture to speak on political subjects with that man; I would talk of cabbage and of pease; sir, I would ask him how he got his corn in, but I would not meddle with politics." Bozz. "But perhaps, sir, he would talk of nothing else." Pozz. "Then it is plain what he would do." On my earnestly entreating him to tell me what that was, Dr. Pozz replied, "Sir, he would let everything else alone."

I mentioned a tradesman who had lately set up a coach. Pozz. "He is right, sir; a man who would go on swimmingly cannot be too soon off his legs. You tell me he keeps a coach; now, sir, a coach is better than a chaise; sir, it is better than a chariot." Bozz. "Why, sir?" Pozz. "Sir, it will hold more." I begged he would repeat this valuable observation, in order to impress it on my memory, and he complied with great good humour.

Taking a hint from the subject of our present conversation, I said, "Dr. Pozz, you ought to keep a coach." Pozz. "Yes, sir, I ought." Bozz. "But you do not, and this has often surprised me." Pozz. "Surprised you! There, sir, is another prejudice of absurdity. Sir, you ought to be surprised at nothing; a man who has lived half so long as you ought to be above surprise; it is a rule with me, sir, never to be surprised."

"This is an error," continued Dr. Pozz, "produced by ignorance; you cannot guess why I do not keep a coach, and you are sur-

prised; now, sir, if you did know, you would not be surprised." I said, tenderly, "I hope, my dear sir, you will let me know before I leave town." Pozz. "Yes, sir, you shall know now; the reason why I do not keep a coach is because I can't afford it."

We talked of drinking; I asked him whether, in the course of his long and valuable life, he had not known some men who drank more than they could bear. Pozz. "Yes, sir, and then nobody could bear them; a man who is drunk, sir, is a very foolish fellow." Bozz. "But, sir, as the poet says, he is devoid of all care." Pozz. "That is true, sir, he cares for nobody; he has none of the cares of life; he cannot be a merchant, sir, for he is unable to write his name; he cannot be a politician, sir, for he is almost speechless; he cannot be an artist, sir, for he is nearly blind; and yet, sir, there is a science in drinking." Bozz. "I suppose you mean that a man ought to know what he drinks." Pozz. "No, sir; to know what one drinks is nothing, but the science consists of three parts—in knowing when we have had too little, when we have had enough, and when we have had too much. For instance, there is our friend —, he can always tell when he has too little, and when he has too much, but never knows when he has enough."

We talked this day on a variety of subjects, but I find few memorandums in my journal; on small beer he said it was a flatulent liquor. He disapproved of those who deny the utility of absolute power, and seemed to be offended with a friend of ours who would always have his eggs poached. Sign-posts, he observed, had very much degenerated within his memory, and he found great fault with the moral of the *Beggar's Opera*.

I endeavoured to defend a play which had afforded me so much pleasure, but could not muster that strength of mind with which he argued; and it was with great satisfaction that he afterwards communicated to me a method of curing corns by the application of a piece of oiled silk. In the early history of the world he preferred Sir Isaac Newton's chronology; but as they gave employment to so many hands, he did not dislike the large shoe-buckles then in the fashion.

Next day we dined at the Mitre; I mentioned spirits. Pozz. "Sir, there is as much evidence for the existence of spirits as against it; you may not believe it, but you cannot deny it." I told him that my great-grandmother once saw a spirit; he desired me to relate the circumstances, which I did very

minutely, while he listened with profound attention.

When I mentioned that the spirit had once appeared in the shape of a shoulder of mutton, and another time in that of a tea-pot, he interrupted me. Pozz. "There, sir, is the point; the evidence is good, but the scheme is defective in consistency; we cannot deny that the spirits appeared in these shapes, but then we cannot reconcile them, for what has a tea-pot to do with a shoulder of mutton?"

"The objects, sir, are neither terrific nor contemporaneous; they are never seen at the same time, nor in the same place." Bozz. "I think, sir, that ghosts are most often seen by old women." Pozz. "Yes, sir, and their conversation is generally full of the subject; I would prefer old women to record such circumstances, their loquacity tends to minuteness."

A few days after this interesting and enlightened conversation we talked of a person who had a very bad character. Pozz. "Sir, he is a scoundrel." Bozz. "I hate a scoundrel." Pozz. "There you are wrong; I would not have you hate scoundrels; scoundrels, sir, are useful; there are many things we cannot do without scoundrels. I should not choose to keep company with scoundrels; neither would I introduce them to my wife and children; but something may be got from them." Bozz. "Are not scoundrels for the most part fools?" Pozz. "No, sir, they are not. A scoundrel must be a clever fellow; he must know many things of which a fool is ignorant. Any man may be a fool; but to be a complete rascal requires considerable abilities. I think a good book might be written on the subject of scoundrels—a *Biographia Flagitiosa*, or the lives of eminent scoundrels, from the earliest accounts to the present time."

Hanging was mentioned in the course of the conversation, and I observed that it was a very awkward situation. Pozz. "No, sir, hanging is not an awkward situation; it is proper, sir, that a man whose actions tend to flagitious obliquity should himself be perpendicular at last."

I told Dr. Pozz that I had lately been in company with a number of gentlemen all of whom could recollect some friend or other who had been hanged. Pozz. "Yes, sir, we know those who have been hanged—that is a circumstance we can easily recollect, and may safely mention, without fear of offence; but we must not name those who *deserve* it—such a proceeding would not be decorous in good company; it is one of those things we may *think*, but must not speak of."

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

[Samuel Taylor Coleridge, born at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, 21st October, 1772; died at Highgate, 25th July, 1834. Soldier, journalist, metaphysician, and one of the three founders of the "Lake School" of poetry. He was educated at Christ's Hospital and Jesus College, Cambridge. Gifted with the highest powers of imagination, he lacked that balance of mind which gives unity and purpose to a life. Finding himself in London without resources, he enlisted in the 15th Light Dragoons; but his friends soon purchased his discharge. Then with Southey and Wordsworth he contemplated the foundation of a new state of society on the banks of the Susquehanna, but, instead, married one of the Misses Fricker of Bristol and took a cottage in the Lake country, where he remained until 1810. He then visited Germany; and subsequently took up his abode in the family of Dr. Gilman, a physician at Highgate, where he remained until his death. In conversation he distinguished himself almost as much as in

poetry; and it is said that in company he absorbed the whole attention by the eloquence of his discourse. His friend Charles Lamb once gave him a significant hint that he talked too much. "Charles, did you ever hear me preach?" queried the poet (when young he had sometimes filled the Unitarian pulpit at Taunton). "I never heard you do anything else," replied Lamb. One of the best estimates of his character and powers is supplied by a letter written by Dr. Arnold: "I think, with all his faults, old Sam was more of a great man than any one that has lived within the four seas in my memory. It is refreshing to see such a union of the highest philosophy and poetry, with so full a knowledge, in so many points at least, of particular facts." Coleridge's chief works are *The Fall of Robespierre*, an historical drama; *Wallenstein*, a drama; *Remorse*, a tragedy; *Moral and Political Lectures; Essays on His Own Times; Lay Sermons; Christabel; Kubla Khan; Zopolya*, a Christmas tale; *Sibylline Leaves; The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, &c.]

PART I.

An ancient Mariner meeteth three gallants bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering
eye,

Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The bridegroom's doors are opened
wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The Wedding-guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—

The Wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continues his tale.

The Wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

The ship driven by a storm toward the south pole.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts, the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men, nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The land of ice, and of fearful sounds, where no living thing was to be seen.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and
howled,
Like noises in a swoond!

Till a great sea-bird, called the Albatross, came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

At length did cross an Albatross,
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And lo! the Albatross proved a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
While all the night, through fog-smoke
white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.

The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

PART II.

The sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariner's hollo!

His shipmates cry out against the ancient Mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

But when the fog cleared off, they justify the name, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

Nor dim, nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist:
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward, even till it reaches the line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt
down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

whom the learned Jew Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

A spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, rather departed souls nor angels; concerning

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Albatross; in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

PART III.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips
baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we
stood!

At its nearer approach, it seemed to him to be a ship; and at a day or soon he fresh his speech from the bonds of thirst.

I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips
baked,

Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

A flash of joy.

And horror follows: for can it be
a ship that comes
onward without
wind or tide?

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well-nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

It seemeth him
but the skeleton
of a ship.

And straight the sun was flecked with
bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres?

And its ribs are
seen as bars on
the face of the set-
ting sun. The
spectre-woman
and her death-
mate, and no other
on board the skele-
ton-ship.
Like vessel, like
crew!

Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Death and Life-in-
Death have died for
the ship's crew,
and she (the latter)
wineth the an-
cient Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

No twilight within
the courts of the
sun.

The sun's rim dips: the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

At the rising of
the moon.

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed
white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

One after another

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

His shipmates
drop down dead.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

But Life-in-Death
begins her work
on the ancient Ma-
riner.

PART IV.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand."

The Wedding-
guest feareth that
a spirit is talking
to him.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown."—
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-guest!
This body dropt not down.

But the ancient
Mariner assureth
him of his bodily
life, and prometh
eth to relate his
horrible penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

He despatches the
creatures of the
ocean.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

And envieth that
they about! live,
and so many live
dead.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and
the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

But the curse
liveth for him! the
eye of the dead
men.

¹ For the last two lines of this stanza I am indebted to Mr. Wordsworth. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with him and his sister, in the autumn of 1797, that this poem was planned, and in part composed.—Coleridge.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that
curse,
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness
and fixedness he
yearned towards
the journeying
moon, and the
stars that still so-
journ, yet still
more onward, and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their ap-
pointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they
enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent
joy at their arrival.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemoor'd the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

By the light of the
moon he beholdeth
God's creatures of
the great calm.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty and
their happiness.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

He bleaseth them
in his heart.

The spell begins
to break.

The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

By grace of the
holy Mother, the
ancient Mariner is
refreshed with
rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

He heareth sounds
and seeth strange
sights and commo-
tions in the sky
and the element.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one
black cloud;
The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

The bodies of the
ship's crew are in-
spired, and the
ship moves on.

They groaned, they stirred, they all up-
rose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered; the ship moved
on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless
tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
Be calm, thou Wedding-guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corpses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

but not by the
souls of the men,
nor by demons of
earth or middle
air, but by a blest
troop of angelic
spirits, sent down
by the invocation
of the guardian
saint.

For when it dawned—they dropped their
arms,
And cluster'd round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their
mouths,
And from their bodies passed

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned,
Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

"The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:

Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

FIRST VOICE.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was
high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they
died,

Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snap: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.

The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

The curse is finally expiated.

The lonesome spirit from the south pole carries on the ship as far as the line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

The Polar Spirit's fellow-demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

And the ancient
Mariner beholdeth
his native coun-
try.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep away.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

The angelic spirits
leave the dead
bodies,

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

and appear in
their own forms of
light.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
O Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:

Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART VII.

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree.

The Hermit
of
the wood

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
"Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?"

"Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit
said—

approacheth the
ship with wonder.

"And they answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! and see those
sails,

How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

"Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owl whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared!"—"Push on, push on!"
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

The ship suddenly
sinketh.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days
drowned

My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

The ancient Ma-
riner is saved in
the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreatheth the Hermit to shrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"
The Hermit crossed his brow.
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was
wrenched

With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land;

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea;
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

and to teach, by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

A CHOICE.

Give Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast,
But health and good humour to make her his toast;
If straight, I don't mind whether slender or fat,
And six feet or four—we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

Whate'er her complexion I vow I don't care,
If brown, it is lasting—more pleasing, if fair:
And though in her face I no dimples should see,
Let her smile—and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
And her eyes may be e'en any colour but green;
For in eyes, though so various the lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice—only let her have two.

'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back:
And white teeth, I own, are genteler than black;
A little round chin too's a beauty, I've heard;
But I only desire she mayn't have a beard.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

RED EACHAN THE HUNTER.

A LEGEND OF GLENCOE.

[James Baillie Fraser, born at Reelig, Inverness-shire, 1784; died 1856. Although he has left a considerable number of stories to preserve his memory, it was as an Eastern traveller, and as an agreeable narrator of all the strange sights and customs he observed in the course of many years' wanderings, that he was best known during his life. His principal works were: "*A Tour through the Snowy Range of the Himala Mountains* (published at twenty guineas); *A Journey into Khorasan; Travels in the Persian Provinces; Kuzzilbash*; a tale of Khorasan; *The Khan's Tale; A Winter Journey from Constantinople to Tehran; The History of Persia*; &c. Besides the tales mentioned he also wrote: *The Highland Snugglers; Alice Nemoor; Dark Falcon*; &c. His books of travel were acknowledged to be amongst the best of their kind, and scarcely to be surpassed "in lively delineations, and rapid but graphic sketches." The author was also said to be "equally remarkable for the extent of his good humour and the depth of his information."]]

It is some years since, in the progress of a tour, through part of the Western Highlands of Scotland, which I made in company with a friend, we visited the singularly romantic and well-known valley of Glencoe, and were forced to take shelter from a very threatening night, in the comfortless and miserable inn at the head of that glen.

The night fulfilled its threats to the uttermost, being howling and tempestuous; but, as if the ill-humour of the weather had exhausted itself in blustering, the following morning was fine, and the sun, rising in a bright and cloudless sky, made even the black and rugged hills around us smile under the cheering influence of his beams.—It was a lovely and a smiling season; and, desirous to take advantage of it, not only to explore the picturesque and savage beauties of the glen, but to examine the localities and trace the scenes of that bloody national tragedy of which it had been once made the theatre, I made known my wishes to the landlord of our lowly hospitium, and besought him to supply us with a guide, qualified to point out the places which have been so fearfully signalized.

Mine host, a sheep-farmer as well as an inn-keeper to his trade, had already assumed his gray checkered plaid, and with a stout oaken plant in his hand, was about to stalk off to one of the adjacent hills, upon some matter connected with the sheep-shearing, when this application was made. Casting a somewhat impatient glance upon us, from a keen gray eye, deep-set among a thousand wrinkles, he regretted, in good English, though in Highland

accent, "that all his *laads* were off to the hill, and that not one of them was nearer than three miles, even if they could be spared from the sheep; as for himself, he was for the big Bochall, at the top of Glen Etive, and wud na be back till night; the wife and the bit lassie was a' that wud be left in the house.—But the gentlemen needna be at a loss: there was old Allister Dhu,—they would find him at his little bothy, no four miles down the glen—or close by it surely—he was the only man to show the glen—proud was Allister of every gray stone and black rock in it—and as for stories about them, he had more than all the Sheanachies in the country—when he was in the humour."

This last was a species of reservation which needed to be explained; and the landlord, who evidently wished to get rid of the detention we were occasioning to him, merely said, that old Allister was at times something crabbed, and when he took a notion in his head that the gentlefolks were laughing at him, he would grow sulky and silent, and maybe turn his back and be off from them altogether. This was a conclusion which we resolved to avoid, by treating the old Highlander with due respect, and I had private hopes of mollifying the acerbities of his temper in which I trusted mightily; so, although we might have preferred a secure guide from the inn, and could not avoid looking a little blank upon our host when he intimated the impossibility of supplying us, we became reconciled to our disappointment, and with curiosity somewhat excited by this account of old Allister, we mounted our Highland ponies, and proceeded down the glen, according to the directions we had received.

The day kept up, as days seldom do in the proverbially moist climate of the West Highlands; and although clouds did occasionally curl round the rugged brows of the sharp and lofty crags on either side, and throw a darker shade over the narrow and naturally gloomy valley, the breeze was always sufficient to dispel them ere they broke in rain; and they served but to vary the splendid mountain scenery, by the magical effect of their flitting shadows, without making us pay for our pleasure by a drenching.

The four miles of our friend, mine host, proved somewhat of the longest, as Highland miles seldom fail to do; for it took us an hour's smart riding to bring us to the habitation of our proposed guide. The stream, collected from the peat-bogs and moss-cracks, in the moor, at the head of the glen, and swelled by numerous rills oozing from the surrounding

mountains, had worn a deep channel in the bottom of the valley, in some places tumbling and brawling amongst huge gray fragments of granite, in a very narrow space, in others spreading out into a broader bed as the receding banks afforded space. In one of these more open spots, where the better soil of a little basin had encouraged the growth of a turf as green as emerald, and as smooth as velvet, was situated the dwelling of Allister Dhu.

It was a black hut, constructed entirely of turf, or *divots*, as they are called in the Highlands, cut with the heather growing on them, and built into a wall; and but for the thin stream of blue smoke which found its way to upper air through a hole in the roof, it might have been mistaken for one of the moss-hags, or tufts of black earth, so abundantly scattered over the surrounding moors. A steep mountain brae, sprinkled with gray crags mingled with moss and fern, rose behind it to the foot of a frowning and overhanging precipice, from the brow of which the fragments that speckled its side had originally fallen; and before and around it sloped the green turf of which we have spoken, to the verge of the moss-brown bounding stream.

We had no difficulty in finding the object of our search in this lonely wilderness; for, carelessly thrown at length upon the green carpet before the hut, lay a figure which perfectly corresponded with the description we had received of old Allister Dhu. He was a man whose wrinkled countenance might have justified the belief that it bore the furrows of seventy winters, although the ruddy and healthy hue of his brown cheek, the glance of his keen gray eye, and the elastic spring of his gait, seemed to forbid the conclusion. His frame, though it rose not above the middle size, was square, and still athletic, exhibiting strong marks of the fine proportions which it must have borne in youth. The national garment, a philibeg of dark tartan, served to display his sinewy knees and well-shaped legs, which were but partially covered with short gray worsted hose. His jacket was of coarse and faded blue cloth; a shepherd's plaid of the dark gray check, which has now in great measure superseded the more showy tartans as a serviceable covering, was loosely cast across his breast and shoulders; and his head was covered by a broad blue bonnet, from under which his silver hair streamed down upon either shoulder. He was quite alone: indeed, the only living things beside himself which animated the wild landscape, were a huge shepherd's dog, which lay at its master's feet with

its head couched between its fore-paws, and a few goats which were browsing among the crags above him.

A growl from the dog, ending in a loud bark, announced to its master the appearance of the strangers; and the old man, looking up, raised himself deliberately, and fixed upon us a keen glance of inquiry as we approached. "Fai!t 'herry!" said he, doffing his bonnet, and bowing with no undignified action, as we saluted him, "What is your will?"—"Good day to you, my friend," replied I, "but if you mean that we should understand one another, you must talk to us in English, which I am told you can do well." "Och! no just that—a little—a little," replied Allister; adding inquiringly, "The gentlemen will be English, then, no doubt?"—"No, not exactly so neither, Allister," said I. "Scotchmen—ay, and Highlanders—born are we, although not fortunate enough to speak our native language."—"Ochone, and that's a pity," said the old man with awakening interest: "and ye're from the Hiellands then?—and o' what clan will ye be, sir?" I satisfied him in this particular, and intimated our wish that he would give us his services as guide in our exploratory ride down the glen. "In troth will I, sir," replied he, with alacrity; "and maybe there's no many leevings now that can tell ye as muckle about the place as old Allister Dhu Macdonald—good reason sure enough has he to ken about it.—And ye're a — then?—a good name and a brave clan—they were out wi' him in the forty-five—ou! weel do I ken the —'s, every family of them, and every foot o' their country.—And what part will ye be from, sir, if ye please?" persisted the old man, after a pause, during which he seemed to expect further information regarding myself—"Are ye o' — or —" mentioning by name several families, which, one after another, I was forced to disclaim, until at last, after having amused myself with his curiosity, I told him the designation of my family. He started at the name. "The Lord be here! sir—the Lord be here!—and are ye young —. Ochone! weel did I ken your worthy father when he was in the —d, for I was a while wi' them myself—and a pretty man he was—ye'll no be so tall as him, sir,—but it's no many ye'll see like —,—the Lord bless his father's son!"

This accidental recognition of my name and parentage was very favourable to our objects;—the old man quickly girt his plaid about him, drew close the rude screen of boards, which did duty as a door, in the orifice by which access was gained to the bothy; and,

giving some orders in Gaelic to his dog, which sent the animal towards the goats upon the hills, probably as a guard upon duty until his return, he announced himself ready to attend us.

I explained to old Allister that one of my principal objects in visiting the glen was to view with my own eyes the scene of that infamous massacre, which, to the eternal disgrace of the government of that day, had been perpetrated there in 1692. "In troth then," replied he, "your honour could scarcely have hit upon one better able to content you on these particulars than the auld man that speaks to you—a good right has he to know them, as you shall by-and-by understand." And accordingly not a rock, a corry, nor a ravine occurred during our ride, which was not the subject of some remark or traditionary tale.

A sharp descent brought us to a lower level of the glen, which opened out so far as to admit of a small lake, closely circled in by dark and precipitous mountains. "There," observed Allister, pointing to a cottage of late construction,—“there is Auchintriaton—the highest spot in the glen where blood was shed upon that fearful day—little thanks to them that plotted the mischief. The Laird of Auchintriaton was of near kin to Mackian himself—little chance was there of his being spared. But it was na here that he met his doom—ye’ll see, ye’ll hear all about it yet. Come away, we’ll go a bit further down the glen yet.”

A succession of the most savage yet picturesque scenery now greeted our regards, and the glen gradually expanded, until at length another lesser valley opened upon our left, sending down several streamlets to swell the torrent which had accompanied us from the lake.—“See,” said our guide, pointing to several houses and huts that were visible in the small valley—“yonder is the bloody bit—yon is Inneriggin—and there is Auchnaghon—it was there that more than thirty brave Macdonalds, with women and children and all, were shot like wild beasts by the cowardly redcoats.—In these very touns—but oh they were blithe touns then; and many a braw lad and bonnie lass was there—in these very touns, sir, did the cruel soldiers and their false-hearted commanders, after living among them like friends,—eating of their bread and drinking of their cup, and pledging their hand in token of peace and friendship,—rise in the night, like traitors and butchers as they were, upon their unsuspecting hosts, and slew, while they slept, the men whom they dared not attack in the open face of day!—It was a foul, devilish work, your honour, as no doubt those who

planned it and performed it have found out by this time—for the eye of the Lord was upon them, and his justice neither slumbers nor fails. I have been a soldier, sir, myself—but, thank God, I never heard of nor saw such duty put upon brave men—and the officers I have served with, your honour, would have flung their commissions wi’ the orders at the head of any man who would have proposed it. Could any living creature believe, sir, that so much cold-blooded treachery could be in the heart of man, as to make him smile and flatter the very men whose blood he was going to spill; when, after doing all in their power to welcome him, but alarmed at the preparations they saw, they threw themselves upon his honour, and received his solemn assurances that they were safe—that no ill was intended them—yet thus did the false and cruel Campbell of Glenlyon even to his own kindred!—‘What are ye frightened for,’ said he to John, the eldest son of Mackian, who asked of him the reason why the soldiers were mustering so strong in the glen, and preparing their arms as if for service—‘It’s only some of these wild Glengarry men that want a dressing—if anything was brewing against you or yours, think ye I would not have told your brother Sandy and my niece?’—for ye’ll understand Allister Macdonald, Glencoe’s second son, was married to Glenlyon’s niece—and yet did that very Glenlyon not only despatch the two Lindsays and their men against Allister and his worthy father, but with his own lips gave orders for the soldiers to shoot his own host, the good Laird of Inneriggin, with nine others of his family—ay, and stood by to see his orders executed. Even the poor boy, Eachan Beg, who ran and got hold of his knees for protection against the bloody butchers, did he shake off at the word of the hard-hearted Drummond, and cast upon the bayonets of the soldiers—but the Lord will repay him!”

“It was in truth a most bloody and infernal transaction,” replied I, with an emphasis that was echoed from my very heart—“and so wholly unprovoked too—for I have heard that the clan was quiet, living at peace with all men, when the storm burst upon them.”

“Ay, your honour—that they were,” said the old guide. “They had all seen that it was useless to kick against the pricks, and needed no more to keep them quiet for that time at least. Mackian had taken the oaths to government, sir; and Inneriggin had Colonel Hill’s protection in his pocket at the very time he was killed—no wonder they little suspected what was coming.”

"And yet," said I, "it seems almost unaccountable that the mustering of troops and other preparations should not have roused them to some suspicion."

"Who would have thought of suspecting the king's government—ay, or the Highland troops in its pay, of such villanous treachery?" said the guide in reply.—"And yet some among them were not so entirely blind. I told your honour how John Mackian took occasion to question Glenlyon about his intentions. Before that, he met the soldiers on their way from Inverlochy, as they entered Glencoe, and put the same questions to Lieutenant Lindsay, who, showing him Colonel Hill's orders for the men to quarter in Mackian's country, assured him that no harm was intended. Accordingly they were received with hospitality and entertained with all kindness.—I'm thinking too, that old Auchinriaton was not without his doubts; for even on the very night of the slaughter, he and his brother, with seven or eight more, sat up watching at Auchnaghon. Little good did his watching do. In the morning, when the bloody villains stole like thieves to the house, and poured in eighteen or twenty shot upon them through the windows and door, as they sat or lay around the fire, Auchinriaton was killed outright with four others; the rest were all more or less wounded, although some of them, by a providential chance, escaped. And if your honour is na wearied of my talking already, I might tell ye the tale, although it's a strange one—weel may I ken it, for often have I heard it from them who kenned all about it; and it's an old story now, though I'm something concerned in it mysel'."—It may easily be conceived that I was quite disposed to indulge the old man's garrulity, and my complaisance was rewarded with the following recital, which, in part at least, is given nearly in the words of Allister Dhu himself.

Eachan Ruah Challaher (or Red Hector the Hunter) was foster-brother to one of the sons of Mackian of Glencoe, and, according to the customs of the Highlands, lived much more in the laird's family than in that of his own parents. Eachan was a clean-limbed handsome young fellow, remarkable for his uncommon activity, quick eye, steady head, and firm foot; which, together with his invincible good-humour and manly spirit, made him a universal favourite. The young Mackians, in particular, who were themselves fond of the chase and all mountain sports, would never be easy without one who was so able an assistant in their favourite pastimes. In truth Eachan

did little else than attend them upon such parties, and furnish the laird's table with fish and game.

In such pursuits, which led him over most of the surrounding country, young Eachan formed an intimacy with a family which occupied a remote dwelling in Glen-Leven, and with whom, after a weary day's stalking in the wild hills of the Black Mount, or the Muir of Rannoch, which in those days abounded in red-deer and game of all sorts, he would often find a welcome, with food and shelter for the night. In the course of time his friends and companions began to remark how frequently his steps were turned towards these muirs, and how often he found a resting-place in the bothy of Ian Bochal. That some object more attractive than even the bounding stags and hinds of the Black Mount occasioned his partiality for this beat, became soon the opinion of every gossiping neighbour, and it was remembered that old Ian the herdsman had a daughter, Isobel (Gaelicè, Ishpal), whose dark eyes and raven locks might very naturally have fixed the regards and fascinated the heart of the Red Hunter.

In truth the matter soon became notorious; for it was discovered that old Ian had absolutely signified his consent to resign his black-eyed daughter, with the few beasts which were to form her portion, together with certain household stores, such as sheets and blankets, held to be convenient, if not absolutely necessary in these primitive days, to the setting up of a young couple, so soon as the Laird of Glencoe should intimate what it might be his pleasure to do for the foster-brother and favourite of his son. Thus Eachan became an almost constant indweller of the black bothy which was the home of his mistress and her father, although duty to the chief and his sons occasioned his being very frequently during the brief daylight of the season in the several towns of Glencoe.

It was well on in February, 1692, and the ferment occasioned by the ill-starred movements in favour of the exiled royal family had in great degree subsided. Most of the Jacobite clans had given up all hope of success, and returned to a reluctant acknowledgment of and obedience to the reigning family, in order to save life and property. But still, as has been hinted at above, there remained upon the one hand a jealous suspicion, on the other an anxious alarm and concealed dissatisfaction, which kept the minds of men painfully upon the watch; nor was this irritable state at all lessened by the increase of an armed force,

which suddenly made its appearance in the lower part of the glen.

These troops, as has been already remarked, being received as friends, upon the solemn word of their officers that their coming was in peace, neither meditating nor intending injury to any of the inhabitants, were distributed in small parties in the various dwellings of the clan, in a manner altogether suitable for the murderous part they were destined to act; while their hosts, trusting in these hollow assurances, exerted themselves to greet them with such welcome as their means permitted.

Such being the state of affairs, young Eachan, who, from his erratic habits of life, was in the way of hearing every current report, pacific or alarming, divided his presence and his cares between the house of his mistress and the family of his chief; passing from Kinlochlevin to Glencoe, or Auchnaghon, as circumstances prompted, and frequently visiting all those places in the course of the same short-lived winter day.

It was upon the afternoon of February 12th, 1692, that Eachan came to the bothy of Ian Bochal, and with some agitation informed the old man that he had seen one from Ballachulish, who reported certain movements of the troops there and at Inverlochy, of a suspicious if not an alarming description—"Ye'll better look out for yourself," added he; "and ye had as good drive the cattle up the glen out of sight the night; and, Isobel dear, be ready for a start yourself. As for me, I must be off to the laird, and give him a word of warning;—but I'll be back here, please God, before this time to-morrow; and there's little chance of ill before that time, any way."

The dark eyes of Isobel bent upon the young man half-mournfully, half-reproachfully, as he spoke, and her lips severed as if she would have addressed him; when at that moment, a black shaggy sheep-dog, which lay basking before the peat-embers on the hearth, raised its head, and uttered a loud wailing howl. All eyes were turned upon the animal—Isobel started, and her father, running to the door, cast an anxious look around. "Oh go not to Glencoe the-night," said the girl, turning earnestly towards him when they were alone—"don't leave us at such a time, Eachan. See, the night will close in before you're half over the hill, and a wild road is that, even by daylight—see, Shulach won't have you to move."—"Hout, lass, what would keep me?" replied Eachan; "before the light's done I'll be across the water, and Auchnaghon is no that far off."—"What ails thee, Shulach?" said the father,

now returning from his espial, and addressing the dog which was so named—"what ails you, poor beoch?—deil a creature is near." The only reply of the animal was another long dismal howl, with a glance at the door-way, and a look at Eachan. "The bitch smells a fox or some vermin," said Eachan; "and she wants me to go after it with her."—"Na, na," replied the father, "that's no the yelp Shulach would give if game or vermin were in the wind—the creature's no canny—she smells mischief, and it's for us to guard against it."—"Oh Eachan! my father says true," said Isobel, imploringly—"there is mischief about to happen, as sure as ye're before us—oh let Glencoe and Mackian alone the-night—there's plenty o' them to keep themselves—dinna leave the bothy at this time o' day."—"What! lass," said the father somewhat sternly—"would ye tempt the lad to forsake his chief at need, and leave his own foster-brother in danger? Na, na! he'll no hear such counsel from old Ian Bochal.—Off with you, young man—God speed and bless you—let me alone to tak care o' the beasts, and no fear of ourselves."

"I'll no say, sir," continued the old guide, "that there was not a weight upon Eachan's heart, as he took a kiss and a look at Isobel, and turned to leave the bothy: and scarcely had he passed the threshold when Shulach, suddenly rising from her lair, darted before him, and began to howl and to bark more wildly than ever, still crossing and recrossing his path, and seeking, as ye might think, to stop his progress.—'Down, Shulach! down, ye fool!' cried he, trying to caress the beast as it bounded past—but it still kept away out of reach, continuing its strange eldritch antics. 'Hear me, Eachan,' at length said Isobel—'it's a true word my father spoke when he said that beast's no canny. Shulach's no like other dogs—mind how often she has led us, by her yelping and tugging, to the beast that has fallen into a peat crack—and was na it she that took my father last winter to the place where old Callum was lying half-dead in the drift? Let the beast go wi' you, Eachan—she canna' do you ill, and I'll be easier for it in my mind—for, ochone! I wish there may na be some evil about to befall us!'—And in truth, sir, the creature would na be forbidden; and when at last he turned away with a determined step, and whistled her to him, the beast lap and jumped about him, as if it had been contented to follow since she could not keep him from going on his ill-fated journey.

"Well, sir—away went Eachan. The evening turned out a wild one, and it got so dark

with rain, and drift, and snow, that before the night set in it needed all his skill and stoutness of heart to make his way to Mackian's dwelling. There he told his story, but the good laird would na believe that any ill could be meant after the plighted words of Glenlyon and of Lindsay; and he set down all the stir among the soldiers to the score of the Glengarry and Keppoch men. He wanted Eachan to stay the night in the place, but he was keen to be with his foster-brother at Auchnaghon, and off he set straight for the house.

"It seems that the people of Auchnaghon and of Inneriggin had as little thought of danger as the Laird of Glencoe himself, for they all went to their beds as usual, except old Auchintriaton, who, no doubt alarmed by Eachan's tidings, which maybe strengthened his own suspicions, thought it as well to sit up all night along with his whole party.

"Eachan having seen his foster-brother, to whom he told all his suspicions, and whom he earnestly prayed to continue upon his guard, quitted the house, which was already full both of its own folk and of the soldiers quartered there, and retired to that where Auchintriaton kept watch, and took his place with others around a good fire of peats. The early part of the night was passed in talking cheerfully, and drinking moderately; in which the soldiers and officers of the party stationed there freely joined. But as it grew late the soldiers retired, leaving the room to the poor doomed Macdonalds, who towards morning began to be drowsy, and to watch less carefully. Among the rest, Eachan, wearied with the buffeting of the night's storm, lay down in his plaid upon the floor, behind the rest, and fell into a sound sleep.

"How long he lay in this way, sir, he could not tell, but he was awakened by a loud continued rattle, like that of thunder; and starting up to know what was the matter, was instantly felled to the ground again, by a shock, of which, at the moment, he did not know the nature. For a few moments his head swam round, and a sickness like death itself came over him; but soon recovering, and hearing around him a horrid uproar of cries, and groans, and curses, mixed with the heavy tread of men, and the clash of arms, he looked up: the room was filled with smoke of gunpowder; and by the dim light of the fire he saw himself surrounded by the bodies of his companions, stretched dead upon the floor, or writhing with their wounds, while a number of soldiers were bursting into the room, and some were already thrusting their bayonets into the bodies of those who had

fallen by their fire. Not a moment had he to think or to recollect himself, sir, for scarcely had he opened his eyes when he saw the bayonet of one of the butcherly soldiers within a foot of his breast: a waft of his arm dashed the weapon aside, and on looking up at the man who aimed it, the faint gleam of the fire showed him a face he well knew. 'Hold, hold, Hamish, man!' cried he, 'would ye murder your friend Eachan Ruah?' 'Deoul! Eachan, are you there, and alive?' cried the man, stepping back a pace; 'but what can I do? see, they are all there, at my back.'—'Oh! but, man, dinna let me die by a friend's blow—let me go—let me die out of doors if it must be—not in this hole, to be burned like a beast, when the fire takes the bothy.'—'Weel, weel,' said Hamish, 'if I canna save you, I'll no kill you—off wi' you, man.' So he let him rise; and Eachan rushed through the throng to the door, where three of the red-coats were watching wi' fixed bayonets and loaded muskets. But Eachan was a supple chiel, sir; he pushed through the bayonets, and as the men lifted their guns to fire at him, he took his loose plaid, flung it over their faces; and off he started like a deer.

"There was a sergeant close by, who saw this daring act: 'Seize the fellow,' cried he; and off he set himself, wi' his drawn sword, after Eachan. But it was na the like o' him that could catch the lightest foot and best wind in Glencoe or Lochaber; and his useless attempt was the safety of Eachan; for the men, when they freed themselves of the plaid, could not fire after him, for fear of harming their officer. The sergeant saw this when it was too late, and flinging himself on the ground, called out, 'Fire away, boys—shoot the rascally rebel.' Bang went their pieces; but a dark morning and a running foot spoil a good aim—the balls whizzed by him harmlessly, and on bounded Eachan, dashing across the river, though it was roaring in speat, and up to the hills on the east of the glen.

"But his course was soon very near being stopped to some purpose; for as he turned the corner of a little knowe, at the foot of which the high-road passed up the glen, he found himself full in front of a dozen soldiers, who were hastily marching onwards. 'Halloo! that's one of them,' roared their leader, 'fire! shoot the fellow!' and Eachan, though he doubled like a hare, had scarcely time to dash across the road, and down a little heathery brae, before eight or ten musket-balls were rattling about him. Nor was theirs so bad an aim; for one of them cut the belt which fastened his philibeg round his waist, and

another gave him a deep flesh wound in the side. But the mischief was little, and he scarcely felt it at the time; and as for the soldiers, their power was spent with their powder—for who, while strength and breath remained, could keep foot with the Red Hunter?

"Away sprang the lad, like a horse that feels the spur; and before a red-coat was fit to follow he was deep among the wild rocks of the corry. But to skulk like a hunted fox was not the design of Eachan.—'No,' said he to himself—'Isobel!—Isobel!—while I have life and strength, let me strive to reach Glen-Leven—let me see if she be safe yet; and then, come life, come death, Eachan will care but little. Ochone! Ochone for Mackian!—Ochone for the brave young Allister! a black, black day is it for the clan, and the black curse rest on their bloody murderers!' The thought of poor Isobel, perhaps in the hands of these butchers, gave him force and speed, the light was increasing in spite of the driving storm; and Eachan neither halted nor breathed himself, until he saw the black glen below him, from the top of the wild hills above us, sir, which lie between Glencoe and Glen-Leven.

"The road was then easy, for it was all down hill, and he was eagerly looking through the mist for the black bothy of the Bochal. But will cannot strive against nature; the blood which had flowed from his wounds began now to tell—a sick faintness came over him, his knees trembled, and while still distant from the bothy, poor Eachan, in spite of his stout heart and best exertions, fell insensible upon the ground, which was now white with the driving snow; and he would soon have slept the sleep of death with the rest of his wounded clansmen—but there was a Providence watching over him, sir, and the hand of man could not prevail against it.

"The poor lassie, Isobel, had remained the whole night watching in her father's bothy, attended only by an old woman, who could have been of no use as a protector. For Ian Bochal had on the preceding evening, according to the advice of Eachan, set out with a protchach of a herd-boy, to drive the cattle to the hills, and she did not expect him back till the next day. The night passed without disturbance; and when morning dawned, she continued earnestly gazing about the bothy door, in hope, and partly in fear, of seeing some one approaching, until her attention was attracted by the sight of a dog running furiously towards the hut. It was Shulach, sir, the creature which had followed Eachan the whole way to Auchnaghon, and accompanied him back when fleeing

from the soldiers, until she saw him fall, and lie like a dead man on the hill; and then it seems the poor beast must have kenned that better help than she could give was wanted, and off she set to the bothy to bring it.

"The moment Isobel saw the dog she gave a scream, and cried out, 'Eachan!—Oh Eachan! they have murdered you!'—and her heart failed her, so that she fell almost fainting against the door-post. But Shulach, running up, fawned upon her, tugging at the skirt of her gown—then ran off again—looked back, and then returned to pull again at her clothes. Isobel was not long of understanding what all this meant, sir.—'Oh Moraig!' said she to the old woman, 'he is not dead—I am sure of it—Shulach is calling me to him—he may be wounded, or dying in this wild weather—oh! let me go to him at once.'—And catching up her plaid, and whatever clothes came first to her hand, with a horn o' whisky and a bannock of bread—off she set, following the dog, which, bounding and scampering before her, led her straight to the hill. Sure enough, sir, there did Isobel find her poor Eachan, bloody and stiff; and the coldness of his body went to her heart like ice, for she thought he was dead and gone entirely. But, oh! muckle will a woman do for the lad of her heart, your honour. Isobel covered him wi' the plaid, and even laid her own warm body upon his—and, ochone! glad was she when she saw his hurts begin to bleed again, for that was a sure sign of returning life. And so it was in truth; for he opened his eyes, and gasped, and sobbed, while the dog, poor beast, kept licking at his wounds, till at last he glowered about him, and called out, 'Isobel!'

"Weel, sir! I need na tell you how she dressed his wounds, and covered him with the clothes and the plaid she had brought; and how he was recovered by a sup o' the whisky, and came to himself; and Isobel, blithe to see him in life again, was for going back to the bothy. 'No! no! Isobel, dear,—it's the mercy of God that the villains have na been there already—it would be rank madness to go back. No, no! let the trash that's in it go—we'll after your father, and be off to Rannoch, till this sore sough blow by; and then we'll do as the Lord pleases. As for Glencoe, there's as many corpses as gray stones in it by this time o' day.'

"It was well for them, your honour, that they went na back to the bothy; for Isobel had na left it ten minutes before the red-coats came. They murdered the poor creature Moraig, and, plundering it of all the few things it contained, set fire to it, and left the place,

cursing, no doubt, the chance that had saved the rest of its in-dwellers.

"Eachan, revived by the refreshment he had received, and by the warmth of the clothes which Isobel had brought him, was able to assist her through the drift and snow to the hill where her father had driven the cattle. To save his master's property and his own, as well as the lives of the whole party, was the point now; and accordingly they drove the beasts as fast as the wild weather and Eachan's wounds would permit, towards Rannoch, where Ian Bochal had a cousin, in whose good-will he could trust. There they remained until the false and bloody Glenlyon went off to Holland, and the great folk of the nation began to make a stir about the slaughter of Glencoe, when the surviving sons of Mackian were enabled to claim their own. Ye may believe, sir, that Eachan and Isobel were na long o' being married: and the man who now tells you the tale is grandson to that very Eachan Ruah."

"Indeed! my friend," said I, with some surprise; "I did expect to hear that you were in some way connected with this Red Hunter; but, old as you are, I certainly did not give you credit for being the grandson of a man who figured and married so long ago."—"Ay, sir, that may be, for I'm gay and stout, sure enough; but whatever ye may think, it's the truth. I was a weel-grown rattling chield at Culloden; and if I be spared to Lammass, I'll be just four-score and five years of age. It's a long-lived race we're of, your honour, and the glen is a raw place for health."

"And pray, my good friend, how do you live—what are your means?" demanded I, still more interested by the veteran's account of himself. "Oh, it's little that keeps the like o' me, sir," replied he. "The family are kind to me, as they have been to all my forebears.—I have the little bothy up by, from them, wi' leave for a few goats and some sheep; and the colonel, God bless him, gives me a pension; and the gentle folks that pass through the glen give me something for my guidance and my clavers, whiles; and the neighbours are all very kind too—so when it pleases the Lord to call old Allister from this weary world, there'll no be wanting something to bury him decently, and to gie a dram to the caillachs that cry his coronach."

Delighted with the old Highlander's simplicity and patriotic independence,—for, poor as he was, a slighting look, or an expression against his country or clan, he would not have endured from King George himself,—and gratified, perhaps, with his flattering attention to

myself—or rather to my name and family, I would willingly have made substantial acknowledgments of the same. But not one penny would the old man accept in the shape of coin. "No, no," said he, "proud woud old Allister be, sir, to follow your father's son from the Mull o' Cantyre to Loch Eribol itsel,—forby showing him the bonniest glen in a' the Hielands. If young — wad gi' him but a pinch o' snuff out o' his own mull, he wad think more of it than a' the siller."—"That will I, my good friend," said I, presenting him with a handsome Laurencekirk box, which I had lately bought and filled with right Lundyfoot; "and you shall keep the box and all for my sake." "Ochone!" said he, "it's too much trouble; may the Lord protect you and bless you, sir, when old Allister is put under his own gray-stone." "Amen!" responded I, "but I hope to see you at the bit bothy yet, once and again, before that." The old man turned to me with a softened eye:—"No, no," said he, shaking his head gravely,—“that's no to be thought of—but the Lord's will be done!” Alas! it was the truth. Many a year had passed, and through many a land had I wandered, before I again visited Glencoe. The scenes were the same, “unchangeable, unchanged,” and my heart beat as recollections of the past rushed thick upon it—but a green turfy mound occupied the place of the bothy in the glen, and its former tenant, my honest old guide, had long been gathered to his fathers.

ROB ROY'S GRAVE.

The history of Rob Roy is sufficiently known; his grave is near the head of Loch Katrine, in one of those small sheepfold-like burial-grounds, of neglected and desolate appearance, which the traveller meets with in the Highlands of Scotland.

A famous man is Robin Hood,
The English ballad-singer's joy!
And Scotland has a thief as good,
An outlaw of as daring mood;
She has her brave ROB ROY!
Then clear the weeds from off his grave,
And let us chant a passing stave
In honour of that hero brave!

Heaven gave Rob Roy a dauntless heart,
And wondrous length and strength of arm;
Nor craved he more to quell his foes,
Or keep his friends from harm.

Yet was Rob Roy as *wise* as brave;
 Forgive me if the phrase be strong;—
 A poet worthy of Rob Roy
 Must scorn a timid song.

Say, then, that he was wise as brave;
 As wise in thought as bold in deed:
 For in the principles of things
He sought his moral creed.

Said generous Rob, "What need of books?
 Burn all the statutes and their shelves:
 They stir us up against our kind;
 And worse, against ourselves.

"We have a passion, make a law,
 Too false to guide us or control!
 And for the law itself we fight
 In bitterness of soul.

"And, puzzled, blinded thus, we lose
 Distinctions that are plain and few:
 These find I graven on my heart:
That tells me what to do.

"The creatures see of flood and field,
 And those that travel on the wind!
 With them no strife can last; they live
 In peace, and peace of mind.

"For why?—because the good old rule
 Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
 That they should take who have the power,
 And they should keep who can.

"A lesson that is quickly learned,
 A signal this which all can see!
 Thus nothing here provokes the strong
 To wanton cruelty.

"All freakishness of mind is checked;
 He tamed, who foolishly aspires;
 While to the measure of his might
 Each fashions his desires.

"All kinds and creatures stand and fall,
 By strength of prowess or of wit:
 'Tis God's appointment who must sway
 And who is to submit.

"Since, then, the rule of right is plain,
 And longest life is but a day;
 To have my ends, maintain my rights,
 I'll take the shortest way."

And thus among these rocks he lived,
 Through summer heat and winter snow:
 The eagle, he was lord above,
 And Rob was lord below.

So was it—*would*, at least have been
 But through untowardness of fate:
 For polity was then too strong;
 He came an age too late,

Or shall we say an age too soon?
 For, were the bold man living *now*,
 How might he flourish in his pride,
 With buds on every bough!

Then rents and factors, rights of chase,
 Sheriffs, and lairds, and their domains,
 Would all have seemed but paltry things,
 Not worth a moment's pains.

Rob Roy had never lingered here,
 To these few meagre vales confined;
 But thought how wide the world, the times
 How fairly to his mind!

And to his sword he would have said,
 "Do thou my sovereign will enact
 From land to land through half the earth!
 Judge thou of law and fact!

"'Tis fit that we should do our part;
 Becoming that mankind should learn
 That we are not to be surpassed
 In fatherly concern.

"Of old things all are over old,
 Of good things none are good enough:—
 We'll show that we can help to frame
 A world of other stuff.

"I, too, will have my kings that take
 From me the sign of life and death:
 Kingdoms shall shift about, like clouds,
 Obedient to my breath."

And, if the word had been fulfilled,
 As *might* have been, then, thought of joy!
 France would have had her present boast;
 And we our own Rob Roy!

Oh! say not so; compare them not;
 I would not wrong thee, champion brave!
 Would wrong thee nowhere; least of all
 Here standing by thy grave.

For thou, although with some wild thoughts,
 Wild chieftain of a savage clan!
 Hadst this to boast of; thou didst love
 The *liberty* of man.

And, had it been thy lot to live
 With us who now behold the light,
 Thou wouldst have nobly stirred thyself,
 And battled for the right.

For thou wert still the poor man's stay,
The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand;
And all the oppressed, who wanted strength,
Had thine at their command.

Bear witness many a pensive sigh
Of thoughtful herdsman when he strays
Alone upon Loch-Veol's heights,
And by Loch-Lomond's braes.

And, far and near, through vale and hill,
Are faces that attest the same;
The proud heart flashing through the eyes
At sound of ROB ROY's name.

WORDSWORTH.

THE LITERARY INFLUENCE OF ACADEMIES.¹

What are the essential characteristics of the spirit of our nation? Not, certainly, an open and clear mind, not a quick and flexible intelligence. Our greatest admirers would not claim for us that we have these in a pre-eminent degree; they might say that we had more of them than our detractors gave us credit for; but they would not assert them to be our essential characteristics. They would rather allege, as our chief spiritual characteristics, energy and honesty; and, if we are judged favourably and positively, not invidiously and negatively, our chief characteristics are, no doubt, these;—energy and honesty, not an open and clear mind, not a quick and flexible intelligence. Openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence were very signal characteristics of the Athenian people in ancient times; everybody will feel that. Openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence are remarkable characteristics of the French people in modern times; at any rate, they strikingly characterize them as compared with us; I think everybody, or almost everybody, will feel that. I will not now ask what more the Athenian or the French spirit has than this, nor what shortcomings either of them may have as a set-off against this; all I want now to point out is that they

have this, and that we have it in a much lesser degree.

Let me remark, however, that not only in the moral sphere, but also in the intellectual and spiritual sphere, energy and honesty are most important and fruitful qualities; that, for instance, of what we call genius, energy is the most essential part. So, by assigning to a nation energy and honesty as its chief spiritual characteristics,—by refusing to it, as at all eminent characteristics, openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence,—we do not by any means, as some people might at first suppose, relegate its importance and its power of manifesting itself with effect from the intellectual to the moral sphere. We only indicate its probable special line of successful activity in the intellectual sphere, and, it is true, certain imperfections and failings to which, in this sphere, it will always be subject. Genius is mainly an affair of energy, and poetry is mainly an affair of genius; therefore, a nation whose spirit is characterized by energy may well be eminent in poetry;—and we have Shakespeare. Again, the highest reach of science is, one may say, an inventive power, a faculty of divination, akin to the highest power exercised in poetry; therefore, a nation whose spirit is characterized by energy may well be eminent in science;—and we have Newton. Shakespeare and Newton: in the intellectual sphere there can be no higher names. And what that energy, which is the life of genius, above everything demands and insists upon, is freedom; entire independence of all authority, prescription, and routine,—the fullest room to expand as it will. Therefore, a nation whose chief spiritual characteristic is energy, will not be very apt to set up, in intellectual matters, a fixed standard, an authority, like an academy. By this it certainly escapes certain real inconveniences and dangers, and it can, at the same time, as we have seen, reach undeniably splendid heights in poetry and science. On the other hand, some of the requisites of intellectual work are specially the affair of quickness of mind and flexibility of intelligence. The form, the method of evolution, the precision, the proportions, the relations of the parts to the whole, in an intellectual work, depend mainly upon them. And these are the elements of an intellectual work which are really most communicable from it, which can most be learned and adopted from it, which have, therefore, the greatest effect upon the intellectual performance of others. Even in poetry, these requisites are very important; and the poetry

¹ From *Essays in Criticism*, by Matthew Arnold. London: Macmillan & Co. Mr. Arnold is one of the most influential of modern essayists, as well as a poet of high calibre (see vol. ii. of the *Casquet*, page 164). His principle, as he states in the preface to these essays, is "to try and approach truth on one side after another, not to strive or cry, nor to persist in pressing forward on any one side, with violence and self-will,—it is only thus, it seems to me, that mortals may hope to gain any vision of the mysterious goddess, whom we shall never see except in outline, but only thus even in outline."

of a nation, not eminent for the gifts on which they depend, will, more or less, suffer by this shortcoming. In poetry, however, they are, after all, secondary, and energy is the first thing; but in prose they are of first-rate importance. In its prose literature, therefore, and in the routine of intellectual work generally, a nation with no particular gifts for these will not be so successful. These are what, as I have said, can to a certain degree be learned and appropriated, while the free activity of genius cannot. Academies consecrate and maintain them, and, therefore, a nation with an eminent turn for them naturally establishes academies. So far as routine and authority tend to embarrass energy and inventive genius, academies may be said to be obstructive to energy and inventive genius, and, to this extent, to the human spirit's general advance. But then this evil is so much compensated by the propagation, on a large scale, of the mental aptitudes and demands which an open mind and a flexible intelligence naturally engender, genius itself, in the long run, so greatly finds its account in this propagation, and bodies like the French Academy have such power for promoting it, that the general advance of the human spirit is perhaps, on the whole, rather furthered than impeded by their existence.

How much greater is our nation in poetry than prose! how much better, in general, do the productions of its spirit show in the qualities of genius than in the qualities of intelligence! One may constantly remark this in the work of individuals; how much more striking, in general, does any Englishman,—of some vigour of mind, but by no means a poet,—seem in his verse than in his prose! No doubt his verse suffers from the same defects which impair his prose, and he cannot express himself with real success in it; but how much more powerful a personage does he appear in it, by dint of feeling, and of originality and movement of ideas, than when he is writing prose! With a Frenchman of like stamp, it is just the reverse: set him to write poetry, he is limited, artificial, and impotent; set him to write prose, he is free, natural, and effective. The power of French literature is in its prose-writers, the power of English literature is in its poets. Nay, many of the celebrated French poets depend wholly for their fame upon the qualities of intelligence which they exhibit,—qualities which are the distinctive support of prose; many of the celebrated English prose-writers depend wholly for their fame upon the qualities of genius and imagination which they exhibit,—qualities which are the distinctive

support of poetry. But, as I have said, the qualities of genius are less transferable than the qualities of intelligence; less can be immediately learned and appropriated from their product; they are less direct and stringent intellectual agencies, though they may be more beautiful and divine. Shakspeare and our great Elizabethan group were certainly more gifted writers than Corneille and his group; but what was the sequel to this great literature, this literature of genius, as we may call it, stretching from Marlow to Milton? What did it lead up to in English literature? To our provincial and second-rate literature of the eighteenth century. What, on the other hand, was the sequel to the literature of the French "great century," to this literature of intelligence, as, by comparison with our Elizabethan literature, we may call it; what did it lead up to? To the French literature of the eighteenth century, one of the most powerful and pervasive intellectual agencies that have ever existed, the greatest European force of the eighteenth century. In science, again, we had Newton, a genius of the very highest order, a type of genius in science, if ever there was one. On the Continent, as a sort of counterpart to Newton, there was Leibnitz; a man, it seems to me (though on these matters I speak under correction), of much less creative energy of genius, much less power of divination than Newton, but rather a man of admirable intelligence, a type of intelligence, in science, if ever there was one. Well, and what did they each directly lead up to in science? What was the intellectual generation that sprang from each of them? I only repeat what the men of science have themselves pointed out. The man of genius was continued by the English analysts of the eighteenth century, comparatively powerless and obscure followers of the renowned master; the man of intelligence was continued by successors like Bernouilli, Euler, Lagrange, and Laplace, the greatest names in modern mathematics.

What I want the reader to see is, that the question as to the utility of academies to the intellectual life of a nation is not settled when we say, for instance: "Oh, we have never had an academy, and yet we have, confessedly, a very great literature." It still remains to be asked: "What sort of a great literature? a literature great in the special qualities of genius, or great in the special qualities of intelligence?" If in the former, it is by no means sure that either our literature, or the general intellectual life of our nation, has got already, without academies, all that academies can give. Both

the one and the other may very well be somewhat wanting in those qualities of intelligence, out of a lively sense for which a body like the French Academy, as I have said, springs, and which such a body does a great deal to spread and confirm. Our literature, in spite of the genius manifested in it, may fall short in form, method, precision, proportions, arrangement,—all of them, I have said, things where intelligence proper comes in. It may be comparatively weak in prose, that branch of literature where intelligence proper is, so to speak, all in all. In this branch it may show many grave faults to which the want of a quick, flexible intelligence, and of the strict standard which such an intelligence tends to impose, makes it liable; it may be full of hap-hazard, crudeness, provincialism, eccentricity, violence, blundering. It may be a less stringent and effective intellectual agency, both upon our own nation and upon the world at large, than other literatures which show less genius, perhaps, but more intelligence.

The right conclusion certainly is that we should try, so far as we can, to make up our shortcomings; and that to this end, instead of always fixing our thoughts upon the points in which our literature, and our intellectual life generally, are strong, we should, from time to time, fix them upon those in which they are weak, and so learn to perceive clearly what we have to amend. What is our second great spiritual characteristic,—our honesty,—good for, if it is not good for this? But it will,—I am sure it will,—more and more, as time goes on, be found good for this.

Well, then, an institution like the French Academy,—an institution owing its existence to a national bent towards the things of the mind, towards culture, towards clearness, correctness, and propriety in thinking and speaking, and, in its turn, promoting this bent,—sets standards in a number of directions, and creates, in all these directions, a force of educated opinion, checking and rebuking those who fall below these standards, or who set them at naught. Educated opinion exists here as in France; but in France the Academy serves as a sort of centre and rallying-point to it, and gives it a force which it has not got here. Why is all the *journeyman-work* of literature, as I may call it, so much worse done here than it is in France? I do not wish to hurt any one's feelings; but surely this is so. Think of the difference between our books of reference and those of the French, between our biographical dictionaries (to take a striking instance) and theirs; think of the difference between the

translations of the classics turned out for Mr. Bohn's library and those turned out for M. Nisard's collection! As a general rule, hardly any one amongst us, who knows French and German well, would use an English book of reference when he could get a French or German one; or would look at an English prose translation of an ancient author when he could get a French or German one. It is not that there do not exist in England, as in France, a number of people perfectly well able to discern what is good, in these things, from what is bad, and preferring what is good; but they are isolated, they form no powerful body of opinion, they are not strong enough to set a standard, up to which even the journeyman-work of literature must be brought, if it is to be vendible. Ignorance and charlatanism in work of this kind are always trying to pass off their wares as excellent, and to cry down criticism as the voice of an insignificant, over-fastidious minority; they easily persuade the multitude that this is so when the minority is scattered about as it is here; not so easily when it is banded together as in the French Academy. So, again, with freaks in dealing with language; certainly all such freaks tend to impair the power and beauty of language; and how far more common they are with us than with the French! To take a very familiar instance. Every one has noticed the way in which the *Times* chooses to spell the word "diocese;" it always spells it diocess,¹ deriving it, I suppose, from *Zeus* and *census*. The *Journal des Débats* might just as well write "diocess" instead of "diocèse," but imagine the *Journal des Débats* doing so! Imagine an educated Frenchman indulging himself in an orthographical antic of this sort, in face of the grave respect with which the Academy and its dictionary invest the French language! Some people will say these are little things: they are not; they are of bad example. They tend to spread the baneful notion that there is no such thing as a high, correct standard in intellectual matters; that every one may as well take his own way; they are at variance with the severe discipline necessary for all real culture; they confirm us in habits of wilfulness and eccentricity, which hurt our minds, and damage our credit with serious people. . . .

In a production which we have all been reading lately, a production stamped throughout with a literary quality very rare in this country—*urbanity*; in this production, the work of a man never to be named by any son of

¹The *Times* has now, it seems, abandoned this spelling and adopted the ordinary one.

Oxford without sympathy, a man who alone in Oxford of his generation, alone of many generations, conveyed to us in his genius that same charm, that same ineffable sentiment, which this exquisite place itself conveys,—I mean Dr. Newman,—an expression is frequently used which is more common in theological than in literary language, but which seems to me fitted to be of general service; the *note* of so and so, the note of catholicity, the note of antiquity, the note of sanctity, and so on. Adopting this expressive word, I say that in the bulk of the intellectual work of a nation which has no centre, no intellectual metropolis like an academy, like M. Sainte-Beuve's "sovereign organ of opinion," like M. Renan's "recognized authority in matters of tone and taste,"—there is observable a *note of provinciality*. Now to get rid of provinciality is a certain stage of culture; a stage the positive result of which we must not make of too much importance, but which is, nevertheless, indispensable; for it brings us on to the platform where alone the best and highest intellectual work can be said fairly to begin. Work done after men have reached this platform is *classical*; and that is the only work which, in the long run, can stand. All the *scorée* in the work of men of great genius who have not lived on this platform, are due to their not having lived on it. Genius raises them to it by moments, and the portions of their work which are immortal are done at these moments; but more of it would have been immortal if they had not reached this platform at moments only, if they had had the culture which makes men live there.

The less a literature has felt the influence of a supposed centre of correct information, correct judgment, correct taste, the more we shall find in it this note of provinciality. I have shown the note of provinciality as caused by remoteness from a centre of correct information. Of course, the note of provinciality from the want of a centre of correct taste is still more visible, and it is also still more common. For here great—even the greatest—powers of mind most fail a man. Great powers of mind will make him inform himself thoroughly, great powers of mind will make him think profoundly, even with ignorance and platitude all round him; but not even great powers of mind will keep his taste and style perfectly sound and sure, if he is left too much to himself, with no "sovereign organ of opinion," in these matters, near him. . . .

The reader will ask for some practical conclusion about the establishment of an Academy

in this country, and perhaps I shall hardly give him the one he expects. But nations have their own modes of acting, and these modes are not easily changed; they are even consecrated, when great things have been done in them. When a literature has produced Shakespeare and Milton, when it has even produced Barrow and Burke, it cannot well abandon its traditions; it can hardly begin, at this late time of day, with an institution like the French Academy. I think academies with a limited, special, scientific scope, in the various lines of intellectual work,—academies like that of Berlin, for instance,—we with time may, and probably shall, establish. And no doubt they will do good; no doubt the presence of such influential centres of correct information will tend to raise the standard amongst us for what I have called the *journeyman-work* of literature, and to free us from the scandal of such biographical dictionaries as Chalmers', or such translations as a recent one of Spinoza, or perhaps such philological freaks as Mr. Foster's about the one primeval language. But an academy quite like the French Academy, a sovereign organ of the highest literary opinion, a recognized authority in matters of intellectual tone and taste, we shall hardly have, and perhaps we ought not to wish to have it. But then every one amongst us with any turn for literature will do well to remember to what shortcomings and excesses, which such an academy tends to correct, we are liable; and the more liable, of course, for not having it. He will do well constantly to try himself in respect of these, steadily to widen his culture, severely to check in himself the provincial spirit; and he will do this the better the more he keeps in mind that all mere glorification by ourselves of ourselves or our literature, is both vulgar, and, besides being vulgar, retarding.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

LOVE'S CONTENT.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

SHAKESPEARE.

SONNETS.

I.

TRUTH.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so:
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

SHAKESPEARE.

II.

TO THE THRUSH.

Dear chorister, who from those shadows sends,
Ere that the blushing morn dare show her light,
Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends
(Become all ear), stars stay to hear thy plight;
If one, whose grief even reach of thought transcends,
Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight,
May thee importune, who like case pretends,
And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite;
Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try,
And long, long sing!) for what thou thus complain'st,
Since winter's gone, and sun in dappled sky
Enamoured smiles on woods and flowery plains?
The bird, as if my questions did her move,
With trembling wings, sighed forth, I love, I love!

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

III.

HOPE.

Whose was that gentle voice, that, whispering sweet,
Promised, methought, long days of bliss sincere?
Soothing it stole on my deluded ear,
Most like soft music that might sometimes cheat
Thoughts dark and drooping. 'Twas the voice of Hope.
Of love and social scenes it seemed to speak,
Of truth, of friendship, of affection meek;
That haud in hand along life's downward slope
Might walk with peace, and cheer the tranquil hours:
Ah me! the prospect sadden'd as she sung;
Loud on my startled ear the death-bell rung;
Chill darkness wrapp'd the pleasurable bowers.
She built, whilst pointing to yon breathless clay,
She cried, "No peace be thine: away, away!"

BOWLES.

IV.

LOVE.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken:
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

SHAKESPEARE.

V.

PROVIDENCE.

Just as a mother with sweet pious face
Yearns towards her little children from her seat,
Gives one a kiss, another an embrace,
Takes this upon her knees, that on her feet;
And while from actions, looks, complaints, pretences,
She learns their feelings and their various will,
To this a look, to that a word dispenses,
And whether stern or smiling, loves them still,—
So Providence for us, high, infinite,
Makes our necessities its watchful task,
Hearkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants,
And ev'n if it denies what seems our right,
Either denies because 'twould have us ask,
Or seems but to deny, or, in denying, grants.

LEIGH HUNT.

VI.

ON THE APPROACH OF DEATH.

Yes, 'twill be over soon.—This sickly dream
Of life will vanish from my feverish brain:
And death my wearied spirit will redeem
From this wild region of unvaried pain.
Yon brook will glide as softly as before,—
Yon landscape smile,—yon golden harvest grow;
Yon sprightly lark on mountain wing will soar,
When Henry's name is heard no more below.
I sigh when all my youthful friends caress,
They laugh in health, and future evils brave;
Them shall a wife and smiling children bless
While I am mouldering in my silent grave.
God of the just—Thou gav'st the bitter cup;
I bow to thy behest, and drink it up.

H. K. WHITE.

A MYSTERIOUS HOUSEHOLD.¹

Solomon Savage started in the early stage for the city. His nephew and heir had caused him a deal of anxiety lately. He had purchased his place in the country to suit Fred's romantic taste. He had given up his comfortable quarters up-town, his early newspaper, his social chat at the club, his peep at the new pictures, his opening nights at the comedies; had been content to settle down for the rest of his days among these lakes and mountains, just to please Fred. Because, besides being his nephew and heir, Fred was the only child of his dead sister, and his uncle's idol.

And now Fred wouldn't be content in the country for a week at a time; he was always coining excuses to go to the city, and the house was like a tomb without him. He was dreamy and abstracted. Something was the matter with the lad, and this something was connected with these altogether uncalled-for raids upon the city.

Mr. Savage wrote to his lawyer to find out the mystery, and got this reply:—

"Dear Sir,—Your nephew spends the most of his time at No. 219 Blank Street. Can't tell much about the house or its inmates. Should suppose they were a queer set.—Yours respectfully, JOSEPH FERRET.

"Solomon Savage, Esq."

"'Queer!' What could the man mean by 'queer?'" Mr. Savage, becoming thoroughly alarmed, determined upon solving the mystery himself. All the way down in the stage, and jolting along in the cars, Mr. Savage repeated to himself the word "queer."

At about the hour of two P.M. an old gentleman might have been seen walking down Blank Street. He wore a shining suit of broadcloth, a broad-brimmed white hat, linen of the finest material, elaborately ruffled, unexceptionable boots and gloves, tortoise-shell eye-glasses, and carried a gold-headed cane. His face wore an expression of mild benignity. Good-nature beamed from his blue eyes, good health from his smooth, florid skin; good family from the arch in his nose and his foot; and good spirits from the merry crow's-feet about every comfortable wrinkle. Altogether he was about as winning-looking an old gentleman as one would care to see. He walked slowly, scrutinizing as he went the street and the passers-by.

At last he came to 219—one of those old

mansions on the east side of town that wear so ponderous, so substantial, so spacious a look, and yet from which all glory has departed. Two hundred and nineteen had the appearance of possessing at one time a romantic history, but that time had long gone by. Now it might be an infirmary, a boarding-house, or a private asylum.

Still the street was broad, houses and shops seemed commonplace enough, nothing "queer" that he could see.

The old gentleman walked slowly up the steps; his colour rose a little, but his face wore a look of determination, such as a soldier wears entering action. He took from his pocket a heavy silver card-case, and pulled gently the bell-handle. No answer.

Five minutes passed, and he pulled again—this time a little less gently. Then he waited. Five minutes more passed, and the shaggy white eyebrows of the old gentleman drew close together; his florid face reddened impatiently; he pulled the bell roughly; a loud peal resounded sepulchrally through the lower regions of the house. Presently a shuffling step approached the door, a heavy bolt shot back, there was heard the clanking of a chain. The door opened an inch and a half; a broad, flat nose, the tip of a frowzy head, appeared; a capacious mouth opened.

"What is it ye want?" it said.

The old gentleman looked disapprovingly at this apparition, and extended a card from the silver card-case.

The card was sniffed at curiously.

"What is it ye want?" was repeated.

"Give that card to your master, and tell—"

"I wouldn't for a hundred pound go near the master; it'd be as much as my life was worth."

"Give that card to your mistress, and tell—"

"Bother the card! Tell me your business, and I'll see to it."

"My dear woman," said the old gentleman, benignly, "my business is not with the servants of the household." At the same time Mr. Savage extended a gold piece, as a sop to this obdurate Cerberus.

"Then git along to the divil wid your cards and your money, an' don't be takin' up people's time wid yer chat!"

The door closed heavily within an inch of the old gentleman's nose. He remained, thunder-struck, upon the sill. He looked about him appealingly; then he slowly descended the steps. His face lost its look of mild benignity, a gleam of anger darted from

¹ From *Harper's Magazine* (New York).

his blue eyes, the crow's-feet took a fierce expression. Loudly resounded his gold-headed cane upon the pavement. Plainly the old gentleman felt himself insulted.

It was hard. His appearance was certainly calculated to win respect; but the noble blood of the O'Haras was at that time hot with rage. She had been cheated six ounces in the meat. If St. Patrick himself had appeared at the door he would have met with a grim reception from Bridget.

"Be careful of the door," she said, five minutes after, to her Chinese assistant, "an' don't for your life let a soul near the house. I'm goin' to that baste of a butcher's, an' I'll be back in a jiffy."

Chang looked up mildly from his work. He was mopping the kitchen—mopping it in a way that delighted the breast of Bridget O'Hara.

"Go on wid yer work, man," she said, "and don't stir from the kitchen whilst I'm gone."

Chang smiled vacantly.

"The divil take the haythen, he don't hear a word I say," said Bridget; "but he's safe to lave here for a minit or two. There never was such savin' in soap and slop before in the house. What a jewel he is, to be sure, at three-and-sixpence a day. Be gorra, if he was a Christian I couldn't be fond of him. Other folks can have their pets—I'm sure if there's a divil born it's Toffy—and why shouldn't I have mine? Go on, me boy," she said, absolutely patting his pigtail; "you're doin' finely, me man!" And off went Bridget to the butcher's.

Now as she crossed the corner, an old gentleman saw her from the opposite side of the way. He started. That bullet-head, that broad, flat nose, and capacious mouth, were familiar to him. Was it possible the abusive Cerberus had left her post? Swiftly he retraced his steps; quickly he reached 219. Again he ascended the steps, rang the bell, and waited. Rang again, and waited—and again. Fiercely, loudly, desperately he tugged at the bell. No answer.

What kind of people lived here? Was it a deaf and dumb asylum?

With one last, despairing pull he descended the steps. Defeat was in his downcast look, despair was in his slow footfall. This house was absolutely, then, denied him. There was no getting in for love nor money. But as he passed the basement window, dejectedly, he saw a face that attracted his attention. It was yellow and melancholy and mild-eyed. The cheek-bones were high, the eyes were long and narrow. The fingers that rested upon the window-sill had nails of a prodigious length,

but scrupulously clean. There was neatness about the creature, and humility. His pigtail was nicely braided, and put up out of the dust in a round ball on the top of his head.

Mr. Savage went down the area steps, and looked in the window, smiling benignantly. Chang also smiled. Mr. Savage smiled still more benignantly, and pointed to the area door.

Chang smiled, but seemed not to understand this pantomime. Mr. Savage walked to the door, and knocked gently, looking at the window appealingly. He waited there a while, and knocked again. The door remaining closed, he returned to the window. Chang was there, still smiling blandly, but vacantly. Mr. Savage said one word in a low tone. He was seldom, if ever, profane—he considered it a vulgarity—but the word certainly sounded like profanity.

"Can't get in," he said, "for love nor money."

Suddenly it occurred to him that he had not shown his bit of gold to Chang. It was the colour of his skin—even of the balls of his eyes; it might please him somehow. He took it from his pocket, and held it out to Chang invitingly. Chang looked at it curiously, as if he never before had seen anything like it. Then he extended his long-nailed fingers toward it. Finding the pane of glass between them, he drew back reluctantly. Mr. Savage pointed to the door, coaxingly, as he would to a child. Chang looked in the direction of the door, and smiled innocently. Mr. Savage went to the door, and knocked very gently. Chang followed softly, mechanically unloosed the chain, and, as Mr. Savage passed into the hall, he looked after him abstractedly, holding the bit of gold in his long slim hand. "Pocor fellow!" said Mr. Savage, "it's almost a shame to take advantage of such simplicity."

As Mr. Savage went softly up the kitchen stairs, Chang put his plaything under his pigtail, relocked the door, and commenced polishing the tins.

When Bridget returned they shone marvellously, so that she could see herself in every inch of the dish-pan.

"Och, ye jewel," she said, again patting his pigtail. "How chape ye are at three-and-sixpence a day."

Chang turned a yellow-white when she touched his pigtail. The Chinese have a reverence for this portion of their toilet that perhaps Christians do not understand.

In the meantime Mr. Savage had reached the wide corridor that extended the whole length of the house. A circular staircase was before

him, at the top of which beamed a strong light. Upon one of the uppermost balusters, in the full radiance of this light, there was a black object. It was not a cat nor a dog. What was it? A chicken? a jet-black chicken? No; for two fierce black eyes shone furiously down upon him with more intelligence and malignity than ever gleamed in the eyes of a chicken. The house was frightfully still. On either side of the corridor heavy oaken doors remained hopelessly closed. Mr. Savage paused and looked up again, fascinated by those fierce black eyes.

Suddenly he heard a groan. It came from the room on the left. Then a low, sobbing sound, and a heavy fall. The old gentleman stepped hastily forward, the blood freezing in his veins.

"Murdered! Dead!" cried a woman's voice. "And I alive!"

Mr. Savage paused at the heavy oaken door—paused, and collected his wits.

"Oh, misery!" repeated the agonized voice of a woman. "Murdered! Dead! And I alive!"

Mr. Savage remembered that he was alone and unarmed, and prudently stepped into a neighbouring closet. Almost closing the door, he remained perfectly still. Evidently there was foul play in this house, and he could do nothing, situated as he was, but listen and wait. Besides, the crime was committed. There could be no help rendered now.

The sobbing continued, and at intervals he heard the heart-rending complaint of the woman: "Murdered! Dead! And I alive!"

It might have been a quarter of an hour that this continued; and whenever Mr. Savage looked up he found the eyes peering curiously and savagely down. Then the door on the right opened, and he heard the silken rustle of a woman's drapery. There passed close by him—so close that he inhaled a delicate, sweet perfume—a woman of thirty or thereabout: a blonde, with pale yellow hair drawn back from her forehead, eyes of a deep lustrous violet, a small sensitive mouth, and beautiful chin. Her hands were white and slim, the nails rosy and marvellously shaped. Mr. Savage noticed the hands particularly, for she clasped and unclasped them with a movement of sorrow or agony.

She stopped at the door on the left and tapped softly.

"Estelle," she said; "let me in for a moment."

A light footstep approached the door—it opened, and the woman entered, leaving it ajar.

"Estelle," she said, in a tone of grief and excitement, "I have killed him! Estelle, the deed is done; but oh! oh! how sorry I am. It seems to me that I shall never get over the sacrilege of it. Oh, it was fearful! It was too, too pitiful!"

"Dear aunt," replied a girlish voice—"dear Polly, don't think of it in such a light! It had to be, you know—we needed the money so much!"

"But you don't know, Estelle—you can't tell how wretchedly I feel about it. I was so fond of him—I had just begun to be so interested in him."

"And I too, Polly. I did admire him so much!"

"And I could have managed it, Estelle. If I had only had time I could have let him live! But I was compelled to do it immediately, and now he is dead! Let me go back, Estelle; I must be alone—I am heart-broken!"

"Dear aunt—dear Polly, I am so sorry for you!"

The drapery rustled by the closet again, the sweet perfume fell under his nostrils, the door on the right closed, and Mr. Savage remained terror-stricken, bewildered. Before he could even collect his faculties the voice of the girl in the room on the left was heard again.

"Murdered! Dead! And I alive!"

Mr. Savage felt cold to the marrow of his bones. What crime had been committed by these two delicate women?—these creatures, whose nearness was to him a charm in spite of himself. Whom had this pale, passionate blonde killed, and whom did this girlish Estelle lament so pitifully? A question shaped itself in his mind, but faltered on his lips. The one word, "Fred," escaped them. Then he sank back, livid and trembling, in his closet. Fred was young and lovable and interesting. Fred had money, a watch, diamond pin, and studs. Great Heaven! could such a thing be possible? Ferret, the lawyer, had said this was the only house Fred frequented, and the inmates were a queer set. Ah, the word queer was too mild!

As Mr. Savage leaned back in his closet, plunged in this painful reverie, a door opened on the upper floor; he raised his eyes, and there, by the side of the malignant creature with the black eyes, stood a man! A loose dressing-gown hung about him in awkward folds, a scarlet cap rested on the back of his head, from under which a mop of reddish hair fell almost to his shoulders. His face was flaming red, even to the tip of his nose, and across his cheek was a deeper stain—a smear that was crimson, yes, blood-red!

"Polly," shouted this new apparition, "Polly, Polly, pretty Polly!"

"Caw!" cried the discordant voice of the bird by his side.

"Shut up, Mephistopheles!" said the man. "Polly, Polly!"

"Caw, caw!" cried the bird.

"If you don't shut up, Toffy, I'll wring your neck. Polly. Come, Polly, come; why drive me to necessity? Come, I tell you. Poll-e-e-e! Now, Polly," he continued to shout, "if you don't come out I'll commence to count. Polly, will you?—one. Polly, will you?—two. Polly, will you?—three!"

Crash, bang, came an immense billet of wood bumping down the stairs!

The door on the right opened, the blonde appeared on the threshold. No longer pale—two angry spots burned on either cheek.

"Idiot!" she said, in a voice of suppressed rage. "Wretch of infamy, what do you want?"

"Loveliest and best," he cried, leaning over the balusters. "I want a leg. You'll find one in your room there. Polly, beloved, don't bring me the leg of a boy this time—one of a man, sweetest, muscular, and well-formed!"

"It's just like your carelessness, leaving them lying about in that way. They're all rotting away, and the rats have been nibbling them!"

"Never mind, charmer; there's plenty more where they came from!"

"Shiftless imbecile! Heaven knows what will be the result of your criminal carelessness. If I coined my very heart's blood into money it would all go the same way."

Polly disappeared for a moment, and soon went up the stairs with a burden that struck a chill to the bones of Mr. Savage. What, then, was this sanguinary monster? A devourer of human legs! Gracious heavens! perhaps this new dainty was the leg of his beloved Fred. And these two women pitied and deplored, hated and abhorred, this horrible infirmity, but fed it unscrupulously. A cold sweat burst from the pores of the horrified Mr. Savage. He felt like Fatima in the fatal closet of Blue Beard. Dearly had he paid for his curiosity. Almost a groan burst from his lips. This, then, was the burden that had rested on Fred's mind. Lured to this fearful den, fascinated and enthralled by these women, he had fallen a prey to their infamous wiles, and now perhaps he was foully murdered, his poor bones nibbled by noxious reptiles. Mr. Savage clinched his teeth to keep silence. He resolved upon an immediate retreat, but determined to return with a corps of police. These crimes

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should be known and avenged. But upon stepping forward he found, almost under his feet, Mephistopheles, the crow!

"Caw!" cried the creature, and Mr. Savage started with dismay. "Caw, caw, caw!"

Mr. Savage endeavoured to thrust the bird aside, but it ruffled its feathers, hopped up and down, and screeched defiantly.

"The devil seize the black baste," said Bridget, from the kitchen. "What's the matter with him now?"

"Caw, caw, caw!" screamed the bird, louder than ever.

"Toffy, silence there!" shouted the monster from the upper floor.

"Caw, caw!" shrieked Mephistopheles, dashing himself against the closet-door.

Polly appeared from her room, pale again and composed.

"What is it, Mephistopheles?" she said, majestically.

"Poor Toffy," said the musical voice of Estelle; "what's the matter with poor Toffy?"

"Caw, caw!" screamed the crow, becoming more and more furious and excited.

"I'll tell you what," said the monster from above, "there's somebody in that closet."

Such a sudden scuttling of petticoats then took place as was wonderful to see. Polly retreated to her doorway, Estelle fairly barred herself in, and Bridget remained on the kitchen stairway.

"If it ain't a ghost I'll tackle it," said Bridget. "But I've known for this many a day that Toffy was a divil; and, be gorra, it might be the ould gentleman himself come after him."

"If you're not cowardly as well as lazy," said Polly to the monster, "you'll come down and see."

Then a heavy, lounging step was heard on the stairs, and down came the sanguinary villain.

Mr. Savage knew then that his time was come. In a moment a sad retrospection occupied his mind, as it will that of a drowning man. He even thought of his legs, and for the first time in his life regretted that they were more than ordinarily well shaped and muscular for one of his years. Having breathed one short prayer, Mr. Savage opened the door, and confronted his adversaries.

"Murderers," he said, "do your worst! Add my poor body to the rest of your victims. My nephew has already fallen a prey to your infamy. I am but an old man, and do not dread to follow him."

Mr. Savage folded his arms, and looked about

him with grim defiance. Surprise and consternation fell upon the group of listeners. The sanguinary monster cast a look upon Polly significant and suggestive. He whispered something behind his hand.

"Poor old man," said Polly; "he's so handsome and so becomingly dressed. I'm so sorry for him, Tom."

"Ah, madam," said Mr. Savage, "since you have commenced to pity me, I know what I may expect. Even thus you deplored the fate of your last victim. He was young and lovable, but you killed him, nevertheless."

"What'll we do with him?" said Tom.

"How did the craythur get in?" said Bridget. "He was at the door this morning, but I put him away wid a flea in his ear."

"Shall I let him go, Poll?" said Tom.

"Ah no; let's keep him for a while, and see what we can do with him," said Polly; and accordingly Tom sprang suddenly forward, and, opening the door of a little room, thrust Mr. Savage in, and locked the door upon the outside. Five minutes after the house was as still as ever. Mr. Savage gave himself up for lost. This, then, was one of those dens of crime and horror at which the world grew pale. He did not dare look at the walls of his prison, fearing they would narrow about him. He feared to take a step forward, feeling certain that the carpet concealed a trap-door. How would they kill him? he wondered. One thing was certain—they'd manage it skilfully to save his legs.

Gracious powers! was he, then, to die?

The old gentleman raised the hat from his head and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. His knees trembled beneath him. And yet he was not a coward. If it had been the will of Heaven that he should die an open, commonplace death, he could have met it like a man—as one who has no crime upon his conscience. But to be caught in this horrible trap and butchered! The thought was terrible! Every moment the love of life grew stronger within him. He looked about him despairingly. Then he listened attentively. He thought he heard a peculiar step. It was low and shuffling; not only these, but soft and dragging; it was the step of Chang. The features of Mr. Savage immediately lost their terrified expression, a gleam of hope shone in his face. He took from his pocket a piece of gold and thrust it beneath the door, just far enough to be perceptible without being available.

But the step of Chang went on. The heart of Mr. Savage sank within him. His gold was exhausted, and he feared a greenback wouldn't

seem like a toy in the eyes of the Chinese. Nevertheless, he placed a five-dollar greenback by the side of the gold piece.

Chang opened the front-door and commenced polishing the knobs. Once in a while he looked at the pretty gold piece and the funny paper with pictures on it under the door by his side. Then he gazed abstractedly about him with his mild melancholy eyes. The spacious corridor was dark and still. Chang walked slowly to the room that contained Mr. Savage. Innocently he turned the key in the lock. Out darted poor Mr. Savage—out the door and down the street. Chang picked up the playthings from under his feet, and shut the door of the room. He seemed to like the paper with funny pictures on it almost as well as he did the gold piece. He put them both under his pigtail, and went on polishing the knobs. How they did shine when Bridget came up the stairs!

"Och, ye darlint! More power to your elbow!" she said, and again patted his pigtail approvingly. And again did the poor savage shrink from this familiarity.

Out darted poor Mr. Savage, breathlessly, wildly. His gray hairs streamed behind him. His eyes wore a strained, eager expression. People gazed upon him wonderingly. At last he reached Fred's lodgings. Stumbling up the stairs, when he reached the landing he saw a light in the front room. His heart commenced to beat wildly. Who lighted the gas? Surely not his boy, his beloved lad! If he was yet alive—if they had both escaped! He staggered forward, opened the door, and saw Fred sitting in his arm-chair, his feet on the window-sill, smoking his meerschaum. The poor old gentleman fell upon his nephew's neck and sobbed outright.

"My boy! my dear lad!" he cried. "Alive and well!"

Fred's meerschaum fell to the ground, and broke in pieces on the floor. He got upon his feet, still with his uncle's arms about him.

"Why, uncle," he said—"Uncle Sol, what can be the matter?"

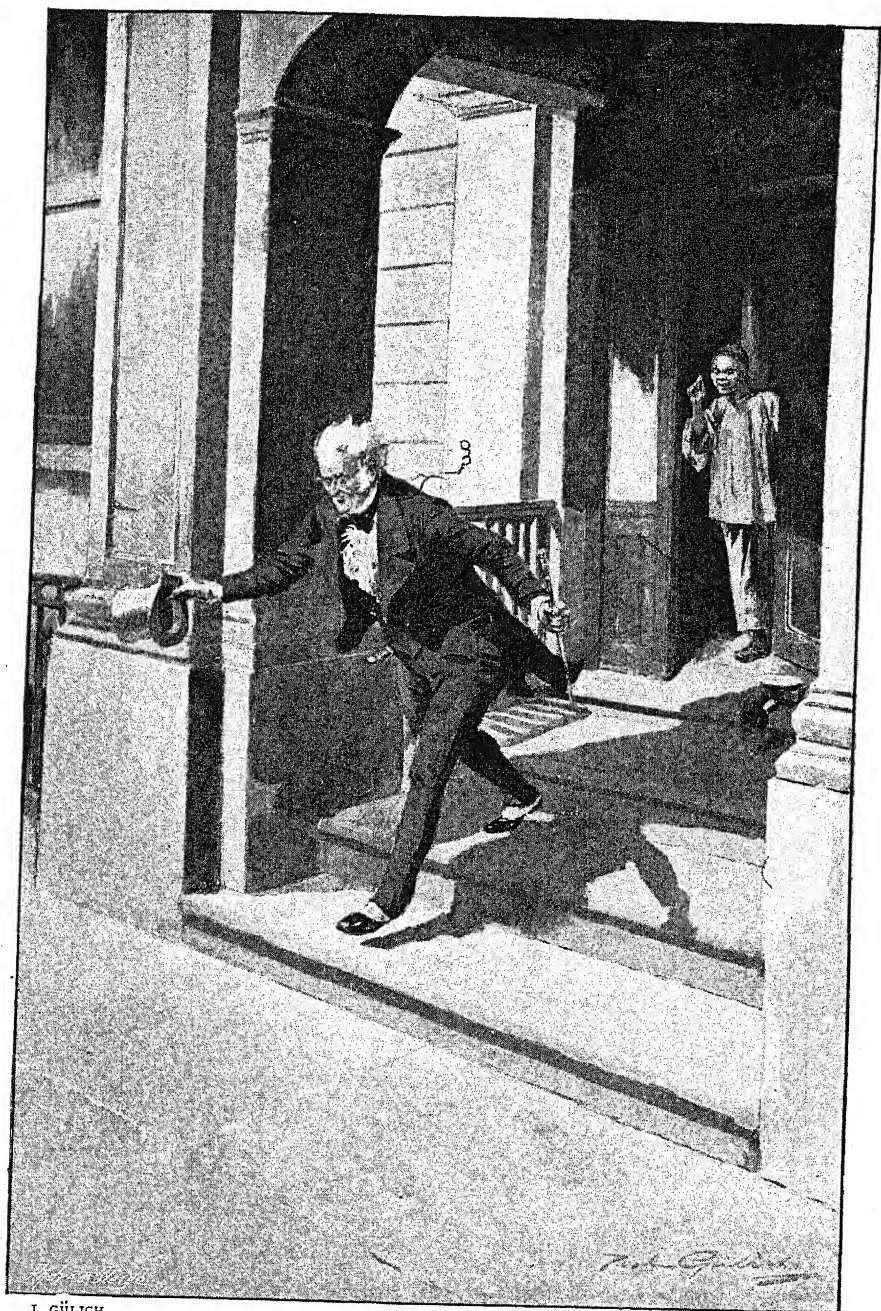
"Oh, Fred, my boy," gasped the old gentleman. "Such an escape! Thank God, we are both alive and well. Such an escape!"

"A railroad accident?" said Fred, forcing his uncle into the arm-chair, and taking his hat and gloves.

"Worse than that, Fred; far worse."

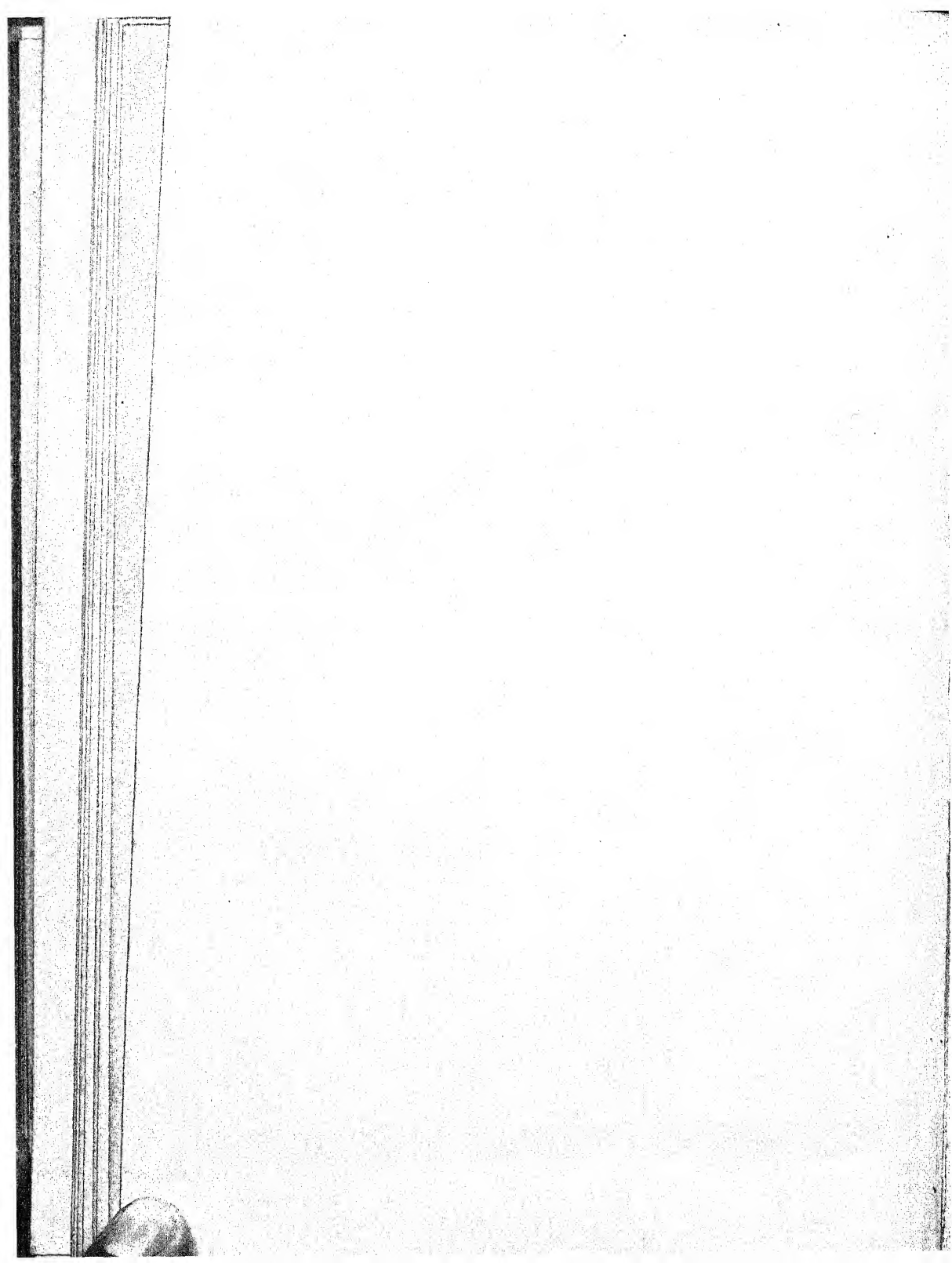
"A garrotter?" Fred asked, taking off his uncle's boots, and loosening his neck-tie.

"Worse, oh, much worse," gasped the old gentleman.



J. GÜLICH.

"OUT DARTED POOR MR. SAVAGE,—BREATHLESSLY, WILDLY."



"But what brought you to town?" said Fred, mixing for his uncle a glass of brandy-and-water.

"Ah!" sighed Mr. Savage; "it's a long story, Fred. But you shall hear it all, my boy. If you had only been as candid with me as I shall be with you, I should not have seen this terrible day. But I won't complain; since you are saved, I won't complain."

Mr. Savage paused and looked at his nephew. Certainly Fred was exceedingly handsome. As he stood there, flushed and expectant, he looked like a young Apollo. Mr. Savage looked upon him, and took a long breath of relief. How did he ever escape with such legs? he thought. There was altogether an appetizing look about his nephew that would have tempted a cannibal.

"What do you think of a monster that devours human legs?" said Mr. Savage.

Fred started, and looked at his uncle in amazement.

"And a pale, yellow-haired woman that murders people, and gets broken-hearted with remorse?"

Fred grew pale, and still stared at his uncle.

"And a girl with a voice like an angel, that shrieks about somebody being murdered, and leaving her alive—and a devil inside of a bird for a watch-dog—and a room with a trap-door?"

"He's gone mad!" exclaimed Fred, in alarm.

"No," said Mr. Savage, "I am not mad, although I've had enough to make me so. Do you doubt the existence of all these things? Go to 219 Blank Street, and you'll find them?"

When his uncle mentioned this number and this street, Fred's face shone with a sudden light; a colour flamed into his cheek. "Two hundred and nineteen!" he repeated softly.

"Yes, 219," replied his uncle. "I've been there to-day."

"You?" cried Fred. "And why did you go there? and how did you get in?"

Now these were embarrassing questions. Mr. Savage was compelled then to own that he had played the spy. It had a nasty sound about it that jarred upon the old gentleman grievously. But did not the end in this case justify the means?

At all events, the story must be told. And told it was, thoroughly and graphically. Mr. Savage, having drunk his brandy-and-water, resting in comfortable security in his arm-chair, with Fred for an auditor, entered into the spirit of the narrative. He described the

frowzy Cerberus, the innocent and child-like Chang, the pale, lustrous-eyed Polly, the musical-voiced Estelle, the diabolical Mephistopheles, and the sanguinary Tom.

The old gentleman was so taken up with his story that he failed to notice its effect upon Fred. At first his nephew was inclined to laugh, then to be grave, and at last an expression of vexed perplexity rested upon his face.

His uncle waxed impatient with his continued silence.

"Do you mean to say, sir," he cried, "that you are indifferent to the horrors I have described? Can you listen unmoved to scenes like these going on in the heart of a Christian community? What do you mean, Fred, by staring in that stupid way! Haven't you been listening to me?"

"Ye-es, sir," stammered Fred, collecting his faculties. "I—I am so horrified that I don't know what to say or do. I—I'd like to think it over, sir. Would you mind, Uncle Sol, if I went out for a little walk?"

"Now, Fred, my boy," said his uncle, quite satisfied with his nephew's emotion, "don't let the matter excite you too much. By the help of Providence and the guileless simplicity of that Chinese, I have escaped, probably, a fearful death. Heaven knows what crimes have been committed in that house, or how deep the cellars may be with human gore and the bones of their victims. But to-morrow the whole matter shall be thoroughly investigated. To-night I must strive to restore repose to my shattered nerves. Of course, my boy, go out for a walk; the air will do you good. But return early and get to bed, so that we shall be prepared for the morning. As for me, I shall get to bed immediately."

Mr. Savage went to bed, and, what with excitement, fatigue, and brandy-and-water, soon snored lustily. Fred made an elaborate toilet, and then went out. He walked rapidly across town, and reaching Blank Street, stopped at 219.

One would scarcely have known the house for the gloomy and repelling mansion of the morning. Lights gleamed from the windows; sounds of revelry and mirth were heard from the first story; the great hall-door was opened wide, leaving the pretty little vestibule, with its lace and curtains, the inviting portal.

Fred ran lightly up the steps, and through the vestibule, pausing for a moment at the door of the room on the right. A girlish laugh fell upon his ear, and in a moment a flush of emotion sprang into his face. Then

he entered. The scene before him was alluring.

A lofty room, brilliantly lighted, warmly carpetted, tastefully furnished. In its centre a dining-table, upon which, the heavier articles being removed, there rested a dainty repast of fruits and pastries. At one corner gleamed a decanter of wine and some half-filled glasses. At this table sat two charming women and a man. One of the women—a blonde, with lustrous eyes of a deep violet, pale, high brow, and hair of a faint golden colour—went over to Fred, and put out to him a charming hand. The man, of perhaps thirty-five, in a negligent toilet of drab pants and vest, brown velvet coat, and flowing neckerchief, raised high his glass of wine.

"A la bonne heure," he cried. "Dinner is over, but Bridget shall fetch you in a plate."

The other woman, a girl of perhaps twenty, with eyes like stars, a warm olive skin, and hair falling in thick curls upon a beautiful neck, scarcely arose from her chair; but her eyes were full of a tender and questioning interest.

"Come, Fred," said Tom, "have a glass of wine."

"No," said Fred, averting his eyes from the beautiful brunette, while a hot flush leaped into his cheek. "Before I ever touch my lips to a morsel in this house again I must have an explanation. Nobody is fonder of a joke than I am. The untrammelled freedom of our lives here has been very pleasant to me; but there is a limit to everything. The dearest person in the world to me, except one, has been exposed to the most agonizing terror and wanton insult in this house to-day. To amuse an idle moment, you have condescended to torture the kindest, the best creature in the world."

"Hold there!" said Tom. "Those are hard words. What the deuce do you mean? Be kind enough to explain as you go along."

"I have only to say that the old gentleman for whose benefit the comedy was enacted here to-day at two o'clock was my uncle."

Tom looked at Polly, Polly looked at Estelle.

"I can't make him out," said Tom. "What does he mean?"

"Do you deny then," said Fred, "that at two o'clock to-day you put on an old dressing-gown and scarlet cap, smeared a streak of red paint over your face, and, throwing a billet of wood down the stairs, called for the leg of a man, well-formed and muscular?"

Tom reddened a little.

"Of course I don't," he said. "I was in a confounded hurry finishing a picture, and

I wanted a model. The legs were in Polly's room, and when she's writing you might as well try to arouse the dead. As for my toilet, you'll allow me to choose that for myself, I suppose. A man's house is his castle."

"But how about Polly and Estelle?" said Fred, his voice softening. "Why in the world did Polly declare to Estelle that she had murdered a man, and was heart-broken about it?"

"Oh, Fred, you goose!" said Polly. "I was in the very height of my novel, when they declared I must kill my hero to make an effect. Just fancy how wretchedly I felt about it. I only went in where Estelle was studying her part to get a little consolation from her."

Estelle started; a look of half amusement and half vexation stole over her face.

"You don't mean to say, Fred, you heard me practising for the rehearsal to-morrow?"

"I didn't," said Fred; "but my uncle did. He was in the closet yonder."

"The insane gentleman!" burst from the lips of the three. "We thought he was a lunatic, and shut him up in the room until we could make some inquiries about him. Half an hour after he was gone. How the deuce did he get out?"

"Then it was not a joke upon the old gentleman? I thought you couldn't be capable of such cruelty. I beg your pardon, Tom; you know I never intrude upon you in the middle of the day, and I thought you had got the whole thing up as a joke."

"A joke!" repeated Tom. "By Jove! he frightened us as much as we did him. We thought he was a maniac. How the deuce did he get out?"

"How did he get in?" said Polly. "Surely Bridget did not!"

"No, indeed," said Fred; "she even refused a five-dollar gold piece; you must have hired something new in the way of a servant. My uncle described a mild-eyed melancholy creature, with a yellow skin, and long, narrow eyes!"

"Ah!" said Polly.

"That heathen Chinese," sighed Tom.

"My uncle came to my lodgings more dead than alive."

"Poor old boy! How the deuce did you manage it?"

"I didn't manage it at all; I thought first I'd come down here and see you."

"I don't suppose he'll take to us now," said Tom. "I'm afraid it's all up with you and Estelle."

"If I thought that," said Fred, "I'd go out

and shoot myself." Estelle moved a little nearer to him, and put her hand softly upon his, as it lay on the table. Fred grasped it fervently. "You'll be faithful to me," he said; "faithful and fond, even if my uncle does prove a little obdurate?"

"Of course she will," said Polly. "Come, Fred, cheer up. Tom, don't get stupid. Where's the use in having genius if we can't tide over a little scrape of this kind? Come, let's consult together."

"I tell you what," said Tom, casting a look of genuine admiration upon his wife, "if Polly takes the matter in hand it's all right."

And it was all right. Next morning Polly—that is, Mrs. Ingoldsby—was introduced to Mr. Savage, and explained to him all that had appeared to him so diabolical. Her laments were for the hero of her novel, whom she had been obliged to kill by order of her publisher, to create a "sensation." Estelle's fearful exclamation—"Murdered! Dead! And I alive!"—was only the climax of the new play which she had been rehearsing; and the leg which Tom Ingoldsby had so savagely demanded, was nothing more than a model he required for his picture.

Who can describe the emotions of Mr. Savage when he again entered 219? Who can depict the rapture of Fred, the amusement of Tom, the delight of Polly, the joy of Estelle, the rage of Toffy, the amazement of Bridget, and the mild abstraction of Chang?

Estelle did not go upon the stage. She and Fred were married in the fall. Tom liked the lakes and mountains so well that he took the whole family down on a visit to Mr. Savage to get some sketches.

But of all the Bohemian household Mr. Savage's favourite was Polly.

MRS. FRANK M'CARTHY.

APOLLO'S SONG OF DAPHNE.

My Daphne's hair is twisted gold,
Bright stars a-piece her eyes do hold,
My Daphne's brow enthrones the graces,
My Daphne's beauty stains all faces,
On Daphne's cheek grow rose and cherry,
But Daphne's lip a sweeter berry;
Daphne's snowy hand but touched does melt,
And then no heavenlier warmth is felt;
My Daphne's voice tunes all the spheres,
My Daphne's music charms all ears;
Fond am I thus to sing her praise,
These glories now are turned to bays.

JOHN LYLY (1592).

WRITTEN IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND, SEPTEMBER 2, 1812.

Blue was the loch, the clouds were gone,
Ben Lomond in his glory shone,
When, Luss, I left thee; when the breeze
Bore me from thy silver sands,
Thy kirk-yard wall among the trees,
Where, gray with age, the dial stands;
That dial so well known to me!

—Though many a shadow it had shed,
Beloved Sister, since with thee
The legend on the stone was read.

The fairy-isles fled far away;
That with its woods and uplands green,
Where shepherd-huts are dimly seen,
And songs are heard at close of day;
That too, the deer's wild covert, fled,
And that, the asylum of the dead:
While, as the boat went merrily,
Much of Rob Roy the boatman told;
His arm, that fell below his knee,
His cattle-ford and mountain-hold.

Tarbat, thy shore I climb'd at last;
And, thy shady region pass'd,
Upon another shore I stood,
And look'd upon another flood;
Great Ocean's self! ('Tis He who fills
That vast and awful depth of hills);
Where many an elf was playing round
Who treads unshod his classic ground;
And speaks, his native rocks among,
As Fingal spoke, and Ossian sung.

Night fell; and dark and darker grew
That narrow sea, that narrow sky,
As o'er the glimmering waves we flew;
The sea-bird rustling, wailing by.
And now the grampus, half-descried,
Black and huge above the tide;
The cliffs and promontories there,
Front to front, and broad and bare;
Each beyond each, with giant-feet
Advancing as in haste to meet;
The shatter'd fortress, whence the Dane
Blew his shrill blast, nor rush'd in vain,
Tyrant of the drear domain:

All into midnight-shadow sweep,
When day springs upward from the deep!
Kindling the waters in its flight,
The prow wakes splendour; and the oar,
That rose and fell unseen before,
Flashes in a sea of light!

Glad sign, and sure! for now we hail
Thy flowers, Glenfinnart, in the gale;
And bright indeed the path should be
That leads to friendship and to thee;

Oh blest retreat and sacred too!
Sacred as when the bell of prayer
Toll'd duly on the desert air,
And crosses deck'd thy summits blue.

Oft, like some loved romantic tale,
Oft shall my weary mind recall,
Amid the hum and stir of men,
Thy beechen grove and waterfall,
Thy ferry with its gliding sail,
And her—the Lady of the Glen!

SAMUEL ROGERS.

A BREACH OF DISCIPLINE.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

During the long war between England and France, which terminated in the abdication of Bonaparte and his retreat to Elba, it is well known that at various times most of the Continental powers were compelled by Napoleon and the presence of a French army to enter into an alliance with the emperor, and to assist him in his career of ambition.

In the northern parts of Europe this influence would have been ruinous to British commerce but for the gallant services of our navy and the daring prowess of our seamen; for one look at the map will show the utter impossibility there is for ships to proceed to the ports of the Baltic except through the very heart, as it were, of the kingdom of Denmark. With Russia and Sweden we were at peace, but with Denmark we were at war; and thus the market in Russia must have been closed against British produce (excepting that which was conveyed overland from Gottenburg to Stockholm, and thence by a precarious voyage to the Gulf of Finland), but that the proud flag which Nelson had triumphantly borne before the conquered ships and batteries of Copenhagen still floated in supremacy through every part of the northern seas. Our enemies had the mortification of seeing large fleets, composed of several hundred merchant-ships richly freighted, passing within a short distance of their shores, under the protection of men-of-war, that were constantly employed in conveying them.

These ships, arriving from different parts of England, assembled at the general rendezvous in Wingoe Sound on the coast of Sweden, and when a sufficient number were collected, they were formed into divisions, and made their passage through the Cattegat into the Great Belt, where, during the summer, ships of the line and frigates were stationed, at proper distances, to assist the convoys and to guard them over the Baltic Sea into the Gulf of Finland; and perhaps there never was a more interesting and spirit-stirring spectacle than the passage of the fleet through the Great Belt.

The merchant-ships, several hundred in number, with their white sails expanded and covering a space of six or seven miles, were led by a ship of the line, carrying the commodore's flag, ahead of which none dared advance. On each side of the fleet, at intervals, were frigates, sloops, and gun-brigs, to defend the merchant-vessels and keep them within bounds; and the rear was protected by other frigates and brigs, which were also occasionally employed in taking the dull sailers in tow, and, with every stitch of canvas set, dragging them up into the body of the fleet. Close to the shore the enemy's gun-boats and well-manned armed vessels could be seen rowing along, and ready to take advantage of any shift of wind that might force a straggler within a probable distance of being captured, when they would boldly dart upon their prey, and, in spite of every exertion on the part of the British men-of-war, were not unfrequently successful. If the wind died away and a calm ensued, the gun-boats were particularly active, for their long guns seldom failed of doing considerable execution; and the rapidity with which they shifted their stations, and the smallness of the object they offered for a mark, generally enabled them to escape with impunity from a fire in return. On the land strong detachments of horse-artillery kept parallel with the gun-vessels, ready to repel any attack which might be made by the boats of the men-of-war, supported by the armed brigs of a light draught of water.

It was on a lovely day at the commencement of July, 1811, that an English seventy-four stationed off Reefness observed a convoy approaching, and, having joined it, proceeded in company through the Great Belt to the south end of Langeland, where she left the convoy with a westerly wind, and trimmed her sails to return to her old station. They gradually receded from each other, till the seventy-four appeared the only ship floating on the smooth waters of the Belt.

The weather was extremely beautiful; the cool breeze tempered the atmospheric heat and swelled the sleeping sails; the sun shone in rich splendour; the shore scenery was finely picturesque; and the enemy's armed vessels were slowly returning to their different ports, disappointed in their expectations of a prize.

The tall ship glided swiftly along; and on the starboard side of the quarter-deck the captain and the first lieutenant paced to and fro in earnest conversation; many of the officers were walking on the larboard side, whilst the seamen grouped themselves together on the

forecastle, sporting their sea-wit and cracking their nautical jokes at the expense of the Danish flotilla. Suddenly the lieutenant quitted the side of his chief, and immediately afterwards the shrill pipe of the boatswain's mate was heard, followed by his deep, hoarse voice, exclaiming, "Bargemen, away! Pin-nacers, away!" In a few minutes the crews of the two boats named were on the quarter-deck, and received orders to hold themselves in readiness for night-duty. The captain of marines was also directed to have a party equipped for the same service, and a few of the best men were selected from the ship's company to complete the expedition.

About midnight, when a little to the southward of the track between Nyborg on the island of Fünen and Corsoer on the island of Zealand, the boats, with the addition of a double-banked cutter, put off from the ship under the command of the second lieutenant, who received orders to lie in the course which a vessel going from one town to the other would probably take, and detain every boat he might fall in with. Should nothing present itself that night his boats were to make for the islet in mid-passage, and, lying concealed throughout the day, again to row guard as soon as darkness returned.

These orders were punctually obeyed; and, nothing appearing to attract their notice, Lieutenant Montagu at the approach of daylight repaired with his small squadron to the islet; the boats were carefully concealed, and the men directed not to appear at all where it was possible they might be seen. The ship had continued her course, and no traces of her were visible; the day passed on; the westerly wind prevailed; and, just before sunset, Montagu, by the aid of his glass, discovered several small vessels preparing to quit Nyborg, and one that was larger and better equipped than the others he knew to be the mail-packet. This pleasing intelligence he communicated to his brother-officers and the seamen and marines, and joyful expectation of a rich prize animated all. It was evident that the Danes were unacquainted with the proximity of the boats: the signal-posts had reported the ship to be at anchor off Ramsoe; and thus they indulged in hopes of sending across to Zealand without any danger of capture.

Darkness came on; the British boats were extended in a line; and, after two hours of anxiety, Lieutenant Montagu, who occupied the central station, had the satisfaction of seeing a dark object approaching through the twilight gloom, and running down full upon him. As it neared

his boat he audibly whispered, "'Tis the packet! be ready, men!" and the utmost silence prevailed, broken only by the dashing and hissing of the spray as the Danish vessel cut through the yielding waters.

It was known that the packet (a cutter of about thirty tons burden) never went unarmed, and every heart beat high as she came down booming before the wind. Montagu forbore making the preconcerted signal to the other boats, as he was not without a hope of taking the packet by surprise; he therefore placed the barge right in her track, and was not discovered till close under her bows, when, by a judicious movement, he clapped alongside, and boarded with his men. Resistance would have been equally foolish and unavailing; and thus, without a blow being struck, or scarcely any noise being made, he took possession of his prize. To send every one below whilst he shortened sail and brought the cutter to the wind was but the work of a few minutes; and he was soon made sensible by several musket-shots that his other boats had been equally on the alert, and were bringing the vessels to. In less than an hour nine market-vessels, laden with goods and every delicacy of the season, and the packet, with passengers and baggage, were captured. But there was also, in a national point of view, a more important seizure made; for so sudden and unexpected had been the attack that the captain had not time to sink the mail, and thus very important despatches, together with an immense number of notes on the bank of Denmark, fell into the hands of the English.

Montagu had ordered the marines and three seamen to remain with him on board the cutter, and had sent the barge away to assist his comrades. He then descended to the cabin of the packet, where the passengers in indescribable terror were crowded together, and uttering bitter lamentations. But there was one who attracted his attention more than all the rest, and awakened every generous emotion of his heart. It was a young female of exquisite beauty, apparently about seventeen years of age, but her countenance was that of fixed despair. Her dress was elegant, though somewhat soiled and negligently put on; and at her feet lay a female domestic giving way to convulsive bursts of anguish. Montagu felt all the soft yearnings of tenderness and compassion stealing through his breast; he gazed in admiration and with pity on his captive; their eyes met, and in an instant she flung herself before him, and clung to his knees. At the first moment the sudden sobbings of

unrepressed agony prevented her speaking; but, recovering more of self-possession, in a voice sweetly musical she addressed the astonished lieutenant, in a language half English, half French, and implored him not to detain her as a prisoner, for she was hastening to the court of Denmark, a suppliant for a father's life. Her beseeching look, her earnest entreaty, her flowing tears, and her humble attitude distracted the mind of poor Montagu; and for an instant he cursed the chance which compelled him to be cruel. In vain he pointed out the impossibility of releasing the vessel; in vain he assured his lovely prisoner that she would be safe; and that in all probability the captain, when acquainted with the particulars, would instantly set her at liberty. "One hour's delay," she urged, "might bereave her of a parent, the only one she had known from infancy. The sentence of death was suspended over him for a breach of military etiquette, and none but the king could save his life."

Poor Montagu, who had never shrunk in the hour of peril, now trembled with conflicting emotions; the whole scene was so sudden, the appeal so touching, that he stood undecided how to act. In a few minutes he raised the beauteous mourner; but she clung still closer to him, and in accents of extreme woe bewailed her lot, till nature was subdued and she sank senseless on the deck. That was indeed a terrible moment for Montagu, and he swore that if it cost him his own life, or, what was equally dear, his future prospects of promotion, he would break through his duty and set her on shore that night.

Leaving the wretched girl to the care of her servant and the passengers, he went on deck; but the proud feelings of a victor had vanished. It is true he rallied sufficiently to issue his orders with accuracy and judgment; but the features of that beseeching countenance were stamped upon his heart, and the soul-thrilling accents of her sweet voice still sounded in his ears imploring for a father's life. He knew that a dereliction of duty might bring him to a court-martial; he knew that all attempts at concealment would be vain: nevertheless he was determined; and, directing the captain of the packet to have the lady's luggage in readiness, he ordered the crew of the barge to stow it in their boat. As commanding officer he was not amenable for his conduct to any one present; but in this instance he informed his brave fellows of a few leading incidents connected with his situation, and his intention of landing the lovely girl immediately. Selecting, therefore, a few of his stoutest followers to

remain in the cutter, he put the Danish crew and passengers on board the other vessels, and directed the next in command to proceed towards Ramsøe with the prizes under easy sail.

The lady and her servant were placed in the barge, the sails were hoisted, and, as the wind had gradually died away to a gentle air, the brave seamen stretched to their oars, and made their favourite boat fly through the sparkling waters.

But who can describe the enthusiastic gratitude of the pious daughter, as, sitting by the side of Montagu, and closely wrapped from the keen night-air in his boat-cloak, she felt assured by his persuasions that her speed would be accelerated instead of retarded by her capture; that a very short time would land her on the shores of Zealand, which she now saw rising into view; and that, as it was almost calm, had she remained in the packet, she could have made but little progress. Delicious to the ear of the lieutenant was the voice of the sweet girl, and he drank deeply of the intoxicating draught of pleasure.

The seamen appeared to be all actuated by one generous sentiment; but, as the barge was now rapidly approaching the shore, great caution was necessary not to excite alarm. The frowning batteries of Corsoer were rising in the gloom when the coxswain descried a boat near them: the men instantly lay on their oars; but Montagu, finding nothing to apprehend, boldly pushed alongside, and discovered that it was a small fisherman, who, unsuspecting of danger, had come out to fish. His terror at being taken was extreme, and Montagu for a few minutes suffered it to have full scope; he then proposed that he would permit him to go unmolested, with a reward into the bargain, if he would pledge himself to land the lady and her attendant at Corsoer, to which place, then at a short distance, he was immediately to proceed.

The poor fisherman and his companion gladly assented; the lady's baggage was put into their boat, and she prepared to follow, but, first turning to Montagu, with unrepressed thankfulness she threw her arms round his neck, buried her face upon his bosom, and burst into tears. With every hallowed and pure sentiment of fervent devotion the lieutenant raised her up, and, imprinting one kiss upon her cheek, assisted her to change her embarkation; he then wrapped his cloak around her, pressed her burning hand to his beating heart, uttered a faint farewell, and returned to his seat in the barge. The fair girl held out her hand to the coxswain, which he grasped with eagerness and raised to his lips; that

hand contained her purse, which she tendered for his acceptance, to be divided amongst his men; but, with the generosity, though with the characteristic bluntness of a seaman, he dashed a tear from his eye, and rejecting the proffered gift, exclaimed, "No, I'll be d—d if I do!—'twould be a black score in the purser's account at the last day."

The boats separated; the lieutenant followed the fisherman till he saw him enter the harbour of Corsoer, and then, with conflicting feelings, he directed the coxswain to steer by a bright star, which he knew would guide his course towards Ramsoe.

But they had not proceeded far before the morning twilight was brightly glimmering in the east, and the young officer and his coxswain bent down their heads, whilst with eager glance their eyes swept round the north-western horizon; but though fancy occasionally shadowed forth ideal imagery, the haziness of night had not sufficiently passed away to enable them to discover the objects of their search.

Day broke. The haze was gradually dispelled by the rising sun, which had not yet, however, reached the horizon. The breeze freshened from the southward. The barge, with flowing sheets, aided by the oars, dashed through the smooth waters. But with the opening glory of the morn a scene presented itself that for a moment caused the heart of the young lieutenant to sink within him.

The officer whom Montagu had left in charge of the prizes had obeyed his instructions, and kept under easy sail. The packet and the market-boats were visible to the barge slowly proceeding on their course; but there was also visible that which did not seem to be observed on board the prizes. A portion of the Danish flotilla, which had attended the convoy up the shores of the Belt, in returning to their harbours had discovered the captured vessels, and were evidently in eager pursuit.

Boldly did the stout bargemen stretch their sinewy arms to the oars, that bent to their rapid strokes. Gallantly did the swift boat dart over the rippling waters; musket after musket was fired by the young lieutenant to warn the prizes of their danger; but it was not till the headmost of the gun-boats had got them within reach of shot that they seemed sensible of being chased: then indeed all sail was crowded, and every effort made to accelerate their speed. Still the gun-boats gained upon them; and the headmost (which had greatly outstripped its companions) was preparing to throw a destructive fire of grape and canister at the distance of a cable's length when Mon-

tagu, in the barge, boldly dashed alongside, and, though at first repulsed, yet after a short but desperate struggle succeeded in getting on board. Here hand to hand the contest raged, and Death smote down his victims. The two lieutenants met: their bright swords flashed in the red flame of the musketry. Montagu felt that his future hopes principally depended upon that moment. Annihilation would be preferable to dishonour; but conquest might possibly regain character, distinction, and all that he feared was lost. His steel passed through the heart of the Dane, who fell lifeless on the deck.

A shout—a thrilling, soul-stirring shout—burst from the barge's crew as they rushed headlong upon the enemy, who, deprived of their gallant leader, called for quarter and surrendered. The gun-boat's head was immediately put round to meet the approaching flotilla, and the heavy charge of the eighteen-pounder, designed for the British, was poured with destructive precision on the advancing foe. Again she was put before the wind, and the stern-gun well plied did considerable execution. Several of the enemy's vessels were sunk or disabled; but though the daring of British seamen for a while kept the whole in check, yet the Danes still pressed on, apparently determined to recapture the prizes or perish.

Montagu perceived their object: but the tall masts of the seventy-four were now visible, and he knew that a short time would suffice to bring her near enough to induce the Danes to discontinue the chase, lest they should be unable to retreat. But the great force of the enemy, the incessant fire which they kept up, together with their superior sailing, left him but small hopes of escape. Suddenly the seventy-four shifted her position; the tall masts were concealed under clouds of canvas; and the lieutenant became sensible that his brave captain was hastening to his rescue as speedily as a slant wind would permit.

The crew of the barge gave three hearty cheers as they witnessed the manoeuvre, and the Danes, who likewise beheld it, were aware that one half-hour must decide their victory or compel them to sheer off; they therefore cheered in return, and with redoubled efforts pursued the prizes, which the crews of the pinnace and cutter were barely sufficient to keep in subjection, though they were enabled occasionally by a well-directed fire of musketry to annoy the enemy.

The momentous struggle arrived: two of the largest gun-boats ranged in amongst the prizes. Montagu, clapping his helm a-starboard, ran stem on to the first, and, by a well-directed

shot from his stern-gun, sent the other to the bottom. The conflict now became terrible: each vessel, as it came up, surrounded the gun-boat of the lieutenant; the barge's crew fought with cool and undaunted bravery, but, overpowered by numbers, and many of them severely wounded, they were reluctantly compelled to yield.

But the prizes were saved. The Danes, eager to recover their commodore, had lost too much time to think of further pursuit; and Montagu, whilst stretched bleeding on the deck, his head supported on the shoulder of the wounded coxswain, saw the certainty of their escape, gave one feeble cheer, and closed his eyes in insensibility.

Captain Wilkinson was much attached to Montagu, and heard with considerable pain the causes of his capture as they were detailed by the second in command, who, from motives of personal hostility, had given a colouring to the whole transaction, which perverted the truth, although adhering to occurrences that were undeniable. Of his ultimate fate they were ignorant, but it seemed most probable that death had cleared the forfeit for his breach of discipline.

But, happily for Montagu, it was not so; and, on recovering from a long attack of fever and delirium, he found himself in a splendid apartment, on a bed of down, surrounded by curtains of rich velvet; and dim recollections of the past came crowding confusedly upon his mind. Visions of an incomprehensible nature floated before him; his wounds still gave him pain, but feelings of a pleasing and consolatory kind soothed his breast, and he sank into a deep and refreshing slumber. He dreamed that a pitying angel from the abodes of eternal happiness was ministering to his wants, and the countenance of the heavenly visitant was blended with the lovely features of that beautiful girl who had knelt at his feet to plead for a father's safety. There was a sweet communion of spirit, a fervent mingling of the heart's emotion, which seemed to place him on an equality with his angelic guardian; and sentiments of devout gratitude were united with the most delightful sensations of strong and ardent affection.

Montagu awoke from his sleep with the objects of his dream still strongly impressed upon his imagination; he unclosed his eyes, but the vision of his slumbers appeared to be realized, for he actually beheld the eyes of that lovely female bent full upon him, whilst a benign look of compassion gave a peculiar and interesting expression to her face. It was, in

fact, the beautiful girl herself, and Montagu seized her extended hand and pressed it to his lips as the tears of pleasure chased each other down her glowing cheeks.

Emilie Zeyfferlein, on landing at Corsoer, had hastened to Copenhagen, and, through the influence of a friend at court, had obtained an interview with royalty. She had in fact been the first bearer of the account of the capture of the packet, and she did not fail to extol in appropriate terms the devoted generosity of the young English officer. A respite, however, was all she could obtain for her father, with a promise that the circumstances connected with his alleged fault should be strictly examined into. With this she hastened back to the prison where her parent was confined. But, on passing through Nyborg, she heard of the action that had been fought, saw the wounded and insensible lieutenant, and, after an interview with her father, she returned to attend upon poor Montagu.

The crown-prince heard of these circumstances, which the Danes—naturally a brave people—had extolled with admiration. Montagu was removed to the palace of the prince, who had conversed with the English prisoners taken with their young officer, and received from them a history of the transaction; and Emilie was permitted to undertake the office of nurse. Carefully and vigilantly had she watched and attended him through his perilous illness, and latterly her whole soul had become engrossed by the hope of saving her benefactor; for it had been ascertained that the charges against her father had originated in malevolence; and, consequently, his life was not only spared, but he was released from confinement, and retained in the immediate suite of the prince.

Montagu would have recovered fast, but there were two things that greatly impeded his convalescence—the first was an agonizing apprehension of the consequences of his breach of naval discipline, and the second arose from the painful certainty that he must part from the fair girl, who now seemed bound to his heart as part and parcel of his very existence.

The survivors of the barge's crew had been exchanged; Captain Wilkinson had made strict inquiries of them relative to the affair, and their replies so clearly proved the humanity and bravery of Montagu as to raise him greatly in the personal estimation of his worthy and excellent commander. But public duty prevailed over private feelings; and though determined to do all in his power to aid his young friend, yet there was no alternative but

a court-martial. As soon as Montagu could undergo the fatigue, he wrote to his captain, detailing and explaining every circumstance; and this letter, with a recommendatory one from the crown-prince, speaking in high terms of the young lieutenant, was forwarded to the admiral.

But Admiral G—— was a strict and stern disciplinarian, unacquainted with those finer feelings of the mind that prompt the tender mercies. As he could not appreciate the young lieutenant's motives, there appeared to him no palliation of his offence; but he rather deemed the yielding to female influence an aggravation. Consequently the letters, though intended to be forwarded to the admiralty, went no further than himself; and Montagu, decorated with orders presented by a generous enemy, returned to his ship in Wingoe Sound, to be placed under arrest by his countrymen and friends.

The winter was at hand, and the large ships returned to England. The flag for a court-martial was hoisted on board the *Raisonnaable* in Sheerness harbour; and the gallant Lieutenant Rivers, who lost his leg on board Nelson's own ship in the battle of Trafalgar, was active in his exertions for the almost desponding prisoner.

I was then but a boy, but I well remember the circumstances. The noble-minded Captain Clay sat as president at the head of the table, and the other officers were ranged on each side, with the judge-advocate at the bottom. On the left of this latter personage stood Montagu, in full uniform, but without the emblems of distinction which he had received from the regent of Denmark. He still carried his left arm in a sling, and his forehead displayed a ruddy scar from a wound yet scarcely healed; his face was pale, from his long sickness and agitation, which Captain Clay no sooner observed than he directed that the prisoner should be accommodated with a chair, behind which stood the provost-marshal, with his naked sword.

The court was opened, and the great cabin was immediately crowded in every part, whilst many a brilliant from the heart of sympathy hung on the eyelids of the daring and intrepid tars, who loved a generous deed and mourned its sad requital.

The charges were read and the witnesses called. The first was the officer to whom Montagu had given the command of the prizes; and his evidence was heard with pain by every member of the court, particularly as its main points were corroborated by those

who were subsequently examined. The barge's crew confirmed that part of the testimony relative to their proceeding to Corsoer; but neither the respect due to the court nor the fear of consequences could deter the sturdy but honest coxswain from giving free utterance to the fulness of his heart. He was a remarkably fine-looking man; and, as he stood on the right of the judge-advocate, with his black handkerchief carelessly knotted round the collar of his white shirt, and his flaxen hair curling wildly over his face, he presented an admirable specimen of Britain's pride. Occasionally a glance of deep meaning was thrown towards the prisoner, who had long valued and esteemed this humble friend.

To expect or even command the coxswain merely to answer the interrogatories that were put to him was out of the question; he reasoned in his own way upon the evidence he gave, and drew such a picture of the distress of the duteous daughter that there was scarcely a dry eye in the court. It was the language of nature, in its most simple but at the same time its most eloquent form—it was a seaman appealing to the hearts of seamen in their own peculiar way.

"Lord bless your honours!" said he, throwing out his right arm, and advancing close to the table, "ould Jack Tiller is not to be told that the articles of war must be obeyed, and death is denounced against them as breaks 'em: but I pities they as wants pity; and though duty to our king and country must be done, yet there's a neglect of duty to the great Commander-in-chief, whose voice we have so often heard upon the waters, that will bring us to a more terrible court-martial than this here, where your honours know that if being marcfuil is a crime every one on you is as guilty as my brave officer there. And oh! if you had but seen her when she grappled the lieutenant—her beautiful eyes swimming in tears——"

"Witness," exclaimed the president, interrupting him, "you must confine yourself to answer questions, without going into particulars."

"I wull, your honours! indeed I wull!" replied the coxswain: "but if you had only heard that sweet girl plead for a father's life—remember, your honours, it was her father—and some of your honours, I dare say, has got lovely children—though God forbid that any on 'em should ever have to work such a traverse as she had—yes, your honours, it was her father—and, poor thing, she had no mother"—and here the brave fellow's voice, which had become tremulous, wholly ceased, whilst a

strong feeling of sympathy pervaded every soul present.

"Witness, have you anything more to say?" inquired the president.

"Lord bless your honour again and again for that kindness!" answered the coxswain. "I knew you would never throw a poor tar slap aback for speaking a bit of his mind. I've sarved my king—God bless him!—many years, and some of your honours knows that Jack Tiller never wanted a tow-line when boarding an enemy. Captain Wilkinson there will be a voucher for my experience in them 'ere matters, and so I think I can tell when a brave man does his duty; and as to Mr. Montagu, may I be — I beg pardon, your honours, but I was going to say if ever a seaman fought as a seaman should fight, it was Mr. Montagu. But what's the worth of a heart that has no compassion for a signal of distress, and would leave a fellow-creature to be wrecked when a spare anchor would save 'em?"

"Attend, coxswain," said the president: "do you think the prisoner had any other motive in going over to Corsoer than that which you have mentioned?"

"Prisoner, your honours?" replied the coxswain doubtfully, and then, as if suddenly recollecting, he went on, "Oh ay, I understand now—you means Mr. Montagu. As for his motives I can't speak, but I know he had his side-arms and pistols."

"Do you think that the cause of his quitting the prizes was pure generosity?" asked the president.

"If it warn't, may I be — I beg pardon again, your honours," said the coxswain.

"And who can tell when they see the big round tears following in each other's wake down the cheeks of beauty—who can tell what tack they may stand on, or to what point of the compass they may head?—a brave man turns 'em into a sort of a language as quick as a marine turns into his hammock—there's no twisting 'em end for end, or converting 'em deliberately into twice-laid."

"The lady must have been very beautiful to have produced so great a *fascination*," said a young member of the court.

"Produced what, your honour?" asked the coxswain, who immediately thought of the purse. "Why, ay, she did press it on me to be sure, but I wouldn't touch a stiver; and, as for her beauty, why, your honour can judge for yourself." The coxswain turned round to some one who stood at a short distance behind him, enveloped in a boat-cloak, and whom he

now handed forward, to the great surprise of the court. Having done this, he took his station respectfully by the side of the person he had introduced, and in a business-like way removed the cloak, when Emilie Zeyfferlein, in all her loveliness, stood revealed to their eager gaze.

Expressions of admiration issued from every part of the crowded cabin, but they were uttered only in an audible whisper. The president looked round him in a state of perplexed embarrassment; the members of the court rose from their seats with marked respect; and the junior captain, who was the nearest to her, immediately offered her his chair. Captain Wilkinson came round to her side, and offered kind encouragement, whilst ill-repressed bursts of honest approval for several minutes issued from the bold tars without the cabin.

But who could paint the feelings or the look of Montagu at the wholly unexpected appearance of one who at that very moment occupied every thought of his heart?—it would be impossible. She looked imploringly towards the president; she tried to speak, but her voice faltered; yet her presence carried more energy and force with it than all the powers of language. She had braved the elemental strife of winds and waves, and there, a devotee to gratitude and love, she stood ready to plead for her benefactor.

But this state of things could not be suffered to continue long. The president adjourned the court for the day; the prisoner was removed to his private cabin; and Emilie was conducted by the worthy Captain Clay to his wife and family till the sensation which had been created had somewhat subsided.

I must pass over the interview between the distressed Montagu and the fondly attached Emilie—it was a mingling of delight with agony, a blending of smiles with tears. She had come to England, accompanied by her father, in a neutral vessel, and furnished with letters from the regent of Denmark to the ruler on the British throne. They had gained information at the Admiralty of the intended court-martial, and not a moment was lost in hastening to Sheerness.

On the following day the sitting of the court was resumed. The trial proceeded. A verdict of guilty was returned, and sentence of death passed upon the prisoner. Montagu heard it with every outward semblance of firmness—but oh! the agony of his heart! He had borne an irreproachable character—he had bravely fought for his country—he had an aged mother, who prized him as her dearest

and most cherished treasure—he loved and was beloved—and to die by an ignominious execution, with thousands of eyes to witness his degradation!—oh! the rush of thought was dreadful.

But the spirit of the beauteous Emilie was stirred up, her mind was strengthened, her frame was nerved with energetic resolve; and, without seeing the condemned officer, she returned to the metropolis, and sought by every means within her power to influence the mercy of the crown in favour of Montagu. The letters from Denmark were but little noticed by the regent, and the loss of lives caused by the defalcation of the doomed one was aggravated by the admiral; so that the only boon the supplicant could obtain was that the life of the lieutenant should be spared. This, however, was renewed existence to herself, for whilst he lived she was prepared to share his lot whatever it might be; and the heavy weight which threatened to crush the young bud of her future hopes was removed from her heart. Yet the blow had been too severe for the parent of the prisoner; his situation had been incautiously disclosed to the fond mother; the tender fibres which bound her to the world were severed; and she sank to the grave, with no child to close her eyes in death, and to see her laid in the receptacle for perishing mortality.

Montagu was dismissed the service. Every tie that had bound him to his country was broken. He returned with the devoted Emilie to Copenhagen, changed his name, married the lovely girl, and rose to the rank of a Danish admiral, high in the confidence of the monarch.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.—

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleetest rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
“Hearts of oak!” our captain cried; when each
gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.—

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave;
“Ye are brothers! Ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:—
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king.”—

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died;
With the gallant good Riou.¹

¹ Captain Riou, justly entitled the gallant and the good, by Lord Nelson, when he wrote home his despatches.

Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave.—

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

AN UNFORTUNATE GENIUS.

I was one day walking through Finsbury Square. There sat a pale, sick woman, meekly and sorrowfully bending her eyes to the earth, while a child slept in her arms, upon whose thin pallid features were the traces of as much misery as can fall to the lot of sinless infancy. I had been reading that very morning chap. v. b. iii. part 3 of Paley's *Moral and Political Philosophy*, and all the better feelings of my nature had responded to every argument he employed for enforcing the duty of alms-giving. But I rather think it must have been a grand field-day with the beggars; that they had all turned out upon some special occasion; for I met eleven cripples, four widows with five fatherless children apiece, three starving industrious mechanics in clean white aprons, and one blind sailor, who had lost his "precious sight" by lightning, in the Bay of Biscay, between St. Paul's and the Old Jewry. It was this, I suppose, that soured the milk of human kindness within me, and made me pass, with an un pitying heart, the simple, touching appeal of the poor creature I have described, on whose lap lay a written paper with these words only: "*Have compassion on us; we are destitute!*" She asked no charity, either by word or look; but, with folded arms round her baby, and her head drooping over it, she trusted all to the tale which this little scroll told of her condition. Yet I passed on!

I blush while I write this confession of cold, miserable selfishness, that could, even for a moment, stifle the yearnings of the lowest species of humanity, upon the paltry plea that perhaps I had (for I did not know I had) given my mite already to the unworthy. It is curious how conscience keeps tugging at a man to hold him back when he is going in a wrong path. Every step I took towards the City Road, leaving that poor silent suppliant behind unrelieved, I felt I was walking under the constantly increasing burden of a self-accusing spirit—a consciousness that I had left something undone, which it was necessary, for my own comfort, I should return and do.

I obeyed my monitor. I returned; and, as if to show me to myself in my true colours, I saw a Greenwich pensioner, with a face as hard as a cannon-ball, and a look as crabbed as if he had just been fined a day's allowance of grog, drop even his mite into the woman's lap. The rewarding look with which her eyes followed the maimed veteran, as he hobbled away on his wooden leg, smote me.

It would be a piece of tedious egotism to relate the conversation I held with this distressed creature after I had dispensed my bounty to her. But the scene to which it led I will describe.

It was with some difficulty I prevailed upon her to disclose her abode, or rather to consent that she should conduct me to it; and, notwithstanding the sharp rebuke I had already received, in proportion to her reluctance the feeling grew strong within me that I was still the dupe of imposture. At length she yielded, but with a mournful shake of the head, which might be interpreted, I thought, two ways: either that she was conscious she could not escape detection, or satisfied that I should find her tale of misery too true. She arose, and I followed her slow feeble steps till we arrived at — Street, leading into the New Road, near Pentonville.

She stopped at No. — in that street; and, looking at me as she knocked at the door, said faintly, "We live here, sir."

I had hardly time to notice the apparent comfort and respectability of the outward appearance of the house, before the door was opened by a fine-looking lad about thirteen, whose dress denoted that species of poverty which is the wreck of former competence. He was old enough to know what misery means beyond the mere endurance of its sufferings and privations; and his countenance, therefore, wore that melancholy expression which is stamped by the habitual presence of sad thoughts. Yet there was a sparkling gladness in his eye to welcome back his mother, mingled with a timid inquiring glance at the stranger who accompanied her.

No words passed between them, and I followed my conductress silently into the parlour. Here was my first evidence of the destitution which the paper she had displayed proclaimed. There was nothing but the bare walls; literally nothing else: not an article of furniture of any description.

"Take your sister, George," said the miserable mother, "and lay her—" tears choked her utterance. She might have added, "on the ground!" for, as I afterwards learned,

bed there was none, nor chair, nor table, nor aught, save the floor, for its resting-place. The poor fellow took the infant, yet asleep, and while his own tears started at those of his mother, left the room.

I heard a heavy tread above, as of one pacing up and down with a hurried, impetuous step.

"It is my husband," said she, anticipating the question which my look, I suppose, betrayed was upon my lips.

"Your husband! What is he?"

"An artist."

"An artist!" I repeated, in a tone which I dare say expressed what I felt; for, judging from all that had occurred, I expected to find the lowest branch of the art of colouring, dignified with a name which it has grown into a fashion to apply to the most consummate masters of the pencil.

"Yes, sir," she replied, with something of offended pride, "an artist; and such an enthusiast of his art that it has turned his brain. But I will go to him and see if he will admit you."

She quitted the apartment, and the next moment I heard a loud laughing, clapping of hands, and vehement talking. I could not distinguish what was said; and before I had time to consider how I should act in the presence of a mad painter, quick steps descending the stairs apprised me of a visit for which I was wholly unprepared. The door flew open, and in rushed the husband followed by his wife entreating him to be calm, and assuring him that he was mistaken.

He made a sudden halt when he saw me, and with a wild, scrutinizing glare, surveyed me from head to foot. I was at once convinced of the disordered state of his mind, and wished our relative positions changed—I between him and the door, instead of his being between me and the only means of an escape, if it should be necessary, which the room presented, unless I made a precipitate retreat from the window into the area. He was tall, thin, pale, and haggard in appearance, with a beard that had not been shaved for a month; and had on a faded green greatcoat, one sleeve of which was half torn away, and the other hanging in tatters. In his left hand he held an ivory palette; his right grasped—not his pencil—but a large iron poker!

It does not require the experience of a lunatic asylum to know that insane persons are best managed by gentleness; and with a sort of instinctive consciousness of this, I saluted him very courteously, taking off my hat to render the homage which was due to the master of

the house from a stranger. The effect of my politeness answered my most sanguine expectations. He returned my bow with a great deal of exuberant dignity; dropped his poker, which hitherto he had held as if prepared either to repel or commit an aggression, and used it as a walking-stick, while with a stately measured step he approached the farther corner of the room where I had planted myself, and where, at that moment, I should have been well pleased to find the wall opening behind me, for the convenience of retreating two steps to each one of his in advance.

"Ha! ha!" he exclaimed, when he was so close to me that if I had not held my head as erect as a grenadier of the Guards, the bristles of his month's beard would have entered my own chin. "Ha! ha! do you think I would let them touch the *Last Judgment*?" and he brandished his poker over his head: "No! the rascals! They took everything else; and I stood by and laughed to see what trouble they were at for my convenience. What cared I for tables, chairs, beds? They were in my way. But when they would have laid hands upon the *Last Judgment*, Martha," he continued, turning to his wife, who stood trembling and dejected at his side; "what did I say to the fellow who looked like Michael Angelo when he came into the room for the *Last Judgment*? I knocked him down, sir," addressing me again, and elevating his poker—"A judgment upon him, ha! ha! but not the last; for then I took him thus," seizing me by the collar, "and thrust him into the street, ha! ha! ha!"

"You did perfectly right," said I, with as much composure as I could possibly assume in my very awkward situation, and devoutly hoping he would not mistake me for Michael Angelo coming for his *Last Judgment*.

"Right!" he exclaimed. "Had he been an R.A., or the president of the R.A. himself, I would have felled him to the ground like an ox, or any man who dared to remove that canvas from the easel till I had painted in the nose of Alexander: he is the principal figure in the foreground. If you are an artist I need not tell you that to paint the end of a nose well—true to nature—is the climax of perfection in a portrait. Sir Joshua could never do it; West failed in all his noses; Sir Thomas is the only man in England, except myself, who can really paint a nose. Look even at the noses of the prophets and sibyls of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel—they are lumps of putty, sir, stuck on by a glazier. Yours would be a very difficult nose to paint!"

he added, fixing his eyes upon my nose with an earnest gaze of so equivocal a meaning, that I wished at the moment Nature had defrauded me of that prominent feature.

All this time he had never once shifted his position; neither could I mine. His wife continued to stand close to us, looking at me every now and then with an expression of countenance which silently but intelligibly conjured me not to cross him; while the son, with his infant sister in his arms, appeared at the door, surveying the scene in an attitude of intense curiosity and deep affliction for the state of his wretched parent.

At length he yielded to the persuasions of his wife, and consented that I should go upstairs and see the *Last Judgment*, after making me promise I would not approach nearer to it than he should point out. He led the way, shouldering his poker like a musket: the wife followed next, and I brought up the rear. When I entered the room I was amazed. It was stripped of every article of furniture; but in the centre, stretched upon the easel, stood a magnificent painting unfinished, as I saw at the first glance, and in more respects than the nose of Alexander. The grace and expression, united with grandeur of form, in the principal figures; the variety of the subordinate parts; the effective grouping; the rich yet complete harmony of colour; and in some of the faces the appalling passions that were portrayed, constituted altogether as fine a specimen of modern art as I had ever looked upon.

The burst of admiration which escaped from me was so sincere, so fervent, that it fell like an electrical shock upon the shattered nerves and overwrought brain of the unhappy artist. He burst into tears. With passionate sobs, with shrieks of alternate delight and sorrow, he uttered a thousand wild exclamations, half ludicrous, half heart-rending, as he now gloried in his work, now execrated the age in which he lived, insensible as it was to his merits, and now deplored that all his genius had not been able to feed his children.

"Ha! ha! sir," he cried (throwing away his poker, rubbing his hands, and springing like a tiger from me to the picture, and from the picture back again to me, as he spoke)—"Ha! ha! sir, talk of your Titians, your Caraccis, your Raffaels, even the great Florentine himself, Michael Angelo! Oh, Heaven! Had they given me bread the while for me and mine, I would have shed a glory upon my country brighter than that which now blazes over Italy! *Io sono pittore!* Look here! observe this sweep-

ing outline—and here, what anatomy! how finely that muscle is displayed! how I laboured to produce that! I have worked while the world slept, and worshipped my art in the stillness of those hours when the fainting soul languished for repose! Ay, sir—Martha can tell you—I lived but at my easel. Do you see the ghastly expressions of that face? how beautifully it contrasts with the serene, seraphic, spiritual joy that beams from the features of that lovely maiden! This head conceived, this hand executed it all—and yet look at me! I am mad—mad—mad!" pressing his clenched hands violently to his forehead: "for I have been left to dream of visions that are gone, and to feed upon myself, till now I sometimes seem to see my own heart's blood covering that canvas instead of the colours I laid on!"

He became more composed after this ebullition of his feelings, and gathered himself into an attitude of earnest contemplation of the picture. I was myself gazing at it with increasing admiration, when he suddenly burst into a loud laugh.

"Ha! ha! ha! What would Michael Angelo say if he saw that? By Jupiter! that old man on the right, whom I mean for a cardinal, has too much of the sly, demure look of a Quaker. There, there, go, go! I must not be interrupted any longer; we want money; and if they would empty before me the coffers of the Bank of England, they should not have it till I have bestowed my last touches upon the nose of Alexander, and painted up the cardinal's face to the true piety of a well-paid churchman. There, go, go!"

I obeyed, and leaving the maniac to his moody fancies, returned with his wife to the parlour, where I received from her all the particulars of her husband's calamitous history.

His name was ———, and he had not yet attained his five-and-thirtieth year. He was what is called a self-taught artist; that is, one who embodied the conceptions of genius (which are from Heaven) in the same way as those men did who had no masters to study, being themselves the great originals in their art, and the models, by universal consent, for those who came after them. Such men were *self-taught*, for where were they to find teachers? And *such* self-tuition, which is but another word for inspiration, is the only school wherein the rarer works of Nature can study. In this sense Demosthenes was a self-taught orator among the Greeks, and Cicero among the Romans; Homer was a self-taught poet; and Shakspeare and Cervantes, Milton and Molière, were self-taught; if by the phrase we are to

understand that which, if it be not self-taught, is incommunicable. But to return from this digression to my crazed, self-taught artist.

His father was a wealthy merchant; and designing his only son for the church, his education had been completed at Cambridge. But he was born a painter; and renouncing, with the recklessness and impetuosity of a youthful mind, goaded onwards by the fiery impulses of one predominant, one devouring passion, he renounced everything for it. This was an offence not at first to be forgiven by a father who had as strong a passion of another kind; who would rather have seen his son's name enrolled among the Tillotsons, Sherlocks, Taylors, and Barrows of the English hierarchy, than heard him hailed by the general voice as the Raffael or Titian of his country. But there was doubtless a pardon that might have been slowly won from the parental heart, had not every hold upon it been dis severed by a second offence, that of marrying a beautiful, virtuous, and amiable girl, who was as poor as poverty herself in all things else. Pride discarded him from his home, and pride kept him voluntarily a stranger to it ever after.

He had now to struggle with adversity under all its most trying afflictions. He could not stoop to make the noble art to which he had devoted himself a trading commodity among the shopkeepers of the metropolis. He disdained to colour canvas for wages that would barely suffice to maintain him. He chose rather (when the small fund was exhausted which his father placed at his disposal in renouncing him, and which had been husbanded most thriftily) to depend for precarious subsistence upon slender loans solicited from former friends or acquaintance, while finishing his first serious effort in historical composition. The subject was a fine one—Oliver Cromwell surveying the dead body of Charles I. the night after his execution.¹ It was exhibited. The best judges were struck with its grandeur and poetical conception as a whole, and with the felicitous power displayed in many of its details. It soon found a purchaser at the modest price demanded by the artist, who was thus

enabled to discharge his obligations to his friends, and provide for immediate wants.

In this way he continued to wrestle with his fate for several years, alternately a borrower and a payer, as his various pieces were bought. He buried himself meanwhile in solitude; for nowhere can a man live so solitary as in a crowded city, especially if he be poor. It is there only he may be one of thousands, without one of the thousands amid whom he moves knowing enough of him to call him by his name. His ambition was of the true quality; incapable of repose or satisfaction; discontented with all that it achieved; eager for all that its restless aspirings aimed at, and confident that all was within its reach. He denied himself rest, almost food; frequently sat at his easel eighteen or twenty hours together; and during that time contented himself with a few biscuits or a little fruit to rally his sinking energies. Then, fevered and exhausted, he would throw himself on his bed; not to sleep, but to dream and talk of the visions of his waking thoughts.

This ceaseless labour, this intense musing upon bright images of renown that were incessantly streaming into his mind, uniting with the distraction caused by pecuniary embarrassments, first shattered his health, and finally unsettled his reason! His wife imagined she perceived occasional symptoms of a disturbed intellect long before she was summoned to witness an alarming evidence of it.

One day she heard him shouting and dancing furiously in his room. She hastened to him. What was her dismay when she saw him with a large carving-knife in his hand, and the floor strewn with the shreds of three pictures for which he was to be paid a considerable sum when finished; but which, with the habitual improvidence of his character, he had suffered to remain unfinished for months (he and his family all but starving meanwhile), because he had begun, and was concentrating his whole soul upon the execution of, the *Last Judgment*. He had slashed them into ribands, and was exulting over his achievement with the boisterous rejoicing of a man who had vanquished some tormenting evil that had been pursuing him at every turn. When he perceived his wife he pointed to the bits of painted canvas, exclaiming with a strange mixture of ludicrous solemnity and the fierce flashing of satiated vengeance—

"Now, my dear Martha, I am free! I have triumphed over these fiends, these insulting fiends, who stood grinning at me with looks of gaunt defiance, as if they were the personi-

¹ "While the assassins that crept up and down afraid of every man they met, pointed at as monsters in nature, finished not their treason when they had ended his martyrdom, one (O. C.), to feed his eyes with cruelty, and satisfy his solicitous ambition, curiously surveyed the murdered carcass, when it was brought in a coffin to Whitehall, and to assure himself the body was quite dead, with his fingers searched the wound whether the head was wholly severed from the body or no."—*Lloyd's Memoirs*.

fictions of famine, and daring me to worship my idol there while they were neglected. But I have cut them down at last, —and now for a glorious strife with Michael Angelo!"

His infirmity did not assume the character of confirmed aberration of mind in the beginning; for he would talk rationally and temperately upon many subjects; and in moments of serene discourse with his wife, condemn (but ever more in mirth than in sorrow) the rash execution he had done upon the three unfortunate and unoffending pictures. Still he became more and more incapable of connecting in his thoughts the labours of his hand with the sustenance of his family.

"Henceforth I will paint for immortality," he would say; "I will live no longer for the present, but for all time: and my delighted spirit shall glow with conscious rapture as it beholds the imperishable garland which posterity will weave for my name."

The necessary consequence of this deplorable delusion was, that his domestic affairs became irretrievably embarrassed, and his family were reduced to privations whose bitterness and severity were felt by himself only in the momentary sense of their existence. His wife bore her share of these trying calamities with an enduring fortitude and patience, which her devoted love for her husband alone could have inspired, and which the hope, that never forsook her, of his restoration to reason, could alone have sustained. Whatever could be converted into money was unhesitatingly devoted to that use; and when scarcely anything remained but the more bulky furniture of the house, she exercised her ingenuity in various fanciful articles of needle-work, which she parted with for any price they would obtain. It need hardly be told how many hours of sedentary toil at an occupation like this it required to produce a few shillings; nor how many heart-sickening disappointments, how many galling humiliations were to be encountered before a purchaser could be found. Her close application, her mental anxiety, both on account of her husband and her children, added to poor and insufficient diet, reduced her to a state of such pitiable weakness, that she was at length unable to continue her labour.

Then was her situation dreadful indeed! Famine at the door, and the hand that should drive it hence, powerless, alas! from a malady which showed no signs of abatement! She would have sought her husband's father in her extremity, and implored his aid—not for herself, if her participation in it would have turned

it aside—but for a son; and for that son's children, innocent of the crimes which had banished *their* father from the affections of his *own*. But she revered too deeply her husband's honour. She had heard him too often express what were *his* feelings at the conduct of his father; had heard him too often repeat his stern determination rather to perish with hunger than owe the meal which saved him to one who had trampled upon his young heart's first ambition and its most cherished affections—these recollections were too vividly present to her mind, and she herself shared in all the feelings with which they were associated too entirely to do that *for* her husband, in his benighted state, at which he himself would have spurned, and which would be unblessed by his sanction when it should be Heaven's will to restore to him the light of reason.

At length came the heaviest blow of all. A churlish creditor, one of those sordid reptiles of the earth, whose sole perception of what is right consists in knowing that he who has money owing to him has a right to be paid, no matter though he tears his debt from the convulsive grasp of an agonized father standing half-frenzied by the side of his famishing wife and children—a creature of this stamp, and the world swarms with such—put an execution into the house, and swept away by the ruthless hand of the law (wrested to appease a demon, not raised to distribute justice) every remaining vestige of property. The savage scene had been acted only the day before it was my chance to pass the miserable wife as she sat for charity from wayfarers. To this last resource of the destitute she had resorted in utter despair. They could not pass another four-and-twenty hours as they had passed the preceding. They could not literally sit down and die for very want in their desolate habitation. A single shilling (if the charity which walks the streets should bestow so much, and no more) would at least suffice to satisfy the most importunate of the cravings of nature; and that *must* be done. There would then be time to think of what *could* be done. With the feeling of this necessity strong upon her she quitted the house with her infant in her arms.

Let me not forget to mention two circumstances. The one is (as I had reason subsequently to know), that the step of the door on which she sat with her touching appeal—"Have pity on us, we are destitute!" belonged to the house in which her husband's father lived, and that he, in coming out that morning, had passed her. But they were mutually

unacquainted with each other; while she was totally ignorant of the place where she had seated herself. Surely, were there such things in Nature as we sometimes read of—strange, mysterious, and occult sympathies, by which kindred bloods wonderfully respond to unknown ties—this man could not have been so near his own, under such circumstances, and have looked upon the mother and her child only as he would have looked upon a common street mendicant!

The other circumstance is this. When the sheriff's officers entered the house to levy the execution, her husband surveyed the process not only with indifference, but with a sort of wild mirth, to see how the chairs, and tables, and beds were pulled about, and carried from room to room. His wife's dismay, his son's tears, moved him not. They were unheeded. He laughed, even, as they thrust him from the chair on which he was sitting, to remove it into the cart at the door. But when two of the men were about to lay their hands on the picture by which he stood—on his *Last Judgment*—at which he still worked every day, and which doubtless owed some of the extraordinary effect I have described to the very frenzy of his thoughts, he sprang upon them like a chafed leopard, threw them to the ground, and, in a frightful struggle, while he literally howled with rage, would have strangled them, had they not been powerful enough to escape from his grasp. Terror-struck, they fled—he followed—and, snatching up a poker that lay in his way, when he had driven them into the street, he retreated to his room again, vociferating horrid maledictions against his antagonists, who were too prudent to renew their claims. It was this circumstance dwelling freshly upon his mind which made him arm himself with his weapon when he came down to me; believing, as I afterwards learned, that I might be one of the officers returned to take away his picture. Nor was it till the admiration I expressed roused his latent feelings of pride and joy, while it destroyed his suspicions, that he cast it away.

I have little else to add. That picture is now in my possession. I became the purchaser of it at my own price—a price which did more than merely pay its value. It brought back comfort to a house of mourning. It placed the artist under such medical care as ultimately restored him to reason. It authorized me to become an intercessor with his father, and to close the wounds that had so long and so unjustly rankled in his bosom.

New Monthly Mag.

FANCY.¹

Ever let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
Then let winged Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her:
Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Summer's joys are spoil'd by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming;
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloyes with tasting: What do then?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear faggot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overawed,
Fancy, high-commission'd:—send her!
She has vassals to attend her:
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost;

¹ It will be interesting to read, at this distant date, a few of the sentences from the article on *Endymion* in the *Quarterly Review* which was said to have killed the poet. There is no doubt the severity of this article painfully afflicted Keats, although consumption, and not criticism, was the cause of his early death. The *Quarterly*, after confessing that the reviewer had not been able to read more than the first four books of the poetic romance, and knew as much about them as about the three books which were still unread, observed: "It is not that Mr. Keats (if that is his real name,—for we almost doubt whether any man in his senses would put his real name to such a rhapsody), it is not, we say, that the author has not powers of language, rays of fancy, and gleams of genius; he has all these: but he is unhappily a disciple of the new school of what has been somewhere called Cockney poetry, which may be defined to consist of the most incongruous ideas in the most uncouth language. This author is a copyist of Mr. Hunt, but he is more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype." Sometime after, Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review*, said: "We are very much inclined to add that we do not know any book which we would sooner employ as a test to ascertain whether any one had in him a native relish for poetry, and a genuine sensibility to its intrinsic charm." The one critic was as warm in praise of the poet, as the other was severe in condemnation.—See *Casquet*, vol. i. page 231.

She will bring thee, all together,
 All delights of summer weather;
 All the buds and bells of May,
 From dewy sward or thorny spray;
 All the heaped Autumn's wealth,
 With a still, mysterious stealth:
 She will mix these pleasures up
 Like three fit wines in a cup,
 And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt hear
 Distant harvest-carols clear;
 Rustle of the reaped corn;
 Sweet birds antheming the morn:
 And, in the same moment—hark!
 'Tis the early April lark,
 Or the rooks, with busy caw,
 Foraging for sticks and straw.
 Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
 The daisy and the marigold;
 White-plumed lilies, and the first
 Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;
 Shaded hyacinth, alway
 Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
 And every leaf, and every flower
 Pearl'd with the self-same shower.
 Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
 Meagre from its celled sleep;
 And the snake all winter-thin
 Cast on sunny bank its skin;
 Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
 Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
 When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
 Quiet on her mossy nest;
 Then the hurry and alarm
 When the bee-hive casts its swarm;
 Acorns ripe down-pattering,
 While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy! let her loose;
 Everything is spoil'd by use:
 Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
 Too much gazed at? Where's the maid
 Whose lip mature is ever new?
 Where's the eye, however blue,
 Doth not weary? Where's the face
 One would meet in every place?
 Where's the voice, however soft,
 One would hear so very oft?
 At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
 Let, then, winged Fancy find
 Thee a mistress to thy mind:
 Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,
 Ere the God of Torment taught her
 How to frown and how to chide;
 With a waist and with a side
 White as Hebe's, when her zone
 Slipp'd its golden clasp, and down
 Fell her kirtle to her feet,
 While she held the goblet sweet,
 And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh
 Of the Fancy's silken leash;

Quickly break her prison-string,
 And such joys as these she'll bring.—
 Let the winged Fancy roam,
 Pleasure never is at home.

JOHN KEATS.

STANDARD NOVELS.¹

[William Hazlitt, born at Maidstone, 10th April, 1778; died 18th September, 1830. The son of a Unitarian minister, it was at first intended to educate him for his father's profession. He, however, preferred art, and spent several years in the study of painting. He achieved some success as a portrait-painter, but, dissatisfied with the results of his labour, he laid down the brush in 1803 and took up the pen. As a critic of art and literature his best talents were displayed, and he earned an enduring reputation. In 1813 he delivered a course of lectures at the Russell Institution, London, on the "History of English Philosophy;" and at the Surrey Institution, in 1830, another course on "The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth, chiefly Dramatic." Of his other works the principal are *Table-Talk*, *The Plain Speaker*, *Characters of Shakspeare's Plays*, *The English Poets*, and *The English Comic Writers*, from which the following essay is taken. He was a constant contributor to the periodicals of his time.²]

There is an exclamation in one of Gray's letters—"Be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon!" If we do not utter a similar aspiration, it is not from any want of affection for the class of writing to which it belongs; for, without going quite so far as the celebrated French philosopher, who thought that more was to be learned from good novels and romances than from the gravest treatises on history and morality, we

¹Hazlitt was regarded as, in many respects, one of the best of our English critics, but it was lamented that he so often allowed prejudice, or what seemed to be prejudice, to interfere with his judgment. Professor Wilson observed of him: "One would suppose that he had a personal quarrel with all living writers, good, bad, or indifferent. . . . With him to be alive is not only a fault in itself, but it includes all other possible faults. . . . In short, if you want his praise, you must die for it; and when such praise is deserved and given *con amore*, it is almost worth dying for." In the *History of Europe* Sir Archibald Alison commented upon the refined taste and chastened reflection contained in Hazlitt's disquisitions on the drama, "and which are more perspicuous in detached passages than in any entire work. He appears greater when quoted than when read. Possibly had his life been prolonged it would have been otherwise, and some work emanated from his gifted pen which would have placed his fame on a durable foundation."

²He wrote a life of the first Napoleon, which he regarded as his best work. He had an enthusiastic admiration for his hero, and it is said of him that he was "hardly able to forgive the valour of the conquerors" of Waterloo.

must confess that there are few works to which we oftener turn for profit or delight, than to the standard productions in this species of composition. With the exception of the violently satirical and the violently sentimental specimens of the art, we find there the closest imitation of men and manners; and are admitted to examine the very web and texture of society, as it really exists, and as we meet with it when we come into the world. If the style of poetry has "something more divine in it," this savours more of humanity. We are brought acquainted with an infinite variety of characters—all a little more amusing, and, for the greater part, more true to general nature than those which we meet with in actual life—and have our moral impressions far more frequently called out, and our moral judgments exercised, than in the busiest career of existence. As a record of past manners and opinions, too, such writings afford both more minute and more abundant information than any other. To give one example only:—We should really be at a loss where to find, in any authentic documents of the same period, so satisfactory an account of the general state of society, and of moral, political, and religious feeling, in the reign of George II., as we meet with in the *Adventures of Joseph Andrews and his Friend Mr. Abraham Adams*. This work, indeed, we take to be a perfect piece of statistics in its kind; and do not know from what other quarter we could have acquired the solid information it contains, even as to this comparatively recent period. What a thing it would be to have such a work of the age of Pericles or Alexander! and how much more would it teach us as to the true character and condition of the people among whom it was produced, than all the tragedies and histories, and odes and orations, that have been preserved of their manufacture! In looking into such grave and ostentatious performances, we see little but the rigid skeleton of public transactions—exaggerations of party zeal, and vestiges of literary ambition; and if we wish really to know what was the state of manners and of morals, and in what way, and into what forms, principles and institutions were actually moulded in practice, we cannot do better than refer to the works of those writers who, having no other object than to imitate nature, could only hope for success from the fidelity of their pictures; and were bound (in their own defence) to reduce the boasts of vague theorists, and the exaggerations of angry disputants, to the mortifying standard of reality.

We will here confess, however, that we are

a little prejudiced on the point in question; and that the effect of many fine speculations has been lost upon us, from an early familiarity with the most striking passages in the little work to which we have just alluded. Thus, nothing can be more captivating than the description somewhere given by Mr. Burke, of the indissoluble connection between learning and nobility; and of the respect universally paid by wealth to piety and morals. But the effect of this splendid representation has always been spoiled to us by our recollection of Parson Adams sitting over his cup of ale in Sir Thomas Booby's kitchen. Echarde on the *Contempt of the Clergy*, in like manner, is certainly a very good book, and its general doctrine most just and reasonable; but an unlucky impression of the reality of Parson Trulliber always checks, in us, the respectful emotions to which it should give rise; while the lecture which Lady Booby reads to Lawyer Scout on the expulsion of Joseph and Fanny from the parish, casts an unhappy shade over the splendid pictures of practical jurisprudence that are to be found in the works of Blackstone or De Lolme. The most moral writers, after all, are those who do not pretend to inculcate any moral: the professed moralist almost unavoidably degenerates into the partisan of a system; and the philosopher warps the evidence to his own purpose. But the painter of manners gives the facts of human nature, and leaves us to draw the inference: if we are not able to do this, or do it ill, at least it is our own fault.

The first-rate writers in this class are of course few; but those few we may reckon, without scruple, among the greatest ornaments and the best benefactors of our kind. There is a certain set of them, who, as it were, take their rank by the side of reality, and are appealed to as evidence on all questions concerning human nature. The principal of these are Cervantes and Le Sage; and, among ourselves, Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, and Sterne.¹ As this is a department of criticism which deserves more attention than we have ever yet bestowed on it, we shall venture to treat it a little in detail; and endeavour to contribute something towards settling the standard of excellence, both as to degree and kind, in these several writers.

We shall begin with the renowned history of *Don Quixote*; who always presents something more stately, more romantic, and at the same

¹ We have not forgotten De Foe as one of our own writers. The author of *Robinson Crusoe* was an Englishman; and one of those Englishmen who make us proud of the name.

time more real to our imagination, than any other hero upon record. His lineaments, his accoutrements, his pasteboard visor, are familiar to us, as the recollections of our early home. The spare and upright figure of the hero paces distinctly before our eyes; and Mambrino's helmet still glitters in the sun! We not only feel the greatest love and veneration for the knight himself, but a certain respect for all those connected with him—the Curate, and Master Nicolas, the barber—Sancho and Dapple—and even for Rosinante's leanness and his errors! Perhaps there is no work which combines so much originality with such an air of truth. Its popularity is almost unexampled; and yet its real merits have not been sufficiently understood. The story is the least part of them; though the blunders of Sancho, and the unlucky adventures of his master, are what naturally catch the attention of ordinary readers. The pathos and dignity of the sentiments are often disguised under the ludicrousness of the subject; and provoke laughter when they might well draw tears. The character of Don Quixote itself is one of the most perfect disinterestedness. He is an enthusiast of the most amiable kind—of a nature equally open, gentle, and generous; a lover of truth and justice, and one who had brooded over the fine dreams of chivalry and romance, till the dazzling visions cheated his brain into a belief of their reality. There cannot, in our opinion, be a greater mistake than to consider *Don Quixote* as a merely satirical work, or an attempt to explode by coarse raillery “the long-forgotten order of chivalry.” There could be no need to explode what no longer existed. Besides, Cervantes himself was a man of the most sanguine and enthusiastic temperament; and even through the crazed and battered figure of the knight, the spirit of chivalry shines out with undiminished lustre; and one might almost imagine that the author had half-designed to revive the example of past ages, and once more “with the world with noble horsemanship;” and had veiled the design, in scorn of the degenerate age to which it was addressed, under this fantastic and imperfect disguise of romantic and ludicrous exaggeration. However that may be, the spirit which the book breathes, to those who relish and understand it best, is unquestionably the spirit of chivalry: nor perhaps is it too much to say, that if ever the flame of Spanish liberty is destined to break forth, wrapping the tyrant and the tyranny in one consuming blaze, it is owing to Cervantes and his knight of La Mancha that the spark of generous sentiment

and romantic enterprise from which it must be kindled has not been quite extinguished.

The character of Sancho is not more admirable in the execution than in the conception, as a relief to that of the knight. The contrast is as picturesque and striking as that between the figures of Rosinante and Dapple. Never was there so complete a *partie quarre*;—they answer to one another at all points. Nothing can surpass the truth of physiognomy in the description of the master and man, both as to body and mind;—the one lean and tall, the other round and short;—the one heroic and courteous, the other selfish and servile;—the one full of high-flown fancies, the other a bag of proverbs;—the one always starting some romantic scheme, the other always keeping to the safe side of tradition and custom. The gradual ascendancy, too, obtained by Don Quixote over Sancho, is as finely managed as it is characteristic. Credulity, and a love of the marvellous, are as natural to ignorance as selfishness and cunning. Sancho by degrees becomes a kind of lay-brother of the order; acquires a taste for adventures in his own way, and is made all but an entire convert, by the discovery of the hundred crowns in one of his most comfortless journeys. Towards the end, his regret at being forced to give up the pursuit of knight-errantry almost equals his master's; and he seizes the proposal of Don Quixote to turn shepherds, with the greatest avidity,—still applying it, however, in his own fashion; for while the Don is ingeniously torturing the names of his humble acquaintance into classical terminations, and contriving scenes of gallantry and song, Sancho exclaims, “Oh, what delicate wooden spoons shall I carve! what crumbs and cream shall I devour!”—forgetting in his milk and fruits the pullets and geese at Camacho's wedding.

This intuitive perception of the hidden analogies of things, or, as it may be called, this *instinct of imagination*, is what stamps the character of genius on the productions of art, more than any other circumstance: for it works unconsciously, like nature, and receives its impressions from a kind of inspiration. There is more of this unconscious power in Cervantes than in any other author except Shakspeare. Something of the same kind extends itself to all the subordinate parts and characters of the work. Thus we find the curate confidentially informing Don Quixote, that if he could get the ear of the government, he has something of considerable importance to propose for the good of the state; and the knight afterwards meets with a young gentle-

man, who is a candidate for poetical honours, with a mad lover, a forsaken damsel, &c.—all delineated with the same inimitable force, freedom, and fancy. The whole work breathes that air of romance,—that aspiration after imaginary good,—that longing after something more than we possess, that in all places, and in all conditions of life,

—“still prompts the eternal sigh,
For which we wish to live, or dare to die!”

The characters in *Don Quixote* are strictly individuals; that is, they do not belong to, but form a class of themselves. In other words, the actions and manners of the chief *dramatis personæ* do not arise out of the actions and manners of those around them, or the condition of life in which they are placed, but out of the peculiar dispositions of the persons themselves, operated upon by certain impulses of imagination and accident: yet these impulses are so true to nature, and their operation so truly described, that we not only recognize the fidelity of the representation, but recognize it with all the advantages of novelty superadded. They are unlike anything we have actually seen—may be said to be purely ideal—and yet familiarize themselves more readily with our imagination, and are retained more strongly in memory, than perhaps any others:—they are never lost in the crowd. One test of the truth of this ideal painting, is the number of allusions which *Don Quixote* has furnished to the whole of civilized Europe—that is to say, of appropriate cases, and striking illustrations of the universal principles of our nature. The common incidents and descriptions of human life are, however, quite familiar and natural; and we have nearly the same insight given us here, into the characters of innkeepers, barmaids, hostlers, and puppet-showmen, as in Fielding himself. There is a much greater mixture, however, of sentiment with *naïveté*, of the pathetic with the quaint and humorous, than there ever is in Fielding. We might instance the story of the countryman whom Don Quixote and Sancho met in their search after Dulcinea, driving his mules to plough at break of day, and “singing the ancient ballad of Roncesvalles!” The episodes which are introduced are excellent; but have, upon the whole, been overrated. Compared with the serious tales in Boccaccio, they are trifling. That of Marcella, the fair shepherdess, is the best. We will only add, that *Don Quixote* is an entirely original work in its kind, and that the author has the highest honour which can belong to one, that of being the founder of a new style of writing.

There is another Spanish novel, *Gusman d'Alfarache*, nearly of the same age as *Don Quixote*, and of great genius, though it can hardly be ranked as a novel, or a work of imagination. It is a series of strange adventures, rather dryly told, but accompanied by the most severe and sarcastic commentary. The satire, the wit, the eloquence, and reasoning, are of the most powerful kind; but they are didactic, rather than dramatic. They would suit a sermon or a pasquinade better than a romance. Still there are, in this extraordinary book, occasional sketches of character, and humorous descriptions, to which it would be difficult to produce anything superior. This work, which is hardly known in this country except by name, has the credit, without any reason, of being the original of *Gil Blas*. There is only one incident the same, that of the supper at the inn. In all other respects these two works are the very reverse of each other, both in their excellences and defects.

Gil Blas is, next to *Don Quixote*, more generally read and admired than any other novel—and, in one sense, deservedly so: for it is at the head of its class, though that class is very different from, and inferior to, the other. There is very little individual character in *Gil Blas*. The author is a describer of manners, and not of character. He does not take the elements of human nature, and work them up into new combinations (which is the excellence of *Don Quixote*); nor trace the peculiar and striking combinations of folly and knavery as they are to be found in real life (like Fielding); but he takes off, as it were, the general, habitual impression, which circumstances make on certain conditions of life, and moulds all his characters accordingly. All the persons whom he introduces carry about with them the badge of their profession; and you see little more of them than their costume. He describes men as belonging to certain classes in society—the highest, generally, and the lowest, and such as are found in great cities—not as they are in themselves, or with the individual differences which are always to be found in nature. His hero, in particular, has no character but that of the accidental circumstances in which he is placed. His priests are only described as priests; his valets, his players, his women, his courtiers and his sharpers, are all the same. Nothing can well exceed the monotony of the work in this respect;—at the same time that nothing can exceed the truth and precision with which the general manners of these different characters are preserved, nor the felicity of the particular traits by which

their leading foibles are brought out to notice. Thus, the Archbishop of Grenada will remain an everlasting memento of the weakness of human vanity; and the account of Gil Blas's legacy, of the uncertainty of human expectations. This novel is as deficient in the fable as in the characters. It is not a regularly constructed story; but a series of adventures told with equal gaiety and good sense, and in the most graceful style possible.

It has been usual to class our own great novelists as imitators of one or other of these two writers. Fielding, no doubt, is more like *Don Quixote* than *Gil Blas*; Smollett is more like *Gil Blas* than *Don Quixote*; but there is not much resemblance in either case. Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* is a more direct instance of imitation. Richardson can scarcely be called an imitator of any one; or, if he is, it is of the sentimental refinement of Marivaux, or the verbose gallantry of the writers of the seventeenth century.

There is very little to warrant the common idea, that Fielding was an imitator of Cervantes,—except his own declaration of such an intention, in the title-page of *Joseph Andrews*,—the romantic turn of the character of Parson Adams (the only romantic character in his works),—and the proverbial humour of Partridge, which is kept up only for a few pages. Fielding's novels are, in general, thoroughly his own; and they are thoroughly English. What they are most remarkable for is neither sentiment, nor imagination, nor wit, nor humour, though there is a great deal of this last quality; but profound knowledge of human nature—at least of English nature—and masterly pictures of the characters of men as he saw them existing. This quality distinguishes all his works, and is shown almost equally in all of them. As a painter of real life, he was equal to Hogarth: as a mere observer of human nature, he was little inferior to Shakespeare, though without any of the genius and poetical qualities of his mind. His humour is less rich and laughable than Smollett's; his wit as often misses as hits; he has none of the fine pathos of Richardson or Sterne—but he has brought together a greater variety of characters in common life, marked with more distinct peculiarities, and without an atom of caricature, than any other novel writer whatever. The extreme subtlety of observation on the springs of human conduct in ordinary characters, is only equalled by the ingenuity of contrivance in bringing those springs into play in such a manner as to lay open their smallest irregularity. The detection is always

complete—and made with the certainty and skill of a philosophical experiment, and the ease and simplicity of a casual observation. The truth of the imitation is indeed so great, that it has been argued that Fielding must have had his materials ready made to his hands, and was merely a transcriber of local manners and individual habits. For this conjecture, however, there seems to be no foundation. His representations, it is true, are local and individual; but they are not the less profound and natural. The feeling of the general principles of human nature operating in particular circumstances is always intense, and uppermost in his mind: and he makes use of incident and situation only to bring out character.

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to give any illustration of these remarks. *Tom Jones* is full of them. The moral of this book has been objected to, and not altogether without reason—but a more serious objection has been made to the want of refinement and elegance in the two principal characters. We never feel this objection, indeed, while we are reading the book; but at other times we have something like a lurking suspicion that Jones was but an awkward fellow, and Sophia a pretty simpleton. We do not know how to account for this effect, unless it is that Fielding's constantly assuring us of the beauty of his hero, and the good sense of his heroine, at last produces a distrust of both. The story of *Tom Jones* is allowed to be unrivalled: and it is this circumstance, together with the vast variety of characters, that has given the *History of a Foundling* so decided a preference over Fielding's other novels. The characters themselves, both in *Amelia* and *Joseph Andrews*, are quite equal to any of those in *Tom Jones*. The account of Miss Matthews and Ensign Hibbert—the way in which that lady reconciles herself to the death of her father—the inflexible Colonel Bath, the insipid Mrs. James, the complaisant Colonel Trent—the demure, sly, intriguing, equivocal Mrs. Bennet—the lord who is her seducer; and who attempts afterwards to seduce Amelia by the same mechanical process of a concert-ticket, a book, and the disguise of a greatcoat—his little, fat, short-nosed, red-faced, good-humoured accomplice, the keeper of the lodging-house, who, having no pretensions to gallantry herself, has a disinterested delight in forwarding the intrigues and pleasures of others (to say nothing of honest Atkinson, the story of the miniature-picture of Amelia, and the hashed mutton, which are in a different style), are master-pieces of description. The whole scene at the lodging-house, the masquerade,

&c., in *Amelia*, is equal in interest to the parallel scenes in *Tom Jones*, and even more refined in the knowledge of character. For instance, Mrs. Bennet is superior to Mrs. Fitzpatrick in her own way. The uncertainty in which the event of her interview with her former seducer is left, is admirable. Fielding was a master of what may be called the *double-entendre* of character, and surprises you no less by what he leaves in the dark (hardly known to the persons themselves), than by the unexpected discoveries he makes of the real traits and circumstances in a character with which, till then, you find you were unacquainted. There is nothing at all heroic, however, in the style of any of his delineations. He never draws lofty characters or strong passions;—all his persons are of the ordinary stature as to intellect; and none of them trespass on the angelic nature by elevation of fancy or energy of purpose. Perhaps, after all, Parson Adams is his finest character. It is equally true to nature and more ideal than any of the others. Its unsuspecting simplicity makes it not only more amiable, but doubly amusing, by gratifying the sense of superior sagacity in the reader. Our laughing at him does not once lessen our respect for him. His declaring that he would willingly walk ten miles to fetch his sermon on vanity, merely to convince Wilson of his thorough contempt of this vice—and his consoling himself for the loss of his *Æschylus*, by suddenly recollecting that he could not read it if he had it, because it is dark—are among the finest touches of *naïveté*. The night-adventurers at Lady Booby's with Beau Didapper and the amiable Slipslop are the most ludicrous; and that with the huntsman, who draws off the hounds from the poor parson, because they would be spoiled by following *vermin*, the most profound. Fielding did not often repeat himself: but Dr. Harrison, in *Amelia*, may be considered as a variation of the character of Adams; so also is Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*; and the latter part of that work, which sets out so delightfully, an almost entire plagiarism from Wilson's account of himself, and Adams' *Domestic History*.

Smollett's first novel, *Roderick Random*, which is also his best, appeared about the same time as Fielding's *Tom Jones*: and yet it has a much more modern air with it: But this may be accounted for, from the circumstance that Smollett was quite a young man at the time, whereas Fielding's manner must have been formed long before. The style of *Roderick Random*, though more scholastic and elaborate, is stronger and more pointed than that of *Tom*

Jones; the incidents follow one another more rapidly (though it must be confessed they never come in such a throng, or are brought out with the same dramatic facility); the humour is broader, and as effectual; and there is very nearly, if not quite, an equal interest excited by the story. What then is it that gives the superiority to Fielding? It is the superior insight into the springs of human character, and the constant development of that character through every change of circumstance. Smollett's humour often arises from the situation of the persons, or the peculiarity of their external appearance, as, from Roderick Random's carrotty locks, which hung down over his shoulders like a pound of candles, or Strap's ignorance of London, and the blunders that follow from it. There is a tone of vulgarity about all his productions. The incidents frequently resemble detached anecdotes taken from a newspaper or magazine; and, like those in *Gil Blas*, might happen to a hundred other characters. He exhibits only the external accidents and reverses to which human life is liable—not "the stuff" of which it is composed. He seldom probes to the quick, or penetrates beyond the surface of his characters: and therefore he leaves no stings in the minds of his readers, and in this respect is far less interesting than Fielding. His novels always enliven, and never tire us: we take them up with pleasure, and lay them down without any strong feeling of regret. We look on and laugh, as spectators of an amusing though inelegant scene, without closing in with the combatants, or being made parties in the event. We read *Roderick Random* as an entertaining story; for the particular accidents and modes of life which it describes have ceased to exist: but we regard *Tom Jones* as a real history; because the author never stops short of those essential principles which lie at the bottom of all our actions, and in which we feel an immediate interest;—*intus et in cute*.—Smollett excels most as the lively caricaturist: Fielding as the exact painter and profound metaphysician. We are far from maintaining that this account applies uniformly to the productions of these two writers: but we think that, as far as they essentially differ, what we have stated is the general distinction between them. *Roderick Random* is the purest of Smollett's novels; we mean in point of style and description. Most of the incidents and characters are supposed to have been taken from the events of his own life; and are therefore truer to nature. There is a rude conception of generosity in some of his characters, of which Fielding seems to have

been incapable; his amiable persons being merely good-natured. It is owing to this, we think, that Strap is superior to Partridge; and there is a heartiness and warmth of feeling in some of the scenes between Lieutenant Bowling and his nephew which is beyond Fielding's power of impassioned writing. The whole of the scene on shipboard is a most admirable and striking picture, and we imagine very little, if at all exaggerated, though the interest it excites is of a very unpleasant kind. The picture of the little profligate French friar, who was Roderick's travelling companion, and of whom he always kept to the windward, is one of Smollett's most masterly sketches. *Peregrine Pickle* is no great favourite of ours, and *Launcelot Greaves* was not worthy of the genius of the author.

Humphry Clinker and *Count Fathom* are both equally admirable in their way. Perhaps the former is the most pleasant gossiping novel that ever was written—that which gives the most pleasure with the least effort to the reader. It is quite as amusing as going the journey could have been, and we have just as good an idea of what happened on the road as if we had been of the party. Humphry Clinker himself is exquisite; and his sweetheart, Winifred Jenkins, nearly as good. Matthew Bramble, though not altogether original, is excellently supported, and seems to have been the prototype of Sir Anthony Absolute in the *Rivals*. But Lismahago is the flower of the flock. His tenaciousness in argument is not so delightful as the relaxation of his logical severity, when he finds his fortune mellowing with the wintry smiles of Mrs. Tabitha Bramble. This is the best preserved and most original of all Smollett's characters. The resemblance of Don Quixote is only just enough to make it interesting to the critical reader, without giving offence to anybody else. The indecency and filth in this novel are what must be allowed to all Smollett's writings. The subject and characters in *Count Fathom* are, in general, exceedingly disgusting: the story is also spun out to a degree of tediousness in the serious and sentimental parts; but there is more power of writing occasionally shown in it than in any of his works. We need only refer to the fine and bitter irony of the Count's address to the country of his ancestors on landing in England; to the robber-scene in the forest, which has never been surpassed; to the Parisian swindler, who personates a raw English country squire (Western is tame in the comparison); and to the story of the seduction in the west of England. We should have some

difficulty to point out, in any author, passages written with more force and nature than these.

It is not, in our opinion, a very difficult attempt to class Fielding or Smollett; the one as an observer of the characters of human life, the other as a describer of its various eccentricities. But it is by no means so easy to dispose of Richardson, who was neither an observer of the one, nor a describer of the other; but who seemed to spin his materials entirely out of his own brain, as if there had been nothing existing in the world beyond the little shop in which he sat writing. There is an artificial reality about his works, which is nowhere to be met with. They have the romantic air of a pure fiction, with the literal minuteness of a common diary. The author had the strangest matter-of-fact imagination that ever existed, and wrote the oddest mixture of poetry and prose. He does not appear to have taken advantage of anything in actual nature, from one end of his works to the other; and yet, throughout all his works (voluminous as they are—and this, to be sure, is one reason why they are so), he sets about describing every object and transaction as if the whole had been given in on evidence by an eye-witness. This kind of high finishing from imagination is an anomaly in the history of human genius; and certainly nothing so fine was ever produced by the same accumulation of minute parts. There is not the least distraction, the least forgetfulness of the end; every circumstance is made to tell. We cannot agree that this exactness of detail produces heaviness; on the contrary, it gives an appearance of truth, and a positive interest to the story; and we listen with the same attention as we should to the particulars of a confidential communication. We at one time used to think some parts of *Sir Charles Grandison* rather trifling and tedious, especially the long description of Miss Harriet Byron's wedding-clothes, till we met with two young ladies who had severally copied out the whole of that very description for their own private gratification. After this, we could not blame the author.

The effect of reading this work is like an increase of kindred; you find yourself all of a sudden introduced into the midst of a large family, with aunts and cousins to the third and fourth generation, and grandmothers both by the father's and mother's side,—and a very odd set of people too, but people whose real existence and personal identity you can no more dispute than your own senses,—for you see and hear all that they do or say. What

is still more extraordinary, all this extreme elaborateness in working out the story seems to have cost the author nothing: for it is said that the published works are mere abridgments. We have heard (though this, we suppose, must be a pleasant exaggeration) that *Sir Charles Grandison* was originally written in eight-and-twenty volumes.

Pamela is the first of his productions, and the very child of his brain. Taking the general idea of the character of a modest and beautiful country girl, and of the situation in which she is placed, he makes out all the rest, even to the smallest circumstance, by the mere force of a reasoning imagination. It would seem as if a step lost would be as fatal here as in a mathematical demonstration. The development of the character is the most simple, and comes the nearest to nature that it can do, without being the same thing. The interest of the story increases with the dawn of understanding and reflection in the heroine. Her sentiments gradually expand themselves, like opening flowers. She writes better every time, and acquires a confidence in herself, just as a girl would do writing such letters in such circumstances; and yet it is certain *that no girl would write such letters in such circumstances*. What we mean is this. Richardson's nature is always the nature of sentiment and reflection, not of impulse or situation. He furnishes his characters, on every occasion, with the presence of mind of the author. He makes them act, not as they would from the impulse of the moment, but as they might upon reflection, and upon a careful review of every motive and circumstance in their situation. They regularly sit down to write letters: and if the business of life consisted in letter-writing, and was carried on by the post (like a Spanish game at chess), human nature would be what Richardson represents it. All actual objects and feelings are blunted and deadened by being presented through a medium which may be true to reason, but is false in nature. He confounds his own point of view with that of the immediate actors in the scene; and hence presents you with a conventional and factitious nature, instead of that which is real. Dr. Johnson seems to have preferred this truth of reflection to the truth of nature, when he said that there was more knowledge of the human heart in a page of Richardson than in all Fielding. Fielding, however, saw more of the practical results, and understood the principles as well; but he had not the same power of speculating upon their possible results, and combining them in certain ideal forms of

passion and imagination—which was Richardson's real excellence.

It must be observed, however, that it is this mutual good understanding and comparing of notes between the author and the persons he describes; his infinite circumspection, his exact process of ratiocination and calculation, which gives such an appearance of coldness and formality to most of his characters,—which makes prudes of his women, and coxcombs of his men. Everything is too conscious in his works. Everything is distinctly brought home to the mind of the actors in the scene, which is a fault undoubtedly: but then, it must be confessed, everything is brought home in its full force to the mind of the reader also; and we feel the same interest in the story as if it were our own. Can anything be more beautiful or affecting than Pamela's reproaches to her “lumpish heart” when she is sent away from her master's at her own request—its lightness when she is sent for back—the joy which the conviction of the sincerity of his love diffuses in her heart, like the coming-on of spring—the artifice of the stuff gown—the meeting with Lady Davers after her marriage—and the trial scene with her husband? Who ever remained insensible to the passion of Lady Clementina except Sir Charles Grandison himself, who was the object of it? Clarissa is, however, his master-piece, if we except *Lovelace*. If she is fine in herself, she is still finer in his account of her. With that foil, her purity is dazzling indeed: and she who could triumph by her virtue and the force of her love over the regality of *Lovelace's* mind, his wit, his person, his accomplishments, and his spirit, conquers all hearts. We should suppose that never sympathy more deep or sincere was excited than by the heroine of Richardson's romance, except by the calamities of real life. The links in this wonderful chain of interest are not more finely wrought, than their whole weight is overwhelming and irresistible. Who can forget the exquisite gradations of her long dying scene, or the closing of the coffin-lid, when Miss Howe comes to take her last leave of her friend; or the heart-breaking reflection that *Clarissa* makes on what was to have been her wedding-day? Well does a modern writer exclaim—

“Books are a real world, both pure and good,
Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness may grow!”

Richardson's wit was unlike that of any other writer;—his humour was so too. Both were the effect of intense activity of mind;—laboured, and yet completely effectual. We might refer

to Lovelace's reception and description of Hickman, when he calls out Death in his ear, as the name of the person with whom Clarissa had fallen in love: and to the scene at the glove-shop. What can be more magnificent than his enumeration of his companions—"Belton so pert and so pimply—Tourville so fair and so foppish," &c. ? In casuistry he is quite at home; and, with a boldness greater even than his puritanical severity, has exhausted every topic on virtue and vice. There is another peculiarity in Richardson, not perhaps so uncommon, which is, his systematically preferring his most insipid characters to his finest, though both were equally his own invention, and he must be supposed to have understood something of their qualities. Thus he preferred the little selfish, affected, insignificant Miss Byron, to the divine Clementina; and again, Sir Charles Grandison, to the nobler Lovelace. We have nothing to say in favour of Lovelace's morality; but Sir Charles is the prince of coxcombs, whose eye was never once taken from his own person and his own virtues; and there is nothing which excites so little sympathy as this excessive egotism.

It remains to speak of Sterne;—and we shall do it in few words. There is more of *mannerism* and affectation in him, and a more immediate reference to preceding authors;—but his excellences, where he is excellent, are of the first order. His characters are intellectual and inventive, like Richardson's;—but totally opposite in the execution. The one are made out by continuity, and patient repetition of touches; the others, by rapid and masterly strokes, and graceful apposition. His style is equally different from Richardson's—it is at times the most rapid, the most happy, the most idiomatic of any of our novel writers. It is the pure essence of English conversational style. His works consist only of *morceaux*,—of brilliant passages. His wit is poignant, though artificial; and his characters (though the groundwork has been laid before) have yet invaluable original differences;—and the spirit of the execution, the master-strokes constantly thrown into them, are not to be surpassed. It is sufficient to name them—Yorick, Dr. Slop, Mr. Shandy, my Uncle Toby, Trim, Susanna, and the Widow Wadman: and in these he has contrived to oppose, with equal felicity and originality, two characters,—one of pure intellect, and the other of pure good nature, in my Father and my Uncle Toby. There appears to have been in Sterne a vein of dry, sarcastic humour, and of extreme tenderness of feeling,—the latter sometimes carried to affectation,

as in the tale of *Maria*, and the apostrophe to the recording angel; but at other times pure, and without blemish. The story of *Le Fevre* is perhaps the finest in the English language. My Father's restlessness, both of body and mind, is inimitable. It is the model from which all those despicable performances against modern philosophy ought to have been copied, if their authors had known anything of the subject they were writing about. My Uncle Toby is one of the finest compliments ever paid to human nature. He is the most unoffending of God's creatures; or, as the French express it—*un tel petit bon homme*! Of his bowling-green, his sieges, and his amours, who would say or think anything amiss?

THE REIGN OF SPRING.

Who loves not Spring's voluptuous hours,
The carnival of birds and flowers?
Yet who would choose, however dear,
That Spring should revel all the year?
—Who loves not Summer's splendid reign,
The bridal of the earth and main?
Yet who would choose, however bright,
A dog-day noon without a night?
—Who loves not Autumn's joyous round,
When corn, and wine, and oil abound?
Yet who would choose, however gay,
A year of unrenew'd decay?
—Who loves not Winter's awful form?
The sphere-born music of the storm?
Yet who would choose, how grand so ever,
The shortest day to last for ever?
'Twas in that age renown'd, remote,
When all was true that Esop wrote;
And in that land of fair Ideal,
Where all that poets dream is real:
Upon a day of annual state,
The Seasons met in high debate.
There blush'd young Spring in maiden pride,
Blithe Summer look'd a gorgeous bride,
Staid Autumn moved with matron grace,
And beldame Winter pursed her face.
Dispute grew wild; all talk'd together;
The four at once made wondrous weather;
Nor one (whate'er the rest had shown)
Heard any reason but her own,
While each (for nothing else was clear)
Claim'd the whole circle of the year.
Spring, in possession of the field,
Compell'd her sisters soon to yield:
They part,—resolved elsewhere to try
A twelvemonth's empire of the sky;
And—calling off their airy legions,
Alighted in adjacent regions.

Spring o'er the eastern champaign smiled,
Fell Winter ruled the northern wild,
Summer pursued the sun's red car,
But Autumn loved the twilight star.

As Spring parades her new domain,
Love, Beauty, Pleasure, hold her train;
Her footsteps wake the flowers beneath,
That start, and blush, and sweetly breathe;
Her gales on nimble pinions rove,
And shake to foliage every grove;
Her voice, in dell and thicket heard,
Cheers on the nest the mother-bird;
The ice-lock'd streams, as if they felt
Her touch, to liquid diamond melt;
The lambs around her bleat and play;
The serpent flings his slough away,
And shines in orient colours dight,
A flexile ray of living light.

Nature unbinds her wintry shroud
(As the soft sunshine melts the cloud),
With infant gambols sports along,
Bounds into youth, and soars in song.
The morn impearls her locks with dew,
Noon spreads a sky of boundless blue,
The rainbow spans the evening scene,
The night is silent and serene,
Save when her lonely minstrel wrings
The heart with sweetness while he sin
Who would not wish, unrivall'd here,
That Spring might frolic all the year?

Three months are fled, and still she reigns,
Exulting queen o'er hills and plains;
The birds renew their nuptial vow,
Nestlings themselves are lovers now;
Fresh broods each bending bough receives,
Till feathers far outnumber leaves;
But kites in circles swim the air,
And sadden music to despair.
The stagnant pools, the quaking bogs,
Team, croak, and crawl with hordes of frogs;
The matted woods, the infected earth,
Are venomous with reptile birth;
Armies of locusts cloud the skies;
With beetles hornets, gnats with flies,
Interminable warfare wage,
And madden heaven with insect-rage.

The flowers are wither'd;—sun nor dew
Their fallen glories shall renew;
The flowers are wither'd;—germ nor seed
Ripen in garden, wild, or mead:
The corn-fields shoot;—their blades, alas!
Run riot in luxuriant grass.
The tainted flocks, the drooping kine,
In famine of abundance pine,
Where vegetation, sour, unsound,
And loathsome, rots and rankles round;
Nature with nature seems at strife;
Nothing can live but monstrous life
By death engender'd;—food and breath
Are turn'd to elements of death;

And where the soil his victims strew,
Corruption quickens them anew.

But ere the year was half expired,
Spring saw her folly, and retired;
Yoked her light chariot to a breeze,
And mounted to the Pleiades;
Content with them to rest or play
Along the calm nocturnal way;
Till, heaven's remaining circuit run,
They meet the pale hybernal sun,
And, gaily mingling in his blaze,
Hail the true dawn of vernal days.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

BROKEN LINKS.

BY WILLIAM SAWYER.

I.

The house was thoroughly embowered. From the road, looking through the trees, you saw nothing but a quaint gabled end, bright with honeysuckle, and, perhaps, a swinging casement should the wind be high. But this was enough to suggest how sweet a place it was, and strangers would sigh as they looked for envy of its beauty, its quiet, and the placid repose and happiness of which it seemed the retreat. In all the village there was nothing like the Grange for picturesqueness, and with this it lacked nothing in point of comfort. It was a home.

To those who lived in it a pleasant home. They loved its quaint old rooms, gloomy from foliage at the windows, and the bright garden, in which all things flourished with a sweet luxuriance. They loved it for itself and for its memories; for to them it had been a world in which much of their lives had been gladly spent: a narrow but a pleasant world of abundance and of infinite quiet and repose. The rumour in the village went that the early life of Colonel Horlock of the Grange had been a stormy one. He had seen service in the Peninsula. Had been somewhat of a fire-eater, it was surmised; a ready duellist, certainly, if only in keeping with the fashion of his day, and there were not wanting rumours of some meeting of romantic interest. Was it true that he had shot the lover of the Spanish lady whom he afterwards made his wife, and had in consequence been obliged to flee from Spain and seek seclusion in that village home? None knew for certain why it was that Horlock threw up his profession in the face of brilliant prospects. None knew for certain why he

accepted the quiet life of the Grange so placidly; immured there apparently without a thought of anything but of his wife, for whom he had a passionate regard. Many affected to be in his secret: none were so. When the wife died, as she did before many years after the marriage, his breast was the sole repository of the mystery, whatever might have been its nature. A portrait of the beautiful Spanish woman, so deeply loved, so early lost, hung in the great parlour. Horlock himself seldom gave a glance toward it, for every feature of the original was engraven on his heart; but it had a strange fascination for others. Most of all it acted like a spell on those close and dear to Horlock, on his two daughters, the joy and delight of his life. In these his children their mother lived again. In Doretta, the younger one, more especially, the eyes which looked from the portrait met their counterpart. The black orbs, with their strange intensity, were simply reproduced, lending a peculiar charm to a beauty otherwise wholly English. On the other hand, Isabel had the features but not the tone of her mother's face. There was nothing either romantic or severe in the style of a beauty which meant distraction for those who gazed upon it. The tangled gold tresses and merry blue eyes of Isabel were irresistible: so were her joyous laugh and the pretty abandon of her ways: nothing in either suggested the land of her mother's birth. But the colonel could read below the surface, and he knew that the face of Isabel belied her nature. That was like her mother's. The blue eyes could on occasion blaze with a fervour which told its tale of the hot blood of the south, fierce, impatient, and revengeful.

Year after year the village had been familiar with the sight of the tall, slightly obese colonel, with his white hair and iron-gray moustache, sitting under the acacia on the lawn with a daughter on either hand, talking or reading to him. From children in their little black frocks—in mourning for their mother—they had passed into girlhood: then came the sudden and subtle transition, and they were women! A day or so, it seemed, in that sweet time had wrought the change. The charm of womanhood had imperceptibly supplanted that which had so endeared them in a father's eyes. Yet now they were more precious than ever. The colonel regarded them with a proud heart; but there was a serious look in his face. The time of responsibility had come. The future had thrust itself into the paradise of the present. There was a world to be faced anew, and the

duty of facing it was inexpressibly painful to the recluse of the Grange garden.

In the drama of life the first scene often determines all the subsequent action. It is like the first move of the skilful chess-player. The game depends upon it. In this instance Horlock's forebodings took their first definite form under the guise of an invitation which Isabel received to spend a few days with a wealthy relative. It was the first separation of any importance at the Grange, and tears glistened in the father's white eyelids as he clasped his child to his breast, and the next instant bade her adieu. Doretta sat down and sobbed. The only consolation was that the separation would be for a few days only. In reality it extended to months. The relations, delighted with Isabel, would not think of her return. She was compelled to participate in a round of pleasures at a mansion of the first magnitude, pleasures which for her had the inexpressible charms of novelty. A season in town succeeded, and proved, if possible, even more delightful. It was more than a year before Isabel returned to the Grange, a year of the time of life most susceptible to impressions. Was it any marvel that she came back greatly changed? The girl had become the woman of the world. Gay, sprightly, and vivacious, with all the habits and tastes of society, her presence changed the whole aspect of things at the Grange. Horlock regarded his daughter with a puzzled delight. Doretta half shrank from her as from a being of another sphere. As to Isabel herself, the longing she had formed to return to the Grange was soon satisfied. It seemed small, shabby, and strangely dull. The old charm had vanished. She could only sit lost in wonder as to how she could ever have dragged through the uneventful hours in a place so homely and so monotonous. Even the portrait of her mother seemed changed. It was no longer impressive, and the mystery of the black searching eyes had departed. From being part of her existence it had come to be simply a portrait, and, as she thought, regarding it critically, a portrait by rather an indifferent artist.

The Grange certainly did not look its best on the day of Isabel's return. It was in the dull early autumn: the first day a fire had been lighted in the best parlour, a concession to comfort not to be despised, for the sky lowered heavily, there was a rising mist, and a chill wind swept in gusts through the ragged trees. It needed all Isabel's sprightliness to make the place tolerable to her, and this was only excited by an effort. Town wit has little

in common with country stolidity. The brilliance which would have delighted Belgravia sounded like flippancy at the Grange. Besides, it met with no response, and it is hard to keep up the ball single-handed. The colonel listened to his daughter without sympathy, and Doretta heard her lively flights and sprightly sallies with simple amazement. Each felt instinctively that the fireside at the Grange could never again be what it had been in the old, old days.

Isabel was the first to give expression to this thought; but not until she was left alone with Doretta.

"Do you find me much changed, darling?" she said, leaning forward and clasping her sister's hands.

"Oh, so much, so much!" was the artless rejoinder.

"Ah!"

The sigh came from her heart. It was deep and prolonged, expressing more than words could have done of the sense she herself entertained of the disruption of the old ties and old interests.

"Life in town is *so* different," she presently said, half apologetically. "It affects one imperceptibly. I never felt how I had yielded to the influence of society until to-day. It is as if I were a stranger meeting strangers. But all will change by to-morrow, dear: I shall be my true self again, and the old house will be the same to me as ever."

Doretta smiled wily. Her heart had its misgivings, but she did not care to give expression to them.

"You have seen so much," she said, "and must have met so many people it was nice to know."

"Oh, yes: so many."

She paused an instant, gave a quick glance at the frank open face before her, as if to reassure herself of the other's trustworthiness, then whispered abruptly:

"Shall I tell you a secret, Dorry?"

"Yes, dear, if you—"

"Hush! I have met one better than all the rest."

"Indeed! You mean that——"

"That I love him. Oh, Dorry, you cannot think how good and noble and manly he is. So handsome too: and I am sure, quite sure, that I am dearer to him than any one in the world."

As Doretta received this revelation a crimson flush suffused her face: she trembled, and prepared herself to listen with breathless anxiety to what might follow. Isabel was both surprised and charmed with this sisterly sym-

pathy. Pouring out her full heart she at once proceeded to state every incident in the chain of events which had resulted in yielding her so much happiness. There was in reality not much to tell: but embroidered with fancies and heightened in interest by incessant digressions, the story was not only long in the telling, but to Doretta was absorbing in interest. To put it briefly, Isabel had been visiting with her friends at a great country house, to which men of letters, artists, and persons of distinction generally were always welcome. Among those staying at the time was a young artist, rising high in the estimation of the critics, and remarkable also for his great personal attractions. Even men raved of his noble face, his gold gleamy hair, and grand athletic frame. Moreover his mental powers were good, and from long moving in the best circles he had acquired modes of thought and habits of expression which rendered his conversation delightful even to those accustomed to a like tone, but unaccompanied by the brilliance with which he managed to invest even ordinary remarks. That he had been delighted with Isabel was obvious: his attentions had been most marked. On her part she had simply yielded to an irresistible fascination; not admiration only, but deep, ardent love had resulted from their very first interview. Perhaps she had taken no pains to hide the state of her feelings: certainly the young artist had had no difficulty in seeing the impression he had made, and though not unaccustomed to effects of the kind, this added a zest to the pleasure he took in her society. The consequence was that they were often together, that on such occasions he recited poetry, discoursed of art, examined the philosophy of love, and was generally eloquent and always complimentary. So in the end Isabel was convinced that he reciprocated her passion with equal warmth, and regarded him as a lover only waiting the opportunity to declare himself with the customary formalities.

This was the simple narration, to every word of which Doretta listened with avidity.

"And now, dear," said Isabel, as she concluded the story, "there is one thing in which I want your assistance."

"Yes."

"You know how averse papa is to entertaining strangers? Well, I want him to make an exception in this case, and you must help me to persuade him into it. He must invite Darton Rivers to the Grange. Why, Dorry, Dorry, what is the matter?"

There was no answer. Doretta had fainted.

II.

It was natural that the recluse of the Grange should rejoice in the return of his daughter. Her sprightliness pleasantly diversified the monotonous round of his daily life. Yet even she was surprised to find how great a change came over him before she had been many days in the house. He grew positively gay, and was surprised in the act of humming a tune, one of the joyous airs of his stormy youth. Doretta, on the other hand, was hardly herself. In proportion as her father's vivacity increased her once high spirits subsided. She did not complain, and when rallied on the subject, protested that it was nothing but fancy; but it was feared that she was ailing, and change was suggested; but she would not hear of it.

Isabel did not fail to urge her own reasons for the step.

"You have always played the mistress here," she said, "and papa would never consent to invite Darton unless you were well enough to receive him."

"I—I am quite well, dear," was the tremulous reply.

In spite of this assurance her cheek paled daily, her eyes had a dark, sunken look, she moved about the house with a listlessness quite foreign to her nature, or sat musing idly in the garden.

The thing was inexplicable to Isabel. Gradually she became satisfied that there must be some cause for this effect. It was not fancy that Doretta shunned her society, and why should this be, seeing how entire had always been their confidence, and how thoroughly mutual their affection? One day she resolved to clear up the mystery. Doretta had strolled into the park. She could be seen from the casement in the gable, where the honeysuckle swung, making for a scene in the shade which was her favourite resort. Isabel resolved to follow her, to charge her with conduct amounting to unkindness, and then to press the point nearest her heart—the invitation of the young artist of her idolatry to the Grange.

It was a bright day for the time of year: balmy as June, though the trees had already taken the autumn tints, and the park showed ranges of orange, red and brown, with only intervening patches of green. Crisp leaves strewed the grass and crackled under the tread. The spot Doretta had chosen was entirely secluded, a little verdurous bower delightful in the cool of overshadowing boughs. "I will come upon her suddenly and startle her,"

thought Isabel. As she neared the spot therefore she lifted her silken skirt and trod on tip-toe, picking out the spots between the fallen leaves, so that there might not be even a rustle. Stealing on thus she gained the shelter of a tree, and there as from a hiding-place peeped curiously forth. The unconscious girl who was the object of scrutiny, stood with her back to the tree, her face downcast, lost in a reverie. In her two hands she held an open letter.

"Caught!" cried the delighted sister, as she detected the fluttering leaves.

The next moment she had darted forward, seized the unsuspecting girl by one arm, while her other hand encircled her waist; and so, holding her firmly, stood laughing in her face. The laugh was loud and joyous, the more so as the hand encircling the waist had caught at and seized an unexpected treasure, nothing less than a miniature suspended from a gold chain, which had evidently just dropped from the listless fingers of the dreamer. The smile which irradiated the merry face met with no reflection, the joyous laugh with no response. Doretta was as a marble statue, cold and immovable.

"Oh, Dorry, Dorry!" cried the delighted Isabel, "have I surprised your secret at last? A letter and a miniature! And you would not take me into your confidence? You could not give trust for trust? I told you all my story, and you have rewarded me by keeping yours to yourself. It was unkind, it was cruel."

For all that she impressed a kiss upon the lips which made no effort to answer her. They were stone cold.

"Why, what is this?" she exclaimed, the mirth dying out of her once cheerful face as she did so. "You are not angry?"

"No."

It was gasped forth rather than spoken.

A look of alarm took the place of the joyous smiles which had rendered the sister's face so charming.

"What does this mean?" she demanded.

"Why are you so strange? What is the mystery? Tell me, for I will know all. I am your sister, and have a right to your confidence. Explain to me: I insist on it."

"Let me go!" cried Doretta, struggling to release herself from the grasp detaining her. "I can tell you nothing. Let me go!"

With an effort she released herself and broke away.

A gay laugh rang in her ears. The chain about her neck held her. Isabel retained her grasp of the portrait. While it was in her hand there was no escape. "Give it me, oh,

give it me!" Doretta pleaded in a tone of agonized earnestness.

"Not till I have looked."

"Look then!"

She obeyed, and as she did so a stifled cry broke from her lips. The hot blood rushed into her face and suffused it crimson. Fierce with passion the blue eyes glowed in their sockets. She could not speak, she could but sway from side to side, dumbly gesticulating with her hands. It was the paroxysm of a moment: when it had passed she spoke in a voice cold, hard, and unsympathetic.

"Darton Rivers is your lover?" she demanded.

"Yes."

"He will never be your husband. Never!"

She threw the portrait from her, snapping the chain, so that it went flying into the grass. For one instant she turned on the trembling girl a face distorted with passionate hate, then turned and strode from the spot, proudly and defiantly, but with a tight clasp of the hands, which showed how intense was the feeling by which she was overmastered.

That night two persons only occupied the old parlour at the Grange—the colonel and Isabel. She, in spite of her endeavours to control herself, was often absent and uncongenial; sometimes, too, she would shed tears, but was not this natural, seeing that poor Doretta was at last so unwell as to be unable to quit her room? This was a cloud even upon Horlock's spirits, and they were unusually high that night. The secret influence under which they had risen was at work as it had never been before. In spite of everything he was gay.

"Dry your tears, Isa," he said, as the night wore on. "They will spoil your pretty face. Dorry will be better to-morrow: she wants change, and she shall have it. I am myself growing sick of the dulness and the gloom of this old place. We have buried her alive too long. It is time she saw the world."

There was no response.

"In a few days I expect a friend on business. His visit will be a relief, and when he goes we will think of some spot in which to spend a few weeks this fine autumn weather."

Isabel was amazed. She had never heard her father suggest such a thing as holiday-keeping, had never suspected that the solitude of the Grange was distasteful to him. But then she had not from a child seen him in such spirits as during the last few days.

Before she had time to make any reply the door opened and a servant entered hastily and with looks of alarm.

"Miss Doretta, sir!" she exclaimed.

"Yes: what of her?"

"She is gone."

A search of the house and grounds confirmed the strange intelligence. Doretta Horlock was not to be found.

III.

Not to be found. Days melted into weeks, and still that was the report. There were no signs of the missing one. Inquiry showed that she must have passed out of the house and grounds unobserved, and thus disappeared into the world. No one had seen her go. No villager had met her. There was no reason to suppose that she had taken any vehicle so as to travel a distance: on the other hand, only the absence of evidence of that sort justified the conclusion that she remained in the neighbourhood. Isabel alone had any clue to the cause of this mystery. She alone knew what had passed in the park, having so obvious a relation to what subsequently happened; but she held her peace and kept her own counsel. A burning sense of wrong calmed the natural affections of her heart. She cared not what had become of Doretta, whether she was alive or dead, so long as she was removed from her path, and ceased to be a rival in the affections of the man she loved. Was this monstrous? Truly yes. Was it a solitary instance of a devouring passion swallowing up all meaner things? Unfortunately no. Indifference to the poor girl's fate did not, however, involve lack of curiosity respecting it. Isabel would have been glad to learn that about which she hardly cared to inquire: to know for certain the fate of one who had become indifferent to her.

As time elapsed a vague ghostly fear began to shape itself into something tangible. People asked one of another, Was it possible any harm could have come to Doretta? And if so, had it happened of her own act or by the act of another? When Isabel first heard this question seriously propounded a curious expression came into her face: a strangely serious look, which went as suddenly as it came.

Only Horlock himself observed without understanding it.

"You do not believe this possible?" she asked of him earnestly, even while his eyes were on her changing face.

"Let us trust in Heaven it is not," was his solemn answer.

For all that steps were taken to ascertain if any casualty had happened. Search was instituted in all dangerous places, and the mystery

began to stir up excitement: people talked of it far and near, and in doing so incidentally awoke the echoes of the past in relation to that older mystery which had led to the colonel's long tenancy of the Grange. Knowing nothing, people were quick to invent, and their fertile brains led them to indulge in all kinds of speculations, until it began to be questioned whether it was not necessary to look into the dim past for a solution of the inscrutable mystery of the present.

While the excitement was thus growing, the theory which favoured some kind of violence received a strong reinforcement. A portion of a gold chain was found lying in the park. Some of the links in it were strained, and its general appearance suggested that force had been used in snapping it asunder. This fragment of chain was identified by Doretta's maid as having belonged to her mistress.

Great was the effect of this discovery. Small as it was it seemed to let in a new light on the whole question. People became alarmed.

In the midst of it all Colonel Horlock made an announcement to his elder daughter which served for the instant to distract her thoughts and those of the little household.

"The friend I spoke to you of, Isa," he said one morning at breakfast, "will be here to-night. He comes on business of the utmost moment to me. Untoward as the time is, he must be received with the best the Grange can afford."

"But what a time for visitors!" she remonstrated.

"True."

He said no more, but passed out into the garden, and she did not follow to ask the name or business of the stranger. It mattered little who came or who went at a time when all thoughts were concentrated on one subject, and she found herself sharing the contagion of the general alarm of uneasiness.

That evening, as Isabel sat brooding alone in the gloom of the great parlour, the window from which she gained a view of the long bars of ashen cloud in the dying west was suddenly darkened by two forms. The colonel was conversing with a stranger. He had been explaining to him the mystery of the past few weeks, and as he ceased he stepped in at the low window and invited his companion to follow.

"My daughter," he said; "though I fear there is not light enough for you to see one another. A moment and I will put a match to the lamp."

Isabel rose and advanced toward the stranger,

holding out her hand with mechanical courtesy. He saw it by the first gleam of the match and grasped it, while he expressed a cordial pleasure in the meeting. At the same moment the wick of the lamp ignited and illumined the room. A mingled exclamation of surprise burst from the lips of both.

It was Darton Rivers.

The colonel turned sharply, and by a question relieved them of embarrassment. "You have met before?" he asked.

"Yes, we have had the pleasure," said Darton; "but I was not aware that my charming companion of Luttrell Castle was your daughter. We share, I hope, most pleasurable recollections of a few delightful days."

"Most pleasurable," returned Isabel; but she spoke coldly, in a tone fitly matching the mere society tone in which the handsome artist had rattled off his frank compliment. Instinctively she felt that there was no heart in his words, while there could scarcely be cordiality in hers after the discovery she had made, a discovery of all others injurious to a woman's self-love—that of his preference for another. It was a painful meeting, how painful Darton Rivers hardly knew, since he did not guess at the depth of the impression he had made on the heart of the woman before him, with whom he had exchanged the civilities of an idle hour with little thought of the effect they might produce on one unaccustomed to society and its insincerities, and therefore prone to take mere tinsel compliments for sterling expressions of regard.

The source of the artist's embarrassment was his knowledge of what had happened between himself and the lost Doretta—of what had thus far been, as he supposed, kept secret from all but themselves, yet which he now instinctively divined was known to another. To a close observer and a man of the world it was not difficult to read the face before him even in a momentary flash. Mingled feelings might have been expressed in it, but one thing was not hard to discern. "Jealous eyes have read our secret," he said to himself; and following quick upon the one thought came another, "Have jealous hands wrecked our happiness?" The suggestion was rejected as soon as it presented itself: but it returned, and in time became a germ of action.

It was inevitable that the story of Doretta's loss should form the staple of conversation at the Grange, and Darton Rivers did not tire of the recital; but, on the contrary, probed to the utmost, and with a rare sagacity, every minute detail. Did he know that every question,

every fresh expression of deep interest, sent a thrill of pain through the heart of the listening woman whose love for him was rapidly taking the form of hate? If he did he was careless alike of her feelings and of the consequences which might result from wounding them. But in truth he had his own self-absorbing feelings and difficulties, and found it sufficiently hard to struggle against an ever-increasing suspicion which filled his breast with the intensest agony. The more he heard the more strongly did he incline to a belief in foul play as the cause of Doretta's protracted absence. The colonel met every suggestion of the kind with the argument of the absence of motive. This the artist admitted was a point for consideration; but it did not appear to present to him the difficulty his host experienced.

It was not until the second day that Isabel found herself alone with the object of her passionate admiration and ever-increasing dislike. She was listlessly tending her flowers in what was known as Isabel's garden—her own little patch of ground which she had looked after even when a child. While she plucked the faded leaves from a standard-rose Darton Rivers strolled towards her.

"Still no news!" he remarked abruptly, after lifting his hat by way of morning greeting. She shook her head mournfully.

"Every day increases the mystery," he said, "and every day"—he paused—"increases also the certainty of its discovery."

"What do you mean?" she asked, startled as much by the tone as by the words, so significantly were they uttered.

"Simply that time means accumulation of evidence, that means intelligent action, and action must have its results."

"But has not the whole neighbourhood already been in action for weeks past?"

"True. But I said 'intelligent action.' Steps taken as the result of sagacity and a pre-determined line of procedure."

"I am not sure that I understand."

"Listen to me then." He sunk his voice to a whisper as he spoke. "Two persons know more of this matter than any others in the world. Those persons are—you and I."

She started and grew serious.

"You and I," he repeated; "therefore it is well that there should be no mistake between us on so vital a matter. Let us see then what it is we jointly know. The theory of violence has been met with an alleged absence of motive. Could not you and I suggest a motive strong enough to satisfy most minds? No! Let us

try. You and I have met before, and under circumstances which, it has occurred to me only since I have been here, thinking intently and watching intently, might have led to false impressions. You would set it down to the score of my vanity were I to suggest a suspicion that I had ever been more to you than the merest acquaintance, the veriest agreeable rattle of dinner-table."

She bent her head: but the tears trickled from her long lashes on to the white hands crossed before her.

"I will risk your scorn," he went on, "and say confidently that I was not indifferent to you in the moment when you made the discovery that I was your sister's accepted lover. You will deny that you made any such discovery."

"And if I do?" she interposed.

"It does not matter," he replied with assumed indifference; "it will avail you as little as will your denial that your hand tore from your sister's neck this fragment of the broken chain."

He held forth as he spoke a few links of a chain identical in pattern with that found in the park and which had given rise to such grave suspicions. Isabel looked on, dumb with consternation.

"What!" cried the young artist bitterly, "you do not deny this?"

"No, no!" she cried, suddenly cowering to his feet, "I cannot deny it, since you have found it hidden in my garden; but do not misconstrue the motives which drove me to conceal it there. I was afraid. Heaven knows I have done Doretta no wrong; but I did snatch the chain from her neck. It broke in my hands. And when the rest was found I trembled to think what construction they might put on it should this portion be found also. Why, they might—they might even say that I had killed her!"

"I dare not interpret the thoughts of other men," he answered solemnly; "but be warned. I have devoted my life to the solution of this mystery."

"O Darton Rivers, I am innocent," was her only reply; "indeed, indeed I am innocent."

The artist did not answer, but turning from her quitted the garden.

Was he satisfied with the assurance of innocence he had received? Hardly, yet its apparent sincerity puzzled him, more especially as much that he had assumed as fact in this painful interview was mere surmise. At all events he relied greatly on the terror which a fear of detection might inspire in the event of guilt, and as his stay at the Grange could

not be protracted, he proceeded to discharge another duty, and for this purpose sought out Colonel Horlock, whom he found overlooking documents in the library.

"As I leave to-day, colonel," he said, "it is necessary that the business which brought me here should be despatched. At the same time I have a confession to make to you."

"A confession?"

"Yes, and one which involves my asking your forgiveness. You have received me here as coming from your lawyers on matters connected with your family affairs. You are probably not aware of my relations to the late Count Amyott—"

"The Count Amyott!"

It was only in a whisper that the colonel gasped forth the words.

"Yes," returned the other, "he met me while I was studying at Rome, and adopted me. From his lips, while he was on his death-bed, I first heard your name and the reasons which induced you to quit the army and to bury yourself in this village. The heir of the Amyotts fell by your hand——"

"In self-defence. You know it was in self-defence."

"I now do; I have satisfied myself on that point; but the world did not know it. The world thought, prompted in the idea by the vindictive old lord, that, as your rival in the affections of the lady who afterwards became your wife, you beguiled him to a secret spot and there slew him. It was in fact he who was guilty of the treachery, as is established beyond all doubt by the very letter written to you—preserved by the count among his correspondence—which letter I now place in your hand. It is the vindication of fair fame, and if more were needed here are the very names of the brigands engaged to set upon you should the youth's dagger fail him, which brigands you put to flight."

As he spoke he handed a sealed envelope across the table, amused at the alacrity with which the other seized it and examined its contents.

"But—but how is it that I receive this from your hands?" the colonel asked. "The object of your visit, as I understood, was that you might unfold to me——"

"Pardon me," the artist interrupted. "I have not yet concluded. In giving you this, I fulfil the dying wishes of the Count Amyott. Now comes my confession, and the reasons of it. The task I undertook in satisfaction of the count's scruples was not an easy one, for the reason that you had so completely buried

yourself within these walls as to be utterly lost to the world. After much difficulty, however, I obtained a clue, and found myself in this village. It was there my good fortune to encounter your child Doretta, from whose lips I received such information as has enabled me to fulfil my mission. Can you not guess what I would add? Simply that the impression produced on me by her beauty and accomplishments was such that I begged of her to permit me to ask her hand of you."

"And her reply?" asked the colonel in astonishment.

"She agreed; but on one condition. 'Free him from the stain, whatever it is, which rests on his name, and you can then ask me of an honourable man in honourable fashion.' My part is done, but instead of appealing to you for my reward, I can only ask you to forgive me for having even approached your daughter with overtures of affection without your consent. It was a fault, and Heaven only knows what evils it may entail."

Overwhelmed with gratitude for the signal service rendered him, the colonel expressed his readiness to forgive what, under all the circumstances, was a venial fault. This done he pressed the artist to remain his guest a few more days, since, melancholy as was the situation of affairs, his avowed affection for his lost child would induce him to take a deep interest in every step taken with a view to her recovery. Darton Rivers declined, but without stating the terrible suspicion which rendered the idea of any further stay under that roof intolerable to him.

To the latest day of his life he was grateful to Heaven that no word of any such suspicion had escaped his lips.

To his inexpressible joy and delight, at the very moment in which the suspicion might have found utterance it was triumphantly and instantaneously dissipated. While they yet clasped hands the sound of voices rose on the air, followed by the trampling of feet. There were cries, followed by the noise of an approaching crowd. There was a shout of triumph and joy: then the gates of the Grange garden thundered open, and as the colonel went forth to seek the cause of all this, a solitary figure burst from the crowd and threw itself upon his breast.

"Forgive me, O my father, forgive me!" cried a tearful voice, and in the utterance Doretta—agitated and exhausted—Doretta sprang forward and clasped her arms about her father's neck.

A hasty kiss upon her brow, a hot tear upon

her cheek,—in these outbursts of emotion there was rapture and there was forgiveness.

She had come back. That was enough. She was in her father's arms, looking up into her lover's face. What more was needed? Nothing save the few words which told reluctantly of her resolve to flee and hide herself in some far-off land for Isabel's sake, and for the possible love Darton might bear for her, of her making by devious paths toward a near seaport town, whence it might be possible for her to sail somewhere, she did not know or care where, and of the way in which that resolve broke down under the thought of her father's life-long agony of mind, and the fear awakened by a flying rumour that her sister might be deemed guilty of some dark act of treachery toward her. Acted upon by such reflections her brave resolve gave way; she could but return, and that speedily, to ask forgiveness for her rash act, and to pray for reinstatement in the old home. In that home she remained, cheered even by the remorseful kindness of Isabel, whose sense of a danger escaped softened her heart even under her heavy trial: there she remained, but not for long, and happiness was her portion with him on whose arm she leaned as she went forth to a new world of duties beyond the Grange.

THE BELLS.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!

Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight

From the molten-golden notes!

And all in tune,

What a liquid ditty floats

To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats

On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells,

What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!

How it swells!

How it dwells

On the Future! how it tells

Of the rapture that impels

To the swinging and the ringing

Of the bells, bells, bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells—

To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarm bells—

Brazen bells!

What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!

In the startled ear of night

How they scream out their affright!

Too much horrified to speak,

They can only shriek, shriek,

Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,

In a mad exostulation with the deaf and frantic fire

Leaping higher, higher, higher,

With a desperate desire,

And a resolute endeavour,

Now—now to sit or never,

By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells!

What a tale their terror tells

Of despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!

What a horror they outpour

On the bosom of the palpitating air!

Yet the ear, it fully knows,

By the twanging,

And the clanging,

How the danger ebbs and flows;

Yet the ear distinctly tells,

In the jangling

And the wrangling,

How the danger sinks and swells,

By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—

Of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells—

In the clamour and the clangour of the bells

Hear the tolling of the bells—

Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!

In the silence of the night

How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone!

For every sound that floats

From the rust within their throats

Is a groan:

And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—
 They are Ghouls!
 And their king it is who tolls;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
 A pean from the bells!
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pean of the bells!
 And he dances and he yells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pean of the bells—
 Of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 To the sobbing of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the tolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR A. POE.

THE JEWEL-HUNTER.¹

BY H. D. INGLIS.

I was about fourteen years old when my father carried me to the great fair of Cracow, whither he went to purchase tools for his business, which was that of a lapidary, and which he carried on at Michlinitz. The size of the town, the magnificence of the buildings, the crowds that thronged the streets, and the novelty and beauty of the wares, surprised and delighted me; but nothing enchanted me so much as the model of the citadel in salt, which, according to the usual custom, was placed in the great square upon a pedestal of marble.

As we walked along one side of the square, looking for the shop of a merchant from whom my father wished to purchase some stones, we saw a great crowd collected before a door at some little distance, and as we came nearer, it proved to be the shop of the identical merchant whom my father sought. So great was the crowd, that we were unable to approach nearer than within twenty yards of the door; and as my father pushed forward, anxious to despatch his business,

"What now?" said a fellow in the throng, "softly, if you please; do you think nobody wants to see the opal but yourself?"

"What opal is it," said my father, addressing a man who stood beside him, "that excites so much curiosity?"

"Have you not heard," replied the man, "of that wonderful opal that Schmidt the jewel-hunter found in the mountains, and which has just been bought for the king at the price of 100,000 florins?"

My father was now as anxious to see the opal as anybody else; and when he had succeeded in reaching the shop, the merchant took my father and myself into a back-room, carrying the opal along with him, that the business upon which we came might be transacted more quietly; telling the crowd that besieged the door that the opal was not to be seen any more that day.

My father and the merchant immediately began to make their bargains, leaving the examination of the opal until their business should be concluded, while I all the while kept the precious stone in my hand, looking at it, and admiring it, and thinking of its extraordinary value. I was entirely ignorant of the worth of jewels, and, although my father was a lapidary, scarcely could distinguish between one stone and another; for my mother having resolved that I should follow the profession of the law, I had been put to school at an early age, and was therefore more an adept at my books than a judge of precious stones. I knew, however, that the stone I held in my hand had been purchased by the king for 100,000 florins, and as one florin even seemed to me an inexhaustible sum, 100,000 florins might well baffle my utmost powers of conception. At length the merchant and my father, having finished their business, turned their attention to the opal, and discoursed in the most extravagant terms of its extraordinary beauty and value, and of the wonderful good fortune of the finder,—all of which made a deep impression upon me. As we passed from the merchant's house through the square, I importuned

¹ From *Solitary Walks through Many Lands*. By Derwent Conway (pseudonym), author of *Tales of Ardenne*.

my father to show me the exhibition of an Armenian juggler; but he refused me, saying it would cost half a florin. Half a florin, thought I—only half a florin; and this jewel-hunter has found a gem worth 100,000! All the way from Cracow to Michlinitz I was occupied with these thoughts, and every minute was turning my head to look at the mountains, almost expecting to see the colours of the opal reflected from some sun-gilt cliff.

A few days after my father returned home he fell sick; and, notwithstanding the advantage of an excellent constitution, and all the care of my mother, and the medicines of the physician, he sunk under the disease, and died at the end of eight days, leaving his family but slenderly provided, and me, his only son, with his wits for patrimony, and the world the sphere in which they were to be exercised.

It was now out of the question to think of breeding me for the law; I must be apprenticed to some trade, and, my head being still full of the opal, I petitioned to be placed under the care of a lapidary. My mother consented,—and I accordingly took up my abode in a garret, in which there were abundance of precious stones to feast my eyes upon, and preserve the recollection of the opal and the 100,000 florins. I was anxious to learn my trade, and yet I worked but little at it. An indistinct dream of kingly wealth, and embryo projects of acquiring it, floated in my brain. The window of my garret looked into the country, the long chain of the Carpathian Mountains bounding the prospect; and in place of polishing stones and learning my business, I used to spend at least every alternate half-hour standing at my window, thinking of Schmidt and his opal, and his 100,000 florins; and, as I took my seat again, saying to myself aloud, “I see no reason why I, as well as Schmidt, may not find an opal.”

During all this time I never communicated my thoughts to my mother; I told her, indeed, at times, that one day or other I should make the fortune of the family,—by which she understood that I intended to become an expert lapidary, and so acquire independence.

About three years passed away thus; and at the end of that time I requested leave from my master to go and see an uncle, who lived at Dunavitz, and who was a breeder of cattle. My uncle, however, was but a secondary consideration in my mind; I determined to make this journey subservient to my first trial of fortune; and, accordingly, provided myself secretly with a hammer and with such other

tools as I thought might be useful. My uncle received me with great kindness, as did also my aunt and cousins; and when I told them I had been apprenticed three years to a lapidary, and had already acquired considerable skill in stones, and that my master had sent me for a few days to practise my knowledge among the mountains (which falsehoods, God, I trust, will forgive me), I was liberally supplied with everything requisite; a sack was filled with eatables, and I was furnished with tinder, and a knife to cut krumholz, and many other little necessities and comforts: and with the good wishes of all the family, and injunctions to return in four days, I slung my sack over my shoulder, and marched away, to begin my career as a *jewel-hunter*.

Nothing could be more buoyant than my spirits were as I began to ascend the inclined plane that led to the foot of the mountains. I felt as if all the riches they contained were one day or other to be my own. This was the very peak I had seen so often from my garret window; this was the very chain among which Schmidt had found the opal; and who could tell, if he had found a jewel worth 100,000 florins, that there might not be other jewels in the mountains, worth ten times as much. With these pleasant fancies, I at length reached the mouth of a narrow valley, that seemed to me the entrance to the abodes of Plutus. I soon fell to work, making the valley re-echo with the blows with which I belaboured the rocks, and continued my exertions without finding anything that in the least resembled a jewel, until I was obliged to stop from sheer exhaustion. This was rather disheartening; but I consoled myself by coming to the conclusion that I had not yet penetrated far enough into the mountain. It was not so pleasant to sleep upon the mountain-side as even in my garret; but this was an inconvenience that I knew must be submitted to, and I felt persuaded that next day my labours would turn to more account.

I awoke at least two hours before daybreak, and longed for the light with as much impatience as if I needed light only to show me the path to exhaustless treasures. Long before the highest mountain peaks were tipped with the sunbeams I was making my way over rocks and torrents, hastening to a more distant ravine, not a bit daunted by the unsuccessful labours of the day before, but on the contrary, with the fullest expectations, if not of an opal as good as Schmidt's, of at least something sufficient to verify my predictions of good fortune. This day I half filled my sack; not, indeed, with

opals, but with stones and ores which I promised myself were a handsome reward for my labour. Schmidt, thought I, did not find his opal the first time he went among the mountains; I must not be too hasty in my ambition. The next morning I began to retrace my steps, filling my sack as I went along, and arrived, at the close of the third in place of the fourth day, at my uncle's house. Great congratulations followed the display of my riches.

"This," said I, "is garnet, this is lapis lazuli, this is gold ore; but I have found no opal yet."

"All in good time," said my uncle; "and how much is all this worth?"

"Certainly not less," said I, "than three hundred florins."

My uncle looked somewhat incredulous; my aunt said something about the small profits of cattle-breeding, when money was to be picked up in this way by children; and my cousins, who were all females, and some years younger than myself, looked upon me as the most wonderful youth in Galicia.

Next day I took my leave, carrying my treasures, of course, along with me; but knowing very well that more than one-half of them were worthless, and that I had exaggerated their value to my uncle, I stopped on the bank of a little stream, and, after a rigid examination of the contents of my sack, threw more than half into the water, making myself sure that what I had reserved was worth a hundred and fifty florins, at least. I went to my master's house before presenting myself at home, and found him at work.

"I have brought something with me," said I, emptying the sack upon the ground, and laying a handful upon the table at which he was working; he took up one and then another, without saying anything, for he was a man of few words, and slightly glancing at them, threw them into a corner, which he made the receptacle for rubbish. One handful after another I laid upon the table, and each specimen was in its turn consigned to the corner; the last handful was produced, and in it there was one specimen, upon which my hopes were chiefly grounded, and upon which I had made some marks when I displayed my riches to my uncle. He looked more narrowly at this specimen than he had at the others, but ended by throwing it where he had thrown the rest, and saying,

"All rubbish, my boy, so get to your business."

My hopes, then, were at an end; and the three hours that intervened between this and

bedtime were the most unhappy hours of my life.

As I lay in bed sleepless, ruminating upon the failure of all my brilliant expectations, it suddenly occurred to me that possibly my master might be mistaken, and that the jewel which I had marked might be judged differently of by some other lapidary; and getting up, I crept softly down-stairs into my master's workshop, and lighted a small lamp at the expiring embers of a fire, which he had been using in some of his operations. I then began to search among the rubbish for the stone which was marked, but I could nowhere find it; one after another I held them to the lamp, and repeated over and over again the same toilsome examination, till at length, weary of my unsuccessful labour, I sat down upon the chair before my master's table, which was strewn with the instruments he had used in polishing a beautiful jacinth, that lay with the polished side towards me. I took it up; it was the very stone I had been seeking for. My plan was speedily arranged; I seized upon the stone, stole back to my chamber, dressed myself as quickly as I could, and, although it was not much after midnight, took the road to Cracow; leaving a line for my master, informing him that, having discovered him to be a thief, I had left his service, and had taken with me my own jewel, which my uncle could prove to be mine, by a mark which I had made upon it. I found no difficulty in disposing of my jewel; the same merchant whom I had visited along with my father gave me a hundred florins for it, and congratulated me upon having begun my career so favourably; and next day I returned home with a present for each member of the family, and with more than eighty florins in my pocket.

There was now no question as to my future trade; my first attempt had met with more success than any one, excepting myself, anticipated; and although I had not yet found an opal, I had no great cause to be dissatisfied, and looked upon the acquisition of riches as the easiest thing imaginable.

The money that my jacinth fetched served to equip me for my next expedition. I left forty florins at home, and set out for Kostalesko, on my nineteenth birth-day, with the blessings of a mother and the good wishes of three sisters; all of whom I promised to portion handsomely as soon as I had found an opal worth but 20,000 florins. All three looked upon their portions as already secured, and as I walked out of Michlinitz, I did not forget to cast my eye upon the fields on either side, in the view of

making up my mind as to the most eligible site for building a house upon with the produce of my labours.

The first day on which I set out upon my travels, and when just entering the mountains, I overtook two men, well advanced in years, whose tattered garments and squalid faces denoted the extremest poverty and wretchedness. I fell into conversation with them, and learned that they were gold-hunters.

"Why," said I, "do you not rather follow the trade of jewel-hunting?" secretly pleased, however, that I had not found rivals in my own occupation.

They only smiled at me, and I, in my turn, pitied the delusion that had kept them poor all their lives, instead of buying a castle and rearing horses, as Schmidt had done.

Almost every day during a year I spent less or more of it among the mountains; sometimes my labours were rewarded, but oftener I found nothing worth so much as a few groschen; yet never during all this time did my hopes diminish, nor did my continued toil become in the smallest degree irksome. Every morning I sprang from my bed full of eager anticipation, and every night longed for the morning, that I might recommence my search; days of unrewarded toil I looked upon only as procrastinations of my good fortune; each rising sun brought new expectation along with it, and if one blow of the hammer did not loose an opal from the rock, I thought a second might.

At length, one day, at the expiration of nearly a year from the day I left home, a stone dropped into my hand, that had all the distinguishing marks of a valuable opal. I eagerly proceeded to polish a part, and the varied hues of the opal flashed upon my delighted eye. Now then, said I to myself, the day of my reward has arrived. The stone I had found was little inferior in size to that which I had held in my hand in the merchant's back-shop at Cracow, the look of which I yet remembered so distinctly; and I felt assured it could not be worth less than 50,000 florins.

As I bent my steps homewards I employed myself in that most agreeable of all occupations, planning the distribution and assortment of riches which I felt assured were on the eve of being mine. The close of the third day brought me to the threshold of my own door; and I was welcomed with those true greetings which a son, after long absence, may expect to find from a mother's love. My countenance soon told the extent and importance of my secret; and the opal was drawn

from its hiding-place with exulting looks, and presented to the wondering eyes of the family circle. I determined to lose little time in realizing my expectations. The next week the great Cracow fair would take place, and thither I of course determined to go.

It was soon settled what was to be done with the 50,000 florins. I had promised to portion my sisters; each of them, accordingly, should have two thousand, which would make them the richest heiresses in Michlinitz; I would give four thousand to my mother; and "as for the remaining 40,000," said I, "my little cousin Ronza, at Dunavitz, will make me a good wife, and I will purchase a barony somewhere in the Palatinate."

These things being all determined upon, I left home for the capital,¹ early on the morning of the day of the great fair, with my opal in a leathern bag, which was suspended round my neck by a copper chain. I overtook and passed a great many persons on the road; for I was mounted upon a good horse, which I had bought with the remnant of the hundred florins I had made by my jacinth; "but which among them all," said I to myself, "carries to the fair an opal worth 50,000 florins!"

Before mid-day I arrived at the capital, and having put up my horse at an inn in the outskirts, walked towards the great square, by the same streets I had traversed with my father five years ago. What changes had taken place since then; and to what extraordinary results had the impressions which were made upon my mind at that time led! Happy fortune, thought I, that carried my father to Cracow; had he never gone thither, I should never have seen the wonderful opal, or even so much as heard of a jewel-hunter, and never should have been walking, as now, to the great fair, with a jewel in my possession worth 50,000 florins.

I had no reason to doubt the integrity of the merchant with whom I had formerly dealt; but before finally disposing of my treasure, I wished to enjoy the triumph of possessing it: I was anxious, in short, that as great a noise should be made about my opal as about that which Schmidt sold to the king. I walked accordingly through the great square, seeking an opportunity of making my good fortune known, and of buzzing about the rarity and value of my possession.

As I went onward, looking to the right hand and to the left, my attention was fixed by the extraordinary richness and variety of a display

¹ This was in the year 1750, when Poland was a kingdom, and Cracow its capital.

of wares which were exhibited upon a long row of tables, placed beneath an awning, behind which an eastern merchant sat smoking. Every species of costly and rare merchandise lay upon the tables. The richest stuffs, brocades, silks, and gold tissues from Persia,—the most valuable spices and perfumes from India and Arabia,—Damascus' sabres, the hilts inlaid with gold and ivory, and studded with precious stones,—the rarest gums of Africa and of Guyana,—temples and pagodas, curiously carved in ivory, and the most precious woods,—the most excellent specimens of Mosaic,—cameos and intaglios, of the most valuable materials and the most exquisite workmanship,—all swelled the riches of the eastern merchant's bazaar. But rich and valuable as were these commodities, the contents of one other table eclipsed them all: it was covered with all kinds of precious stones, ranged in rows, circles, and pyramids: diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, topaz, of all sizes, and of the finest colours, glittered in the sunshine, and dazzled and delighted the eye; but among them I saw no opal.

"Friend," said I to the merchant, "you reign here the emperor of the fair; upon your tables are concentrated the riches of all the cities of the East; every country in the world has laid its tribute before you; and yet," added I, "there seems one thing wanting."

"What," said he, without taking his pipe from his mouth, "would you desire to see added?"

"I see," replied I, "this beautiful pyramid, composed of precious stones, two rows of topaz, two of ruby, two of sapphire, two of emerald, and one of diamond, with this fine pearl surmounting the whole; but for the pearl I would substitute an opal."

"I could soon make that change," said the merchant, taking the pipe out of his mouth, "but to my mind the pearl brings the pyramid to a better point; there is not a jewel, young man, that ever came out of the bowels of the earth, that I have not in my possession: and I will venture the worth of this pyramid, that I can show a better stone of every kind than any other merchant now in Cracow—ay! in Poland—ay! in Europe," added he, glancing triumphantly at his tables, and then resuming his pipe.

I thought within myself, "He has no opal, he is too proud of his jewels to submit to the suspicion of not having one, were it in his power to prevent it;" and I immediately replied, "I have not the value of the pyramid to stake, but I will venture the value of a

jewel which I will produce to you, that you will not match it."

"Name its value," said the merchant as unconcernedly as before, "and I will take your word for it; select its worth among these jewels, and lay them on one side, and then place your own opposite to them, and whoever gains shall take up both stakes; you yourself shall decide whether or not I produce a jewel more valuable of its kind than yours."

This I thought was extremely fair, or rather more than fair; for it put it in my power to stake against my jewel something double its value. I did not, however, profit by this advantage, but selected a diamond which I judged to be worth about 50,000 florins, and laid it upon one side. There was now collected around the table a considerable number of persons, attracted at first by the wares, and now interested in the conversation they had overheard, and all anxiously waiting the result of so considerable a wager. I had thus obtained precisely what I desired—an opportunity of displaying my riches, and enjoying the vanity of possessing so rare a gem; to say nothing of the diamond that glittered on the table, and which I already considered as my own. I now pulled the chain over my head, and, opening the leathern purse, drew forth my opal, and laid it upon the table opposite to the diamond.

"A fine opal, indeed," said the merchant, laying down his pipe and examining it, "and worth more than the diamond you selected, and precisely the thing for the top of the pyramid. My own, you see, is too large," added he, opening the lid of an ebony box, and laying upon the table the very opal Schmidt had sold to the king, the appearance of which I remembered so well.

What were my feelings at that moment?—the object of my toil, and hopes, and promises, gone from me in an instant, and by my own accused folly and vanity. The merchant deliberately returned the pipe into his mouth; took up my opal, and, displacing the pearl, crowned the pyramid with the opal.

"Now," said he, "you will admit that the pyramid is faultless." He then returned his own opal into the box, and calmly began to arrange some of his wares.

I turned away in the deepest dejection; but the expressions of pity from the by-standers, so different from those with which I had expected to be greeted, wounded me more even than the loss of my wealth. I repaired to the shop of the merchant whom I knew, but without communicating to him what had happened. The circumstance, however, soon got wind; it

was soon buzzed about everywhere that an ignorant youth had allowed himself to be juggled out of a valuable jewel by the great Bassora merchant, Haranzabad; and I had the mortification of seeing myself pointed at as this ignorant youth.

"How could you be so mad," said the merchant, my friend, "as to stake any opal against Haranzabad's?—had you come to me first, you would have learned, what everybody knows, that the king pledged his opal to that merchant for a loan, upon condition that he should not exhibit it openly at the fair."

I had now neither business nor inclination to detain me at the fair. I sold my horse, and in place of turning homeward with 50,000 florins in my purse, I had but 200, partly the price of my horse, and partly the balance of a debt, which the lapidary was owing to my father. How different were my feelings on my road homeward from what they would have been had I been returning to the realization of my projects! My sisters' portions, my mothers' provision, my cousin Ronza, and my expected barony, all came to my mind, only to reproach me for my vanity and folly. I was still a jewel-hunter, and had still my fortune to make; yet, wonderful as it may appear, at this very moment, when my hopes were newly crushed, they began to rise again; new dreams of riches, and even projects of their appropriation, occupied my mind, and almost excluded the recollection of my misfortune, and the very hour that witnessed the destruction of all my expectations and the futility of my toils, saw also born within me a steadier determination than ever to renew them, and as firm a persuasion that they would yet be rewarded.

Providence, however, has not yet thought fit to crown my hopes; but I have lived happily notwithstanding. Never has my hammer laid open the lustre of another opal, but I have always been cheered on by expectation; my toil has never been rewarded by independence, but it has brought me food and raiment, and left me something to wish for; I have never entered Cracow again with the exulting thought that I was about to possess myself of 50,000 florins, but neither have I ever quitted it with the painful reflection that I have lost the fruit of a year's labour, and of many years' hope; I have had no portions to bestow upon my sisters, but they have married, and have been happy without them; no provision to settle upon my mother, but she is long ago beyond the need of it; no barony to offer Ronza, but she has never appeared to wish for more than she possesses. Old age steals fast upon me, and so

would it if I had possessed riches; death has no greater terrors for the poor than for the rich man, nor has he so much to disturb the serenity of his meditations. My children regret that I should leave them, and their regrets are sincere, because, when I am gone, they expect no equivalent; yet had I even now youth and vigour, I would still pursue the occupation, which I trust my children will never desert, for one day or other their labours will be rewarded. Schmidt has not found the first opal, nor myself the last; and riches may be enjoyed by him who knows how to use them. Go on, then, my children; do not shrink from toils which your father has borne, nor despair of the success which he once achieved, and of which the inexperience of youth only robbed him of the reward.

THE MAY-POLE.¹

Come, lasses and lads, take leave of your dads,

And away to the may-pole hie,
For every fair has a sweetheart there,
And the fiddler's standing by.
For Willy shall dance with Jane,
And Johnny has got his Joan,
To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,
Trip it up and down.

Strike up, says Wat; Agreed, says Mat,
And I prithee, fiddler, play;
Content, says Hodge, and so says Madge,
For this is a holiday.
Then every lad did doff
His hat unto his lass,
And every girl did curtsy, curtsy,
Curtsy on the grass.

Begin, says Hal; Aye, aye, says Mall,
We'll lead up *Packington's Pound*;
No, no, says Noll, and so says Doll,
We'll first have *Sellinger's Round*.
Then every man began
To foot it round about,
And every girl did jet it, jet it,
Jet it in and out.

You're out, says Dick; Not I, says Nick,
'Twas the fiddler played it wrong;
'Tis true, says Hugh, and so says Sue,
And so says every one.

¹From *Westminster Drollery*. An old and popular English ditty, the music of which will be found in Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*.

The fiddler then began
To play the tune again,
And every girl did trip it, trip it,
Trip it to the men.

Let's kiss, says Jane; Content, says Nan,
And so says every she;
How many? says Batt; Why, three, says Mat,
For that's a maiden's fee.
The men, instead of three,
Did give them half a score;
The maids in kindness, kindness, kindness,
Gave 'em as many more.

Then, after an hour, they went to a bow'r,
And play'd for ale and cakes;
And kisses too,—until they were due
The lasses held the stakes.
The girls did then begin
To quarrel with the men,
And bade them take their kisses back,
And give them their own again.

Now there they did stay the whole of the day,
And tired the fiddler quite,
With dancing and play, without any pay,
From morning until night.
They told the fiddler then
They'd pay him for his play.
Then each a twopence, twopence, twopence,
Gave him and went away.

Good night, says Harry; Good night, says Mary;
Good night says Dolly to John;
Good night, says Sue to her sweetheart Hugh;
Good night, says every one.
Some walked and some did run;
Some loiter'd on the way,
And bound themselves by kisses twelve,
To meet the next holiday.

A MORNING SALUTATION.

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
And climbing, shakes his dewy wings:
He takes this window for the east;
And to implore your light he sings,
Awake, awake, the morn will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are,
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn,
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

BACON'S MORAL COUNSELS.

[Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Alban's, born at York House, Strand, London, 22d January, 1561; died at Highgate, 9th April, 1626. Lawyer, statesman, and philosopher. Queen Elizabeth and James I. were his patrons; Ben Jonson was one of his most faithful friends. He attained the highest position as a statesman; he has earned immortality as an author; he reaped a rich harvest of success during his life, and endured its bane in the malice and contempt of those who envied him, or who were honestly opposed to him. He was accused of ingratitude to those who helped him to rise—notably to the Earl of Essex, the sometime favourite of Elizabeth,—and of corruption in his office of lord-chancellor. From this office he retired in disgrace, and had to pay a fine of £40,000 for his misdeeds. His defence has been warmly taken up by several modern writers; but the poet's portrait of him as—

"The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind"

still clings to his memory. The book of *Essays* or *Moral Counsels* was the first of his published works, and his last days were occupied in revising it. Du-gald Stuart said of this volume: "It is one of those where the superiority of his genius appears to the greatest advantage, the novelty and depth of his reflections often receiving a strong relief from the triteness of his subject. It may be read from beginning to end in a few hours; and yet, after the twentieth perusal, one seldom fails to remark in it something overlooked before. This indeed is a characteristic of all Bacon's writings, and is only to be accounted for by the inexhaustible aliment they furnish to our own thoughts, and the sympathetic activity they impart to our torpid faculties." His chief works were: the *Novum Organum*—intended to be "the science of a better and more perfect use of reason in the investigation of things, and of the true aids to the understanding;" *The History of Henry VII.*; *The Advancement of Learning*; *De Sapientia Veterum* (the Wisdom of the Ancients); *Apothegms*, &c. He was lauded as "the glory and ornament of his age and nation."]

ADVERSITY.

It was a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics), that the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished; but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired. *Bona rerum secundarum optabilia, adversarum mirabilia.* Certainly, if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity. It is yet a higher speech of his than the other (much too high for a heathen): It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man and the security of a god. *Verè magnum, habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem dei.* This would have done better in poetry, where transcendencies are more allowed. And the poets, indeed, have been busy with it: for it is, in effect, the

thing which is figured in that strange fiction of the ancient poets, which seemeth not to be without mystery; nay, and to have some approach to the state of a Christian: that Hercules, when he went to unbind Prometheus (by whom human nature is represented), sailed the length of the great ocean in an earthen pot or pitcher: lively describing Christian resolution, that saileth in the frail bark of the flesh, thorough the waves of the world. But to speak in a mean: the virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude; which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New; which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet, even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols: and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job, than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needle-works and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly, virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed, or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

DELAYS.

Fortune is like the market; where many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall. And again, it is sometimes like Sybilla's offer; which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price. For occasion (as it is in the common verse) turneth a bald noddle after she hath presented her locks in front, and no hold taken: or at least turneth the handle of the bottle first to be received, and after the belly, which is hard to clasp. There is surely no greater wisdom than well to time the beginnings and onsets of things. Dangers are no more light, if they once seem light: and more dangers have deceived men than forced them. Nay, it were better to meet some dangers half-way, though they come nothing near, than to keep too long a watch upon their approaches; for if a man watch too long, it is odds he will fall asleep. On the other side, to be deceived with too long shadows (as some

have been when the moon was low and shone on their enemies' back), and so to shoot off before the time; or to teach dangers to come on by over-early buckling towards them, is another extreme. The ripeness or unripeness of the occasion (as we said) must ever be well weighed; and generally it is good to commit the beginnings of all great actions to Argus with his hundred eyes; and the ends to Briareus with his hundred hands: first to watch, and then to speed. For the helmet of Pluto, which maketh the politic man go invisible, is secrecy in the counsel, and celerity in the execution. For when things are once come to the execution, there is no secrecy comparable to celerity; like the motion of a bullet in the air, which flieth so swift as it outruns the eye.

DESPATCH.

Affected despatch is one of the most dangerous things to business that can be. It is like that which the physicians call predigestion, or hasty digestion; which is sure to fill the body full of crudities and secret seeds of diseases. Therefore measure not despatch by the times of sitting, but by the advancement of the business. And as in races it is not the large stride, or high lift, that makes the speed; so in business the keeping close to the matter, and not taking of it too much at once, procureth despatch. It is the care of some only to come off speedily for the time; or to contrive some false periods of business, because they may seem men of despatch. But it is one thing to abbreviate by contracting, another by cutting off: and business so handled at several sittings or meetings goeth commonly backward and forward, in an unsteady manner. I knew a wise man that had it for a by-word, when he saw men hasten to a conclusion, Stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner.

On the other side, true despatch is a rich thing. For time is the measure of business, as money is of wares: and business is bought at a dear hand where there is small despatch. The Spartans and Spaniards have been noted to be of small despatch; *Mi venga la muerte de Spagna*, let my death come from Spain, for then it will be sure to be long in coming. . . .

Above all things, order, and distribution, and singling out of parts, is the life of despatch; so as the distribution be not too subtle: for he that doth not divide will never enter well into business; and he that divideth too much will never come out of it clearly. To choose time is to save time; and an unreasonable motion is but beating the air. There be three parts

of business: the preparation; the debate or examination; and the perfection. Whereof, if you look for despatch, let the middle only be the work of many, and the first and last the work of few. The proceeding upon somewhat conceived in writing, doth for the most part facilitate despatch: for though it should be wholly rejected, yet that negative is more pregnant of direction than an indefinite, as ashes are more generative than dust.

DISCOURSE.

Some in their discourse desire rather commendation of wit, in being able to hold all arguments, than of judgment in discerning what is true: as if it were a praise to know what might be said, and not what should be thought. Some have certain commonplaces and themes wherein they are good, and want variety; which kind of poverty is for the most part tedious, and when it is once perceived, ridiculous. The honourablest part of talk is to give the occasion; and again to moderate and pass to somewhat else; for then a man leads the dance. It is good in discourse and speech of conversation to vary and intermingle speech of the present occasion with arguments; tales with reasons; asking of questions with telling of opinions; and jest with earnest; for it is a dull thing to tire, and, as we say now, to jade anything too far. As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it: namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity. Yet there be some that think their wits have been asleep, except they dart out somewhat that is piquant, and to the quick; that is a vein which would be bridled;

Parce, puer, stimulis, et fortius utere loris.

And generally, men ought to find the difference between saltness and bitterness. Certainly, he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need to be afraid of others' memory. He that questioneth much shall learn much, and content much; but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh; for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge. But let his questions not be troublesome, for that is fit for a poser; and let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak. Nay, if there be any that would reign and take up all the time, let him find means to take them off, and to bring others

on; as musicians use to do with those that dance too long galliards.¹ If you dissemble sometimes your knowledge of that you are thought to know, you shall be thought another time to know that you know not. Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom, and well chosen. I knew one was wont to say in scorn, He must needs be a wise man, he speaks so much of himself; and there is but one case wherein a man may commend himself with good grace, and that is in commending virtue in another; especially if it be such a virtue whereunto himself pretendeth. Speech of touch towards others should be sparingly used; for discourse ought to be as a field, without coming home to any man. I knew two noblemen, of the west part of England, whereof the one was given to scoff, but kept ever royal cheer in his house, the other would ask of those that had been at the other's table, Tell truly, was there never a flout or dry blow given? to which the guest would answer, Such and such a thing passed. The lord would say, I thought he would mar a good dinner. Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal, is more than to speak in good words, or in good order. A good continued speech, without a good speech of interlocation, shows slowness; and a good reply, or second speech, without a good settled speech, sheweth shallowness and weakness. As we see in beasts, that those that are weakest in the course, are yet nimblest in the turn; as it is betwixt the grayhound and the hare. To use too many circumstances, ere one come to the matter, is wearisome; to use none at all, is blunt.

NATURE IN MEN.

Nature is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished. Force maketh nature more violent in the return; doctrine and discourse maketh nature less importune; but custom only doth alter and subdue nature. He that seeketh victory over his nature, let him not set himself too great nor too small tasks: for the first will make him dejected by often failings, and the second will make him a small proceeder, though by often prevailings. And, at the first, let him practise with helps, as swimmers do with bladders, or rushes; but, after a time, let him practise with disadvantages, as dancers do with thick shoes: for it breeds great perfection if the practice be harder than

¹ The *galliard* was a light sprightly dance, as its name implies, and then much in fashion.

the use. Where nature is mighty, and therefore the victory hard, the degrees had need be: first to stay and arrest nature in time; like to him that would say over the four-and-twenty-letters when he was angry: then to go less in quantity; as if one should, in forbearing wine, come from drinking healths to a draught at a meal; and lastly, to discontinue altogether. But if a man have the fortitude and resolution to enfranchise himself at once, that is the best;

*Optimus ille animi vindeat, lædentiæ pectus
Vincula qui rupit, dedoluitque semel.*

Neither is the ancient rule amiss, to bend nature as a wand, to a contrary extreme, whereby to set it right: understanding it where the contrary extreme is no vice. Let not a man force a habit upon himself with a perpetual continuance, but with some intermission. For both the pause reinforceth the new onset; and if a man that is not perfect be ever in practice, he shall as well practise his errors as his abilities, and induce one habit of both; and there is no means to help this but by seasonable intermissions. But let not a man trust his victory over his nature too far; for nature will lie buried a great time, and yet revive upon the occasion or temptation. Like as it was with Æsop's damsel, turned from a cat to a woman, who sat very demurely at the board's end till a mouse ran before her. Therefore, let a man either avoid the occasion altogether, or put himself often to it, that he may be little moved with it. A man's nature is best perceived in privateness, for there is no affectation; in passion, for that putteth a man out of his precepts; and in a new case or experiment, for there custom leaveth him. They are happy men whose natures sort with their vocations; otherwise they may say, *Multum incola fuit anima mea*, when they converse in those things they do not affect. In studies, whatsoever a man commandeth upon himself, let him set hours for it: but whatsoever is agreeable to his nature, let him take no care for any set times; for his thoughts will fly to it of themselves; so as the spaces of other business or studies will suffice. A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other.

YOUTH AND AGE.

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time. But that happeneth rarely. Generally, youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second. For there is a youth in thoughts as well as in ages; and yet the invention of young men is

more lively than that of old; and imaginations stream into their minds better, and, as it were, more divinely. Natures that have much heat, and great and violent desires and perturbations, are not ripe for action till they have passed the meridian of their years: as it was with Julius Cæsar and Septimus Severus. Of the latter of whom it is said, *Juventutem egit erroribus, imò furoribus, plenam*: and yet he was the ablest emperor almost of all the list. But reposed natures may do well in youth, as it is seen in Augustus Cæsar, Cosmo Duke of Florence, *Gaston de Foix*,¹ and others. On the other side, heat and vivacity in age is an excellent composition for business. Young men are fitter to invent than to judge; fitter for execution than for counsel; and fitter for new projects than for settled business. For the experience of age, in things that fall within the compass of it, directeth them; but in new things abuseth them. The errors of young men are the ruin of business; but the errors of aged men amount but to this: that more might have been done, or sooner. Young men, in the conduct and manage of actions, embrace more than they can hold; stir more than they can quiet; fly to the end, without consideration of the means and degrees; pursue some few principles which they have chanced upon absurdly; care not to innovate, which draws unknown inconveniences; use extreme remedies at first, and, that which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them; like an unready horse that will neither stop nor turn. Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period; but content themselves with a mediocrity of success. Certainly it is good to compound employments of both; for that will be good for the present, because the virtues of either age may correct the defects of both: and good for succession, that young men may be learners, while men in age are actors: and, lastly, good for externe accidents, because authority followeth old men, and favour and popularity youth. But for the moral part perhaps youth will have the pre-eminence, as age hath for the politic. A certain rabbin, upon the text, "Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams," inferreth that young men are admitted nearer to God than old, because vision is a clearer revelation than a dream: and, certainly, the

¹ Gaston de Foix was nephew to Louis XII.; he commanded the French armies in Italy with brilliant success, but was killed at the battle of Ravenna, in 1512. His portrait by Giorgione, was bequeathed to the National Gallery by Mr. Rogers.

more a man drinketh of the world, the more it
intoxicateth; and age doth profit rather in the
powers of understanding than in the virtues
of the will and affections.

ADONAIS;

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS.
BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I weep for Adonais—he is dead !
O ! weep for Adonais, though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head !
And thou, sad Hour selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow ! Say : " With me
Died Adonais ! Till the future dares
Forget the past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity . "

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,
When thy son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
In darkness ? Where was lorn Urania
When Adonais died ? With veiled eyes,
'Mid listening Echoes, in her paradise
She sat, while one, with soft enamoured breath,
Rekindled all the fading melodies
With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,
He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of Death.

O ! weep for Adonais—he is dead !
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep !—
Yet wherefore ? Quench within their burning bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep,
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
For he is gone where all things wise and fair
Descend. Oh ! dream not that the amorous deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air;
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep again !
Lament anew, Urania !—He died
Who was the sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride
The priest, the slave, and the libertine
Trampled and mock'd with many a loath'd rite
Of lust and blood. He went untrifled
Into the gulf of death; but his clear sprite
Yet reigns o'er earth, the third among the Sons of Light.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew !
Not all to that bright station dared to climb:
And happier they their happiness who knew,
Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time
In which suns perished. Others more sublime,
Struck by the envious wrath of man or god,
Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime;
And some yet live, treading the thorny road
Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene
abode.

But now thy youngest, dearest one has perished,
The nursing of thy widowhood, who grew,
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,
And fed with true-love tears instead of dew.
Most musical of mourners, weep anew !
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
The bloom whose petals, nipp'd before they blew,
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

To that high Capital where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay
He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,
A grave among the eternal.—Come away !
Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
Is yet his fitting charnel-roof, while still
He lies as if in dewy sleep he lay.
Awake him not ! surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

He will awake no more, oh never more !
Within the twilight chamber spreads apace
The shadow of white Death, and at the door
Invisible Corruption waits to trace
His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place;
The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface
So fair a prey, till darkness and the law
Of change shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

Oh weep for Adonais !—The quick Dreams,
The passion-winged ministers of thought,
Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
The love which was its music, wander not—
Wander no more from kindling brain to brain,
But droop there whence they sprung; and mourn
their lot
Round the cold hearth where, after their sweet pain,
They ne'er will gather strength or find a home again.

And one with trembling hand clasps his cold head,
And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries,
" Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead !
See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
" Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
A tear some Dream has loosened from his brain."
Lost angel of a ruined paradise !
She knew not 'twas her own,—as with no stain
She faded, like a cloud which had outweped its rain.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
Washed his light limbs, as if embalming them;
Another clipp'd her profuse locks, and threw
The wreath upon him, like an anadem
Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem;
Another in her wilful grief would break
Her bow and winged reeds, as if to stem
A greater loss with one which was more weak,
And dull the barbed fire against his frozen cheek.

Another Splendour on his mouth alit,
That mouth whence it was wont to draw the breath
Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,
And pass into the panting heart beneath
With lightning and with music: the damp death
Quenched its caress upon his icy lips;
And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath
Of moonlight vapour which the cold night clips,
It flushed through his pale limbs, and pass'd to its
eclipse.

And others came,—Desires and Adorations,
Winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
Splendours, and Glooms, and glimmering incarnations
Of Hopes and Fears, and twilight Fantasies.
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
Came in slow pomp;—the moving pomp might seem
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

All he had loved, and moulded into thought
From shape and hue and odour and sweet sound,
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day;
Afar the melancholy Thunder moaned,
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild Winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
Than those for whose disdain she pined away
Into a shadow of all sounds:—a drear
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves; since her delight is flown,
For whom should she have waked the sullen Year?
To Phebus was not Hyacinthe so dear,
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
Thou, Adonais; wan they stand and sere
Amid the faint companions of their youth,
With dew all turned to tears,—odour, to sighing ruth.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale,
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
Scolding and screaming round her empty nest,
As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

VOI. III.

Ah woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year.
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;
The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Season's bier;
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
And build their mossy homes in field and brake;
And the green lizard and the golden snake,
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

Through wood and stream and field and hill and ocean,
A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst,
As it has ever done, with change and motion,
From the great morning of the world when first
God dawned on chaos. In its steam immersed,
The lamps of heaven flash with a softer light;
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst,
Diffuse themselves, and spend in love's delight
The beauty and the joy of their renewed night.

The leprous corpse, touched by this spirit tender,
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;
Like incarnations of the stars, when splendour
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death,
And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath.
Nought we know dies: shall that alone which knows
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning? The intense atom glows
A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose.

Alas that all we loved of him should be,
But for our grief, as if it had not been,
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!
Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene
The actors or spectators? Great and mean
Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.
As long as skies are blue and fields are green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to
sorrow.

He will awake no more, oh never more!
"Wake thou," cried Misery, "childless Mother, rise
Out of thy sleep, and slake in thy heart's core
A wound more fierce than his, with tears and sighs."
And all the Dreams that watched Urania's eyes,
And all the Echoes whom their Sister's song
Had held in holy silence, cried "Arise!"
Swift as a thought by the snake memory stung,
From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendour sprung.

She rose like an autumnal Night that springs
Out of the east, and follows wild and drear
The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,
Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
Had left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear
So struck, so roused, so rapt Urania;
So saddened round her like an atmosphere
Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way,
Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

Out of her secret paradise she sped,
Through camps and cities rough with stone and steel
And human hearts, which, to her airy tread
Yielding not, wounded the invisible
Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell.
And barbed tongues, and thoughts more sharp than
they,
Rent the soft form they never could repel,
Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,
Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

In the death-chamber for a moment Death,
Shamed by the presence of that living might,
Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
Revisited those lips, and life's pale light
Flashed through those limbs so late her dear delight.
"Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,
As silent lightning leaves the starless night!
Leave me not!" cried Urania. Her distress
Roused Death: Death rose and smiled, and met her
vain caress.

"Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again!
Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live!
And in my heartless breast and burning brain
That word, that kiss, shall all thoughts else survive,
With food of saddest memory kept alive,
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
All that I am, to be as thou now art:—
But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence depart.

"O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
Defenceless as thou wert, oh! where was then
Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?—
Or, hadst thou waited the full cycle when
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,
The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

"The herded wolves bold only to pursue,
The obscene ravens clamorous o'er the dead,
The vultures to the conqueror's banner true,
Who feed where desolation first has fed,
And whose wings rain contagion,—how they fled,
When, like Apollo, from his golden bow,
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped,
And smiled!—The spoilers tempt no second blow,
They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying low.

"The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;
He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
Is gathered into death without a dawn,
And the immortal stars awake again.
So is it in the world of living men:
A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
Making earth bare and veiling heaven; and, when
It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light
Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night."

Thus ceased she: and the Mountain Shepherds came,
Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent,
The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument,
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
In sorrow. From her wilds Ierne sent
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.

'Midst others of less note came one frail form,
A phantom among men, companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm
Whose thunder is its knell. He, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness
Actæon-like; and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts along that rugged way
Pursued like raging hounds their father and their prey.

A pard-like Spirit, beautiful and swift—
A love in desolation masked—a power
Girt round with weakness; it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour.
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow;—even whilst we speak
Is it not broken? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly: on a cheek
The life can burn in blood even while the heart may break.

His head was bound with pansies over-blown,
And faded violets, white and pied and blue;
And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses grew
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasped it. Of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart;
A herd-abandon'd deer struck by the hunter's dart.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
Smiled through their tears. Well knew that gentle
band
Who in another's fate now wept his own.
As in the accents of an unknown land
He sang new sorrow, sad Urania scanned
The Stranger's mien, and murmured "Who art thou?"
He answered not, but with a sudden hand
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
Which was like Cain's or Christ's—Oh! that it should
be so!

What softer voice is hushed over the dead?
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown?
What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,
In mockery of monumental stone,
The heavy heart heaving without a moan?
If it be he who, gentlest of the wise,
Taught, soothed, loved, honoured the departed one,
Let me not vex with inharmonious sighs
The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh!

What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?

The nameless worm would now itself disown;
It felt, yet could escape, the magic tone

Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and wrong,

But what was howling in one breast alone,

Silent with expectation of the song

Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!

Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,

Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!

But be thyself, and know thyself to be!

And ever at thy season be thou free

To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow:

Remorse and self-contempt shall cling to thee,

Hot shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,

And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—as now.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled

Far from these carrion-kites that scream below.

He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;

Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.

Dust to the dust: but the pure spirit shall flow

Back to the burning fountain whence it came,

A portion of the Eternal, which must glow

Through time and change, unquenchably the same,

Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep!

He hath awakened from the dream of life.

'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions, keep

With phantoms an unprofitable strife,

And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife

Invulnerable nothings. *We* decay

Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief

Convulse us and consume us day by day,

And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night.

Envy and calumny and hate and pain,

And that unrest which men miscall delight,

Can touch him not and torture not again.

From the contagion of the world's slow stain

He is secure; and now can never mourn

A heart grown cold, a head grown gray, in vain—

Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,

With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;

Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn,

Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee

The spirit thou lamentest is not gone!

Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!

Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains! and, thou Air,

Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown

O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare

Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with Nature. There is heard

His voice in all her music, from the moan

Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird.

He is a presence to be felt and known

In darkness and in light, from herb and stone;

Spreading itself where'er that Power may move

Which has withdrawn his being to its own,

Which wields the world with never-wearied love,

Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness

Which once he made more lovely. He doth bear

His part, while the One Spirit's plastic stress

Sweeps through the dull dense world; compelling
there

All new successions to the forms they wear;

Torturing the unwilling dross, that checks its flight,

To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;

And bursting in its beauty and its might

From trees and beasts and men into the heaven's light.

The splendours of the firmament of time

May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;

Like stars to their appointed height they climb,

And death is a low mist which cannot blot

The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought

Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,

And love and life contend in it for what

Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,

And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown

Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal
thought

Far in the unapparent. Chatterton

Rose pale, his solemn agony had not

Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought,

And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,

Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,

Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved;—

Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reprov'd.

And many more, whose names on earth are dark,

But whose transmitted effluence cannot die

So long as fire outlives the parent spark,

Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.

"Thou art become as one of us," they cry;

"It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long

Swung blind in unascended majesty,

Silent alone amid an heaven of song.

Assume thy winged throne, thou Vesper of our throng!"

Who mourns for Adonais? Oh! come forth,

Fond wretch, and know thyself and him aright.

Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous earth;

As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light

Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might

Satiates the void circumference: then shrink

Even to a point within our day and night;

And keep thy heart light, lest it make thee sink,

When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the
brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,
 O not of him, but of our joy. 'Tis nought
 That ages, empires, and religions there
 Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
 For such as he can lend—they borrow not
 Glory from those who made the world their prey;
 And he is gathered to the kings of thought
 Who waged contention with their time's decay,
 And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

Go thou to Rome,¹—at once the paradise,
 The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
 And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
 And flowering weeds and fragrant corpses dress
 The bones of Desolation's nakedness,
 Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
 Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
 Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
 A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

And gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time
 Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
 And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
 Pavilions the dust of him who planned
 This refuge for his memory, doth stand
 Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath
 A field is spread, on which a newer band
 Have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death,
 Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

Here pause. These graves are all too young as yet
 To have out-grown the sorrow which consigned
 Its charge to each; and, if the seal is set
 Here on one fountain of a mourning mind,
 Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
 Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
 Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
 Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
 What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and pass;
 Heaven's light for ever shines, earth's shadows fly;
 Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
 Stains the white radiance of eternity,
 Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
 If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
 Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,
 Flowers, ruins, statues, music,—words are weak
 The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my heart?
 Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here
 They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!
 A light is past from the revolving year,
 And man and woman; and what still is dear

¹ Rome now also contains the ashes of him who poured out this strain of lamentation, more beautiful and passionate than ever poet uttered for the loss of another.

Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.

The soft sky smiles, the low wind whispers near:
 'Tis Adonais calls! Oh! hasten thither!
 No more let life divide what death can join together.

That light whose smile kindles the universe,
 That beauty in which all things work and move,
 That benediction which the eclipsing curse
 Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
 Which, through the web of being blindly wove
 By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
 Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
 The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
 Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
 Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
 Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
 Whose sails were never to the tempest given.
 The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
 I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar!
 Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of heaven,
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,
 Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

JEANNOT AND COLIN.²

FROM THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE.

Many credible persons have seen Jeannot and Colin of the village of Issoire in Auvergne, a place famous all over the world for its college and its cauldrons. Jeannot was the son of a very renowned mule-driver; Colin owed his existence to an honest labourer in the neighbourhood, who cultivated the earth with the help of four mules, and who, after he had paid the poll-tax, the military-tax, the royal-tax, the excise-tax, the shilling-in-the-pound, the capitation, and the twentieths, did not find himself over-rich at the year's end.

Jeannot and Colin were very pretty lads for Auvergnians: they were remarkably attached to each other, and enjoyed together those little confidentialities, and those snug familiarities, which men always recollect with pleasure when they afterwards meet in the world.

The time dedicated to their studies was just upon the eve of clapsing when a tailor brought Jeannot a velvet coat of three colours, with a Lyons waistcoat made in the first taste; the whole was accompanied with a letter directed to Monsieur de la Jeannotiere. Colin could not help admiring the coat, though he was not

² This satire upon a wretched phase of society in Voltaire's day, is not without point and application in our own time.

at all envious of it; but Jeannot immediately assumed an air of superiority which perfectly distressed his companion. From this moment Jeannot studied no more; he admired himself in the glass and despised the whole world. Soon after a valet-de-chambre arrives post-haste, bringing a second letter, which was addressed to Monsieur the Marquis de la Jeannotiere; it was an order from monsieur the father, that monsieur the son should set out for Paris directly. Jeannot ascended the chaise, and stretched out his hand to Colin with a smile of protection sufficiently dignified; Colin felt his own insignificance and burst into tears: Jeannot departed in all his glory.

Those readers who like to be instructed as well as amused must know that Monsieur Jeannot, the father, had very rapidly acquired a most immense fortune by business. Do you ask how it is one makes a great fortune? It is because one is fortunate. Monsieur Jeannot was handsome, and so was his wife, who had still a certain bloom about her. They came up to Paris on account of a lawsuit, which ruined them; when fortune, who elevates and depresses mankind at will, presented them to the wife of a contractor for the army hospitals, a man of very great talent, who could boast of having killed more soldiers in one year than the cannon had blown up in ten.

Jeannot, pleased the lady, and his wife pleased the contractor. Jeannot soon had his share in his patron's enterprise; and afterwards entered into other speculations. When once you are in the current of the stream you have nothing to do but to leave your bark to itself; you will make an immense fortune without much difficulty. The mob on the bank, who see you scud along in full sail, open their eyes with astonishment; they are at a loss to conjecture how you came by your prosperity; they envy you at all events, and write pamphlets against you, which you never read. This is just what happened to Jeannot the father, who quickly became Monsieur de la Jeannotiere, and who, having purchased a marquise at the end of six months, took Monsieur the Marquis his son from school, to introduce him into the fashionable world of Paris.

Colin, always affectionate, sent a letter of compliment to his old school-fellow, in which he wrote his "*these lines to congratulate*" him. The little marquis returned no answer: Colin was perfectly ill with mortification.

The father and mother provided a tutor for the young marquis. This tutor, who was a

man of fashion, and who knew nothing, of course could teach nothing to his pupil. Monsieur wished his son to learn Latin; madame wished him not: accordingly they called in as arbitrator an author, who was at that time celebrated for some very pleasing works. He was asked to dinner. The master of the house began by asking him: "Monsieur, as you understand Latin, and are a courtier——"

"I, sir, understand Latin? not a word," replied the wit, "and very glad am I that I don't; for there is not a doubt but a man always speaks his own language the better when his studies are not divided between that and foreign languages: look at all our ladies, is not their vivacity more elegant than that of the men? Their letters, are they not written with a hundred times the animation? Now all this superiority they possess from nothing else but their not understanding Latin."

"There now! was not I in the right?" said madame: "I wish my son to be a wit: that he may make a figure in the world; and you see if he learns Latin he is inevitably lost. Are comedies or operas played in Latin? In a lawsuit does any one plead in Latin? Do we make love in Latin?"

Monsieur, dazzled by all this ratiocination, gave his judgment; when it was finally determined that the young marquis should not lose his time in becoming acquainted with Cicero, Horace, and Virgil. But then what was he to learn? for he must know something: could not he be shown a little geography?

"What would that serve?" replied the tutor: "when Monsieur the Marquis goes to any of his estates won't the postillions know which way to drive him? They'll certainly take care not to go out of their way; one has no need of a quadrant to travel with; and a man may go from Paris to Auvergne very commodiously without having the least idea of what latitude he is under."

"You are right," replied the father; "but I have somewhere heard of a very beautiful science, which is called astronomy, I think."

"The more's the pity then," cried the tutor; "does any one regulate himself by the stars in this world? and is it necessary that Monsieur the Marquis should murder himself by calculating an eclipse when he will find its very point of time in the almanac, a book which will teach him moreover the movable feasts and fasts, the age of the moon, and that of all the princesses in Europe."

Madame was entirely of the tutor's opinion; the little marquis was overjoyed; the father was very much undecided.

"What must my son learn then?" said he.

"To make himself agreeable;—if," replied the friend whom they had consulted, "he knows but how to please, he knows everything; that is an art he can learn from his mother without giving the least trouble either to that master or this."

At this speech madame embraced the polite ignoramus, and said to him, "It is very plain, sir, that you are the most learned man in the whole world; my son will owe his entire education to you: however, I conceive that it will be as well if he should know a little of history."

"Alas! madame, what is that good for?" replied he: "there is nothing either so pleasing or so instructive as the history of the day; all ancient history, as one of our wits observes, is nothing but a preconcerted fable; and as for modern, it is a chaos which no one can understand: what does it signify to monsieur your son that Charlemagne instituted the twelve peers of France, and that his successor was a stutterer?"

"Nothing was ever better said," cried the tutor; "the spirits of children are overwhelmed with a mass of useless knowledge; but of all absurd sciences, that which, in my opinion, is the most likely to stifle the spark of genius is geometry. This ridiculous science has for its object surfaces, lines, and points, which have no existence in nature; ten thousand crooked lines are by the mere twist of imagination made to pass between a circle and a right line that touches it, although in reality it is impossible to draw a straw between them. In short, geometry is nothing but an execrable joke."

Monsieur and madame did not understand too much of what the tutor said; but they were entirely of his opinion.

"A nobleman like Monsieur the Marquis," continued he, "ought not to dry up his brains with such useless studies; if at any time he has occasion for one of your sublime geometricians to draw the plan of his estates, can't money buy him a surveyor? or if he wishes to unravel the antiquity of his nobility, which rises to the most obscure times, can't he send for a benedictine? And it is the same in every other art. A young lord, born under a lucky star, is neither painter, musician, architect, nor sculptor: but he makes all those arts flourish in proportion as his magnificence encourages them; and it is much better to patronize than to exercise them. Enough that Monsieur the Marquis has a taste; let artists work for him: it is in this we have so great reason to say, that men of quality (I mean those who are

very rich) know everything, without having learned anything; because in fact they at least know how to judge of everything which they order and pay for."

The amiable ignoramus then took up the conversation. "You have very justly remarked, madame, that the great end of man is to rise in society: seriously now, is it by science that success is to be obtained? Does any man in company even so much as think of talking about geometry? Is a man of fashion ever asked what star rose with the sun to-day? Who wishes to know, at supper, if the long-haired Clodia passed the Rhine?"

"Nobody, without doubt," exclaimed the Marchioness de la Jeannotiere, whose personal attractions had somewhat initiated her in the polite world; "and monsieur my son ought not to cramp his genius by studying all this trash. But, after all, what shall he learn? for it is but right that a young lord should know how to shine upon occasion, as monsieur my husband very justly observes. I remember hearing an old abbé say once, that the most delightful of all possible sciences was something, of which I have forgotten the name; but it begins with an *h*."

"With an *h*, madame; it was not horticulture?"

"No, it was not horticulture he meant; it begins, I tell you, with an *h* and ends with a *ry*."

"Ah! I understand you, madame, 'tis heraldry: heraldry is indeed a very profound science, but it has been out of fashion ever since the custom of painting arms on carriage doors was dropped. It was once the most useful thing in the world in a well-regulated state: but the study would have become endless; for now-a-days there is not a hair-dresser but has his coat of arms; and you know that whatever becomes common ceases to be esteemed."

At length, after having examined the merits and demerits of every science, it was decided that Monsieur the Marquis should learn to dance.

Nature, which does everything, had bestowed on him a gift that quickly developed itself with a prodigious success; it was an agreeable knack at singing ballads. The graces of youth joined to this superior talent made him looked upon as a young man of the greatest promise. He was beloved by the women; and having his head always stuffed with songs, he manufactured them for his mistresses. He plundered *Bacchus* and *Cupid* to make one sonnet, the *Night* and the *Day* for another, the *Charms*

and *Alarms* for a third; but as he always found in his verses some feet too little or some too much, he was obliged to have them corrected at twenty shillings a song; and thus he got a place in the *Literary Year*, by the side of the La Fares, the Chaulieus, the Hamiltons, the Sarraains, and the Voiteurs of the day.

Madame the Marchioness now thought she should gain the reputation of being the mother of a wit; and gave a supper to all the wits in Paris accordingly. The young man's brain was presently turned; he acquired the art of speaking without understanding a single word he said, and perfected himself in the art of being good for nothing. When his father saw him so eloquent he began to regret very sensibly that he had not had his son taught Latin; for in that case he could have bought him such a valuable place in the law. The mother, whose sentiments were less grovelling, wished to solicit a regiment for her son; and in the meantime the son fell in love. Love is sometimes more expensive than a regiment: it cost him a great deal; while his parents pinched themselves still more in order to live among great lords.

A young widow of quality in their neighbourhood, who had but a very moderate fortune, had a great mind to resolve upon putting the vast riches of Monsieur and Madame de la Jeannotiere in a place of security, which she could easily do by appropriating them to her own use and marrying the young marquis. She attracted him, suffered him to love her, gave him to understand that she was not indifferent to him, drew him in by degrees, enchanted, and vanquished him without much difficulty: sometimes she gave him praise, and sometimes advice, and quickly became the favourite both of his father and mother. An old neighbour proposed their marriage; the parents, dazzled with the splendour of the alliance, joyfully accepted the offer, and gave their only son to their intimate friend. The young marquis was thus about to marry a woman he adored, and by whom he himself was beloved; the friends of his family congratulated him, and the marriage articles were just about to be settled, whilst all hands were working at their wedding-clothes and songs.

He was one morning upon his knees before the charming wife, with whom love, esteem, and friendship were about to present him: they were tasting in a tender and animated conversation the first-fruits of their felicity, and were parcelling out a most delicious life, when a valet-de-chambre belonging to madame the mother came up quite scared.

"Here is very different news," said he: "the bailiffs are ransacking the house of monsieur and madame; everything is laid hold of by the creditors; nay, they talk of seizing your persons; and so I made haste to come and be paid my wages."

"Let us see a little," said the marquis, "what all this means; what can this adventure be?"

"Go," said the widow, "and punish these rascals—go quickly."

He runs to the house; his father was already imprisoned; all the domestics had fled, each about his own business, but having first carried away everything they could lay hold on; his mother was alone, without protection, without consolation, drowned in tears; nothing remained but the recollection of her fortune, the recollection of her beauty, the recollection of her errors, and the recollection of her mad profuseness.

After the son had wept a long time with the mother, he ventured to say to her:

"Let us not despair; this young widow loves me to distraction, and is still more generous than rich, I can answer for her; I'll fly to her and bring her to you."

He then returned to his mistress, and found her in a private interview with a very charming young officer.

"What! is it you, Monsieur de la Jeannotiere? What do you do here? Is it thus you have abandoned your mother? Go to that unfortunate woman, and tell her that I wish her every happiness: I am in want of a chamber-maid, and I will most undoubtedly give her the preference."

"My lad," said the officer, "you seem well-shaped enough; if you are inclined to enlist in my company I'll give you every encouragement."

The marquis, thunderstruck, and bursting with rage, went in quest of his old tutor, lodged his troubles in his breast, and asked his advice. The tutor proposed to him to become a preceptor like himself.

"Alas!" said the marquis, "I know nothing; you have taught me nothing, and are indeed the principal cause of all my misfortunes." As he spoke this he sobbed aloud.

"Write romances," said a wit who was present; "it is an excellent resource at Paris."

The young man, more desperate than ever, ran towards his mother's confessor, who was a Theatin in great repute, troubling himself with the consciences of women of the first rank only. As soon as Jeannot saw him he prostrated himself before him.

"*Mon Dieu!* Monsieur Marquis," said he, "where is your carriage? How does that respectable lady, the marchioness your mother?"

The poor unfortunate youth related the disasters of his family; and the farther he proceeded, the graver, the cooler, and the more hypocritical was the air of the Theatin.

"My son," said he, "it has pleased Heaven to reduce you to this; riches serve but to corrupt the heart; Providence has therefore conferred a favour on your mother in bringing her to this miserable state."

"Yes, sir."

"Her election is thus rendered the more sure."

"But, father," resumed the marquis, "in the meantime is there no means of obtaining relief in this world?"

"Adieu! my son; there is a court-lady waiting for me."

The marquis was ready to faint: he was treated in pretty much the same way by all his friends, and gained more knowledge of the world in half a day than he did all the rest of his life.

As he was thus plunged into the blackest despair, he saw advancing an old-fashioned sort of calash or tilted-cart, with leather curtains, which was followed by four enormous waggons well loaded. In the chaise was a young man coarsely clothed; he had a countenance round and fresh, breathing all the complacency of cheerfulness: his wife, a little brunette, fat, but not disagreeably so, was jolted in beside him; the vehicle did not move like the carriage of a *petit-maitre*, but afforded the traveller sufficient time to contemplate the marquis as he stood motionless and buried in grief.

"Eh!" cried the rider, "I do think that is Jeannot."

At this name the marquis lifted up his eyes; the chaise stopped.

"It is too true, it is Jeannot," sighed the marquis.

The fat little fellow made but one jump of it, and flew to embrace his old school-fellow. Jeannot recognized Colin; and shame and tears covered his face.

"You have abandoned me," said Colin; "but though you are a great lord I will love you for ever."

Jeannot, confused and heart-broken, related to him with many sobs a part of his story.

"Come to the inn where I lodge and tell me the rest there," said Colin; "embrace my little wife, and then let's go and dine together."

They all three set forward on foot, their

baggage following behind. "What is the meaning of all this equipage? Is it yours?" says Jeannot.

"Yes, it is all mine and my wife's. We are just arrived from the country, where I have the management of a good manufactory of tin and copper; I have married the daughter of a rich dealer in utensils which are necessary both to great and small: we work hard; Heaven has prospered us: we have never changed our condition; we are happy; and we will assist our friend Jeannot. Be a marquis no longer; all the greatness in the world is not to be compared to a friend. You shall go back into the country with me, I will teach you our trade; it is not very difficult; I will make you my partner, and we will live merrily in the very corner of the earth where we were born."

The astonished Jeannot felt himself divided between grief and joy, between affection and shame; and said to himself, "All my fashionable friends have betrayed me, and Colin, whom I despised, alone comes to my relief." What an instruction! The goodness of Colin's soul elicited from the breast of Jeannot a spark of nature which all the world had not yet stifled; he felt himself unable to abandon his father and mother.

"We'll take care of your mother," said Colin; "and as to your father, who is in prison, I understand those matters a little; his creditors, when they see he has nothing to pay, will make up matters for a very trifle; I'll undertake to manage the whole business."

Colin quickly released the father from prison: Jeannot returned to the country with his parents, who resumed their former profession; he married a sister of Colin's, who, being of the same disposition as her brother, made him very happy; and Jeannot the father, Jeannot the mother, and Jeannot the son now saw that happiness was not to be found in vanity.

MEMORY.

O memory! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys, recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain;

Thou, like the world, opprest oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

LANGSYNE.

Langsyne!—how doth the word come back
 With magic meaning to the heart,
 As memory roams the sunny track,
 From which hope's dreams were loath to part!—
 No joy like by-past joy appears;
 For what is gone we freak and pine.
 Were life spun out a thousand years,
 It could not match Langsyne!

Langsyne!—the days of childhood warm,
 When, tottering by a mother's knee,
 Each sight and sound had power to charm,
 And hope was high, and thought was free.
 Langsyne!—the merry school-boy days—
 How sweetly then life's sun did shine!
 Oh! for the glorious pranks and plays,
 The raptures of Langsyne!

Langsyne!—yes, in the sound, I hear
 The rustling of the summer grove;
 And view those angel features near
 Which first awoke the heart to love.
 How sweet it is in pensive mood,
 At windless midnight to recline,
 And fill the mental solitude
 With spectres from Langsyne!

Langsyne! ah, where are they who shared
 With us its pleasures bright and blythe!
 Kindly with some hath fortune fared;
 And some have bow'd beneath the scythe
 Of Death; while others scatter'd far
 O'er foreign lands at fate repine,
 Oft wandering forth, 'neath twilight's star,
 To muse on dear Langsyne!

Langsyne!—the heart can never be
 Again so full of guileless trust;
 Langsyne! the eyes no more shall see,
 Ah no! the rainbow hopes of youth.
 Langsyne! with thee resides a spell
 To raise the spirit, and refine.
 Farewell! there can be no farewell
 To thee, loved, lost Langsyne!

D. M. MOIR.

SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC.

Mine is the lay that lightly floats,
 And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,
 That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
 And melt in the heart as instantly!
 And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
 Refines the bosom it trembles through,
 As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
 Ruffles the wind but sweetens it too!

Mine is the charm whose mystic sway
 The Spirits of past Delight obey;
 Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
 And they come, like Genii, hovering round.
 And mine is the gentle song, that bears,
 From soul to soul, the wishes of love,
 As a bird, that wafts through genial airs
 The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.¹

'Tis I that mingle in sweet measure
 The past, the present, and future of pleasure;
 When memory links the tone that is gone
 With the blissful tone that's still in the ear;
 And hope from a heavenly note flies on
 To a note more heavenly still that is near!

The warrior's heart, when touched by me,
 Can as downy, soft, and as yielding be
 As his own white plume, that high amid death
 Through the field has shone—yet moves with a
 breath.

And, oh, how the eyes of beauty glisten,
 When Music has reached her inward soul,
 Like the silent Stars, that wink and listen
 While heaven's eternal Melodies roll.

THOMAS MOORE.

A SUMMER DAY.

There was not on that day a speck to stain
 The azure heaven: the blessed sun alone,
 In unapproachable divinity,
 Career'd rejoicing in the fields of light.
 How beautiful, beneath the bright blue sky,
 The billows heave! one glowing green expanse,
 Save where along the line of bending shore,
 Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck
 Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
 Embathed in emerald glory: all the flocks
 Of ocean are abroad: like floating foam
 The sea-gulls rise and fall upon the waves:
 With long protruded neck the cormorants
 Wing their far flight aloft, and round and round
 The plovers wheel, and give their note of joy.
 It was a day that sent into the heart
 A summer feeling; even the insect swarms,
 From the dark nooks and coverts issued forth
 To sport through one day of existence more.
 The solitary primrose on the bank
 Seem'd now as if it had no cause to mourn
 Its bleak autumnal birth; the rock and shores,
 The forests, and the everlasting hills,
 Smiled in the joyful sunshine; they partook
 The universal blessing.

ROBERT SOUTHY.

¹ "The Pompadour pigeon is the species, which, by carrying the fruit of the cinnamon to different places, is a great disseminator of this valuable tree."—See *Brown's Illustr. Tab. 19.*

JACOB FLINT'S JOURNEY.¹

[Bayard Taylor is one of the most prominent of modern American writers. In the *Poets and Poetry of America*, Dr. Griswold says of him: "Eminent as he is as a writer of travels, his highest and most enduring distinction will be from his poetry. . . . His travels will hereafter be to his poems no more than those of Smollett are to his extraordinary novels." Since that verdict was pronounced, Mr. Taylor has won equal distinction as a novelist. Besides many short tales—from the latest collection of which we quote the following story—he has produced *Hannuk Thurston*; *John Golffrey's Fortunes*; *The Story of Kennet*; *Joseph and his Friend*, &c. Born 1825, died 1879. See note, vol. i. page 125.]

If there ever was a man crushed out of all courage, all self-reliance, all comfort in life, it was Jacob Flint. Why this should have been, neither he nor any one else could have explained; but so it was. On the day that he first went to school, his shy, frightened face marked him as fair game for the rougher and stronger boys, and they subjected him to all those exquisite refinements of torture which boys seem to get by the direct inspiration of the devil. There was no form of their bullying meanness or the cowardice of their brutal strength which he did not experience. He was born under a fading or falling star,—the inheritor of some anxious or unhappy mood of his parents, which gave its fast colour to the threads out of which his innocent being was woven.

Even the good people of the neighbourhood, never accustomed to look below the externals of appearance and manner, saw in his shrinking face and awkward motions only the signs of a cringing, abject soul. "You'll be no more of a man than Jake Flint!" was the reproach which many a farmer addressed to his dilatory boy; and thus the parents, one and all, came to repeat the sins of the children.

If, therefore, at school and "before folks," Jacob's position was always uncomfortable and depressing, it was little more cheering at home. His parents, as all the neighbours believed, had been unhappily married, and, though the mother died in his early childhood, his father remained a moody, unsocial man, who rarely left his farm except on the 1st of April every year, when he went to the county town for the purpose of paying the interest upon a mortgage. The farm lay in a hollow between two hills, separated from the road by a thick wood, and the chimneys of the lonely old house looked in

vain for a neighbour-smoke when they began to grow warm of a morning.

Beyond the barn and under the northern hill there was a log tenant-house, in which dwelt a negro couple, who, in the course of years had become fixtures on the place and almost partners in it. Harry, the man, was the medium by which Samuel Flint kept up his necessary intercourse with the world beyond the valley; he took the horses to the blacksmith, the grain to the mill, the turkeys to market, and through his hands passed all the incomings and outgoings of the farm, except the annual interest on the mortgage. Sally, his wife, took care of the household, which, indeed, was a light and comfortable task, since the table was well supplied for her own sake, and there was no sharp eye to criticize her sweeping, dusting, and bed-making. The place had a forlorn, tumble-down aspect, quite in keeping with its lonely situation; but perhaps this very circumstance flattered the mood of its silent, melancholy owner and his unhappy son.

[There was only one person with whom Jacob felt completely at ease—Mrs. Ann Pardon, the wife of a neighbouring farmer: and, for her sister, Becky Morton, he felt something which might have developed into love. But Becky flouted him like the rest, mocked at the poverty of his father's farm, saying it was covered with as much as it would bear, and at a merry meeting of lads and lasses said she would dance with Jacob "after he came back from his journey." That was the cruellest sting of all to his sensitive nature.]

It was a very little thing, after all, which annoyed him, but the mention of it always touched a sore nerve of his nature. A dozen years before, when a boy at school, he had made a temporary friendship with another boy of his age, and had one day said to the latter, in the warmth of his first generous confidence: "When I am a little older, I shall make a great journey, and come back rich, and buy Whitney's place!"

Now, Whitney's place, with its stately old brick mansion, its avenue of silver firs, and its two hundred acres of clean, warm-lying land, was the finest, the most aristocratic property in all the neighbourhood, and the boy-friend could not resist the temptation of repeating Jacob's grand design, for the endless amusement of the school. The betrayal hurt Jacob more keenly than the ridicule. It left a wound that never ceased to rankle; yet, with the inconceivable perversity of unthinking natures, precisely this joke (as the people supposed it to be) had

¹ From *Beauty and the Beast, and Tales of Home*. By Bayard Taylor; London: Sampson Low and Co.

been perpetuated, until "Jake Flint's Journey" was a synonym for any absurd or extravagant expectation. Perhaps no one imagined how much pain he was keeping alive; for almost any other man than Jacob would have joined in the laugh against himself, and thus good-naturedly buried the joke in time. "He's used to that," the people said, like Becky Morton, and they really supposed there was nothing unkind in the remark!

After Jacob had passed the thickets and entered the lonely hollow in which his father's house lay, his pace became slower and slower. He looked at the shabby old building, just touched by the moonlight behind the swaying shadows of the weeping-willow, stopped, looked again, and finally seated himself on a stump beside the path.

"If I knew what to do!" he said to himself, rocking backwards and forwards, with his hands clasped over his knees,—"if I knew what to do!"

The spiritual tension of the evening reached its climax: he could bear no more. With a strong bodily shudder his tears burst forth, and the passion of his weeping filled him from head to foot. How long he wept he knew not; it seemed as if the hot fountains would never run dry. Suddenly and startlingly a hand fell upon his shoulder.

"Boy, what does this mean?"

It was his father who stood before him.

Jacob looked up like some shy animal brought to bay, his eyes full of a feeling mixed of fierceness and terror; but he said nothing.

His father seated himself on one of the roots of the old stump, laid one hand upon Jacob's knee, and said with an unusual gentleness of manner, "I'd like to know what it is that troubles you so much."

After a pause, Jacob suddenly burst forth with: "Is there any reason why I should tell you? Do you care any more for me than the rest of 'em?"

"I didn't know as you wanted me to care for you particularly," said the father, almost deprecatingly. "I always thought you had friends of your own age."

"Friends? devils!" exclaimed Jacob. "Oh, what have I done—what is there so dreadful about me that I should always be laughed at, and despised, and trampled upon? You are a great deal older than I am, father: what do you see in me? Tell me what it is, and how to get over it!"

The eyes of the two men met. Jacob saw his father's face grow pale in the moonlight, while he pressed his hand involuntarily upon

his heart, as if struggling with some physical pain. At last he spoke, but his words were strange and incoherent.

"I couldn't sleep," he said; "I got up again and came out o' doors. The white ox had broken down the fence at the corner, and would soon have been in the cornfield. I thought it was that, maybe, but still your—your mother would come into my head. I was coming down the edge of the wood when I saw you, and I don't know why it was that you seemed so different, all at once—"

Here he paused, and was silent for a minute. Then he said, in a grave, commanding tone: "Just let me know the whole story. I have that much right yet."

Jacob related the history of the evening, somewhat awkwardly and confusedly, it is true; but his father's brief, pointed questions kept him to the narrative, and forced him to explain the full significance of the expressions he repeated. At the mention of "Whitney's place," a singular expression of malice touched the old man's face.

"Do you love Becky Morton?" he asked bluntly, when all had been told.

"I don't know," Jacob stammered; "I think not; because when I seem to like her most, I feel afraid of her."

"It's lucky that you're not sure of it!" exclaimed the old man with energy; "because you should never have her."

"No," said Jacob, with a mournful acquiescence, "I can never have her, or any other one."

"But you shall—and will! when I help you. It's true I've not seemed to care much about you, and I suppose you're free to think as you like; but this I say: I'll not stand by and see you spit upon! 'Covered with as much as it'll bear!' *That's* a piece o' luck anyhow. If we're poor, your wife must take your poverty with you, or she don't come into *my* doors. But first of all you must make your journey!"

"My journey!" repeated Jacob.

"Weren't you thinking of it this night, before you took your seat on that stump? A little more, and you'd have gone clean off, I reckon."

Jacob was silent, and hung his head.

"Never mind! I've no right to think hard of it. In a week we'll have finished our haying, and then it's a fortnight to wheat; but, for that matter, Harry and I can manage the wheat by ourselves. You may take a month, two months, if anything comes of it. Under a month I don't mean that you shall come back. I'll give you twenty dollars for a start;

if you want more you must earn it on the road, any way you please. And, mark you, Jacob! since you *are* poor, don't let anybody suppose you are rich. For my part, I shall not expect you to buy Whitney's place; all I ask is that you'll tell me, fair and square, just what things and what people you've got acquainted with. Get to bed now—the matter's settled; I will have it so."

They rose and walked across the meadow to the house. Jacob had quite forgotten the events of the evening in the new prospect suddenly opened to him, which filled him with a wonderful confusion of fear and desire. His father said nothing more. They entered the lonely house together at midnight, and went to their beds; but Jacob slept very little.

Six days afterwards he left home, on a sparkling June morning, with a small bundle tied in a yellow silk-handkerchief under his arm. His father had furnished him with the promised money, but had positively refused to tell him what road he should take, or what plan of action he should adopt. The only stipulation was that his absence from home should not be less than a month.

After he had passed the wood and reached the highway which followed the course of the brook, he paused to consider which course to take. Southward the road led past Pardon's, and he longed to see his only friends once more before encountering untried hazards; but the village was beyond, and he had no courage to walk through its one long street with a bundle, denoting a journey, under his arm. Northward he would have to pass the mill and blacksmith's shop at the cross-roads. Then he remembered that he might easily wade the stream at a point where it was shallow, and keep in the shelter of the woods on the opposite hill until he struck the road farther on, and in that direction two or three miles would take him into a neighbourhood where he was not known.

Once in the woods, an exquisite sense of freedom came upon him. There was nothing mocking in the soft, graceful stir of the expanded foliage, in the twittering of the unfrightened birds, or the scampering of the squirrels, over the rustling carpet of dead leaves. He lay down upon the moss under a spreading beech-tree and tried to think; but the thoughts would not come. He could not even clearly recall the keen troubles and mortifications he had endured: all things were so peaceful and beautiful that a portion of their peace and beauty fell upon men and invested them with a more kindly character.

Towards noon Jacob found himself beyond

the limited geography of his life. The first man he encountered was a stranger, who greeted him with a hearty and respectful "How do you do, sir?"

"Perhaps," thought Jacob, "I am not so very different from other people, if I only thought so myself."

At noon, he stopped at a farm-house by the roadside to get a drink of water. A pleasant woman, who came from the door at that moment with a pitcher, allowed him to lower the bucket and haul it up dripping with precious coolness. She looked upon him with good-will, for he had allowed her to see his eyes, and something in their honest, appealing expression went to her heart.

"We're going to have dinner in five minutes," said she; "won't you stay and have something?"

Jacob stayed and brake bread with the plain, hospitable family. Their kindly attention to him during the meal gave him the lacking nerve; for a moment he resolved to offer his services to the farmer, but he presently saw that they were not really needed, and, besides, the place was still too near home.

Towards night he reached an old country tavern, lording it over an incipient village of six houses. The landlord and hostler were inspecting a drooping-looking horse in front of the stables. Now, if there was anything which Jacob understood to the extent of his limited experience, it was horse nature. He drew near, listened to the views of the two men, examined the animal with his eyes, and was ready to answer, "Yes, I guess so," when the landlord said, "Perhaps, sir, you can tell what is the matter with him."

His prompt detection of the ailment, and prescription of a remedy which in an hour showed its good effects, installed him in the landlord's best graces. The latter said, "Well, it shall cost you nothing to-night," as he led the way to the supper-room. When Jacob went to bed he was surprised on reflecting that he had not only been talking for a full hour in the bar-room, but had been looking people in the face.

Resisting an offer of good wages if he would stay and help look after the stables, he set forward the next morning with a new and most delightful confidence in himself. The knowledge that now nobody knew him as "Jake Flint" quite removed his tortured self-consciousness. When he met a person who was glum and ungracious of speech, he saw, nevertheless, that he was not its special object. He was sometimes asked questions, to be sure, which a little embarrassed him, but he soon hit upon

answers which were sufficiently true without betraying his purpose.

Wandering sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left, he slowly made his way into the land, until, on the afternoon of the fourth day after leaving home, he found himself in a rougher region—a rocky, hilly tract, with small and not very flourishing farms in the valleys. Here the season appeared to be more backward than in the open country; the hay harvest was not yet over.

Jacob's taste for scenery was not particularly cultivated, but something in the loneliness and quiet of the farms reminded him of his own home; and he looked at one house after another, deliberating with himself whether it would not be a good place to spend the remainder of his month of probation. He seemed to be very far from home—about forty miles, in fact,—and was beginning to feel a little tired of wandering.

Finally the road climbed a low pass of the hills, and dropped into a valley on the opposite side. There was but one house in view—a two-story building of logs and plaster, with a garden and orchard on the hillside in the rear. A large meadow stretched in front, and when the whole of it lay clear before him, as the road issued from a wood, his eye was caught by an unusual harvest picture.

Directly before him, a woman, whose face was concealed by a huge, flapping sun-bonnet, was seated upon a mowing-machine, guiding a span of horses around the great tract of thick grass which was still uncut. A little distance off, a boy and girl were raking the drier swaths together, and a hay-cart, drawn by oxen and driven by a man, was just entering the meadow from the side next the barn.

Jacob hung his bundle upon a stake, threw his coat and waistcoat over the rail, and, resting his chin on his shirted arms, leaned on the fence, and watched the haymakers. As the woman came down the nearer side she appeared to notice him, for her head was turned from time to time in his direction. When she had made the round, she stopped the horses at the corner, sprang lightly from her seat and called to the man, who, leaving his team, met her half-way. They were nearly a furlong distant, but Jacob was quite sure that she pointed to him, and that the man looked in the same direction. Presently she set off across the meadow, directly towards him.

When within a few paces of the fence, she stopped, threw back the flaps of her sun-bonnet, and said, "Good day to you!"

Jacob was so amazed to see a bright, fresh,

girlish face, that he stared at her with all his eyes, forgetting to drop his head. Indeed, he could not have done so, for his chin was propped upon the top rail of the fence.

"You are a stranger, I see," she added.

"Yes, in these parts," he replied.

"Looking for work?"

He hardly knew what answer to make, so he said, at a venture, "That's as it happens." Then he coloured a little, for the words seemed foolish to his ears.

"Time's precious," said the girl, "so I'll tell you at once we want help. Our hay *must* be got in while the fine weather lasts."

"I'll help you!" Jacob exclaimed, taking his arms from the rail, and looking as willing as he felt.

"I'm so glad! But I must tell you, at first, that we're not rich, and the hands are asking a great deal now. How much do you expect?"

"Whatever you please?" said he, climbing the fence.

"No, that's not our way of doing business. What do you say to a dollar a day, and found?"

"All right!" and with the words he was already at her side, taking long strides over the elastic turf.

"I will go on with my mowing," said she, when they reached the horses, "and you can rake and load with my father. What name shall I call you by?"

"Everybody calls me Jake."

"'Jake!' Jacob is better. Well, Jacob, I hope you'll give us all the help you can."

With a nod and a light laugh she sprang upon the machine. There was a sweet throb in Jacob's heart, which, if he could have expressed it, would have been a triumphant shout of "I'm not afraid of her. I'm not afraid of her!"

The farmer was a kindly, depressed man, with whose quiet ways Jacob instantly felt himself at home. They worked steadily until sunset, when the girl, detaching her horses from the machine, mounted one of them, and led the other to the barn. At the supper table the farmer's wife said: "Susan, you must be very tired."

"Not now, mother!" she cheerily answered. "I was, I think, but after I picked up Jacob, I felt sure we should get our hay in."

"It was a good thing," said the farmer; "Jacob don't need to be told how to work."

Poor Jacob! He was so happy he could have cried. He sat and listened, and blushed a little, with a smile on his face which it was a pleasure to see. The honest people did not seem to regard him in the least as a stranger; they discussed their family interests and troubles

and hopes before him, and in a little while it seemed as if he had known them always.

How faithfully he worked. How glad and tired he felt when night came, and the hay-mow was filled, and the great stacks grew beside the barn! But ah! the haying came to an end, and on the last evening, at supper, everybody was constrained and silent. Even Susan looked grave and thoughtful.

"Jacob," said the farmer, finally, "I wish we could keep you until wheat harvest; but you know we are poor and can't afford it. Perhaps you could—"

He hesitated; but Jacob, catching at the chance and obeying his own unselfish impulse, cried: "Oh, yes, I can; I'll be satisfied with my board, till the wheat's ripe."

Susan looked at him quickly, with a bright, speaking face.

"It's hardly fair to you," said the farmer.

"But I like to be here so much!" Jacob cried. "I like—all of you!"

"We *do* seem to suit," said the farmer, "like as one family. And that reminds me, we've not heard your family name yet."

"Flint."

"Jacob *Flint*!" exclaimed the farmer's wife, with sudden agitation.

Jacob was scared and troubled. They had heard of him, he thought, and who knew what ridiculous stories? Susan noticed an anxiety on his face which she could not understand, but she unknowingly came to his relief.

"Why, mother," she asked, "do you know Jacob's family?"

"No, I think not," said her mother, "only somebody of the name, long ago."

His offer, however, was gratefully accepted. The bright, hot, summer days, came and went, but no flower of July ever opened as rapidly and richly and warmly as his chilled, retarded nature. New thoughts and instincts came with every morning's sun, and new conclusions were reached with every evening's twilight. Yet as the wheat harvest drew towards the end, he felt that he must leave the place. The month of absence had gone by, he scarce knew how. He was free to return home, and, though he might offer to bridge over the gap between wheat and oats, as he had already done between hay and wheat, he imagined the family might hesitate to accept such an offer. Moreover, this life at Susan's side was fast growing to be a pain, unless he could assure himself that it would be so for ever.

They were in the wheat-field, busy with the last sheaves, she raking and he binding. The farmer and younger children had gone to the

barn with a load. Jacob was working silently and steadily, but when they had reached the end of a row, he stopped, wiped his wet brow, and suddenly said, "Susan, I suppose to-day finishes my work here."

"Yes," she answered very slowly.

"And yet I'm very sorry to go."

"I—we don't want you to go if we could help it."

Jacob appeared to struggle with himself. He attempted to speak. "If I could—" he brought out, and then paused. "Susan, would you be glad if I came back?"

His eyes implored her to read his meaning. No doubt she read it correctly, for her face flushed, her eyelids fell, and she barely murmured, "Yes, Jacob."

"Then I'll come!" he cried; "I'll come and help you with the oats. Don't talk of pay! Only tell me I'll be welcome! Susan, don't you believe I'll keep my word?"

"I do indeed," said she, looking him firmly in the face.

That was all that was said at the time; but the two understood each other tolerably well.

On the afternoon of the second day Jacob saw again the lonely house of his father. His journey was made, yet, if any of the neighbours had seen him, they would never have believed that he had come back rich.

Samuel Flint turned away to hide a peculiar smile when he saw his son; but little was said until late that evening, after Harry and Sally had left. Then he required and received an exact account of Jacob's experience during his absence. After hearing the story to the end, he said, "And so you love this Susan Meadows?"

"I'd—I'd do anything to be with her."

"Are you afraid of her?"

"No!" Jacob uttered the word so emphatically that it rang through the house.

"Ah, well!" said the old man, lifting his eyes, and speaking in the air, "all the harm may be mended yet. But there must be another test." Then he was silent for some time.

"I have it!" he finally exclaimed. "Jacob, you must go back for the oats harvest. You must ask Susan to be your wife, and ask her parents to let you have her. But,—pay attention to my words!—you must tell her that you are a poor, hired man on this place, and that she can be engaged as housekeeper. Don't speak of me as your father, but as the owner of the farm. Bring her here in that belief, and let me see how honest and willing she is. I can easily arrange matters with Harry and Sally while you are away; and I'll only ask you to keep up the appearance of the thing for a month or so."

"But, father,"—Jacob began.

"Not a word! Are you not willing to do that much for the sake of having her all your life, and this farm after me? Suppose it is covered with a mortgage, if she is all you say, you two can work it off. Not a word more! It is no lie, after all, that you will tell her."

"I am afraid," said Jacob, "that she could not leave her home now. She is too useful there, and the family is so poor."

"Tell them that both your wages, for the first year, shall go to them. It'll be my business to rake and scrape the money together somehow. Say, too, that the housekeeper's place can't be kept for her—must be filled at once. Push matters like a man, if you mean to be a complete one, and bring her here, if she carries no more with her than the clothes on her back!"

During the following days Jacob had time to familiarize his mind with this startling proposal. He knew his father's stubborn will too well to suppose that it could be changed; but the inevitable soon converted itself into the possible and desirable. The sweet face of Susan as she had stood before him in the wheat-field was continually present to his eyes, and ere long he began to place her, in his thoughts, in the old rooms at home, in the garden, among the thickets by the brook, and in Ann Pardon's pleasant parlour. Enough; his father's plan became his own long before the time was out.

On his second journey everybody seemed to be an old acquaintance and an intimate friend. It was evening as he approached the Meadows farm, but the younger children recognized him in the dusk, and their cry of, "Oh, here's Jacob!" brought out the farmer and his wife and Susan, with the heartiest of welcomes. They had all missed him, they said,—even the horses and oxen had looked for him, and they were wondering how they should get the oats harvested without him.

Jacob looked at Susan as the farmer said this, and her eyes seemed to answer, "I said nothing, but I knew you would come." Then, first, he felt sufficient courage for the task before him.

He rose the next morning, before any one was stirring, and waited until she should come down-stairs. The sun had not risen when she appeared, with a milk-pail in each hand, walking unsuspectingly to the cow-yard. He waylaid her, took the pails in his hand and said in nervous haste, "Susan, will you be my wife?"

She stopped as if she had received a sudden blow; then a shy, sweet consent seemed to run

through her heart. "O Jacob!" was all she could say.

"But you will, Susan?" he urged; and then (neither of them exactly knew how it happened) all at once his arms were around her, and they had kissed each other.

"Susan," he said, presently, "I am a poor man—only a farm hand, and must work for my living. You could look for a better husband."

"I could never find a better than you, Jacob."

"Would you work with me, too, at the same place?"

"You know I am not afraid of work," she answered, "and I could never want any other lot than yours."

Then he told her the story which his father had prompted. Her face grew bright and happy as she listened, and he saw how from her very heart she accepted the humble fortune. Only the thought of her parents threw a cloud over the new and astonishing vision. Jacob, however, grew bolder as he saw fulfilment of his hope so near. They took the pails and seated themselves beside neighbour cows, one raising objections or misgivings which the other manfully combated. Jacob's earnestness unconsciously ran into his hands, as he discovered when the impatient cow began to snort and kick.

The harvesting of the oats was not commenced that morning. The children were sent away, and there was a council of four persons held in the parlour. The result of mutual protestations and much weeping was, that the farmer and his wife agreed to receive Jacob as a son-in-law; the offer of the wages was four times refused by them, and then accepted; and the chance of their being able to live and labour together was finally decided to be too fortunate to let slip. When the shock and surprise was over, all gradually became cheerful, and, as the matter was more calmly discussed, the first conjectured difficulties somehow resolved themselves into trifles.

It was the simplest and quietest wedding,—at home on an August morning. Farmer Meadows then drove the bridal pair half-way on their journey to the old country tavern, where a fresh conveyance had been engaged for them. The same evening they reached the farmhouse in the valley, and Jacob's happy mood gave place to an anxious uncertainty as he remembered the period of deception upon which Susan was entering. He keenly watched his father's face when they arrived, and was a little relieved when he saw that his wife had made a good first impression.

"So, this is my new housekeeper," said the old man. "I hope you will suit me as well as your husband does."

"I'll do my best, sir," said she; "but you must have patience with me for a few days, until I know your ways and wishes."

"Mr. Flint," said Sally, "shall I get supper ready?"

Susan looked up in astonishment at hearing the name.

"Yes," the old man remarked, "we both have the same name. The fact is, Jacob and I are a sort of relations."

Jacob, in spite of his new happiness, continued ill at ease, although he could not help seeing how his father brightened under Susan's genial influence, how satisfied he was with her quick, neat, exact ways and the cheerfulness with which she fulfilled her duties. At the end of a week the old man counted out the wages agreed upon for both, and his delight culminated at the frank simplicity with which Susan took what she supposed she had fairly earned.

"Jacob," he whispered when she had left the room, "keep quiet one more week, and then I'll let her know."

He had scarcely spoken, when Susan burst into the room again, crying, "Jacob, they are coming, they have come!"

"Who?"

"Father and mother; and we didn't expect them, you know, for a week yet."

All three went to the door as the visitors made their appearance on the veranda. Two of the party stood as if thunderstruck, and two exclamations came together:

"Samuel Flint!"

"Lucy Wheeler!"

There was a moment's silence: then the farmer's wife, with a visible effort to compose herself, said, "Lucy Meadows, now."

The tears came into Samuel Flint's eyes.

"Let us shake hands, Lucy," he said: "my son has married your daughter."

All but Jacob were freshly startled at these words. The two shook hands, and then Samuel, turning to Susan's father, said: "And this is your husband, Lucy. I am glad to make his acquaintance."

"Your father, Jacob!" Susan cried; "what does it all mean?"

Jacob's face grew red, and the old habit of hanging his head nearly came back upon him. He knew not what to say, and looked wistfully at his father.

"Come into the house and sit down," said the latter. "I think we shall all feel better

when we have quietly and comfortably talked the matter over."

They went into the quaint, old-fashioned parlour, which had already been transformed by Susan's care, so that much of its shabbiness was hidden. When all were seated, and Samuel Flint perceived that none of the others knew what to say, he took a resolution which, for a man of his mood and habit of life, required some courage.

"Three of us here are old people," he began, "and the two young ones love each other. It was so long ago, Lucy, that it cannot be laid to my blame if I speak of it now. Your husband, I see, has an honest heart, and will not misunderstand either of us. The same thing often turns up in life; it is one of those secrets that everybody knows, and that everybody talks about except the persons concerned. When I was a young man, Lucy, I loved you truly, and I faithfully meant to make you my wife."

"I thought so too, for a while," said she, very calmly.

Farmer Meadows looked at his wife, and no face was ever more beautiful than his, with that expression of generous pity shining through it.

"You know how I acted," Samuel Flint continued, "but our children must also know that I broke off from you without giving any reason. A woman came between us and made all the mischief. I was considered rich then, and she wanted to secure my money for her daughter. I was an innocent and unsuspecting young man, who believed that everybody else was as good as myself; and the woman never rested until she had turned me from my first love, and fastened me for life to another. Little by little I discovered the truth; I kept the knowledge of the injury to myself; I quickly got rid of the money which had so cursed me, and brought my wife to this, the loneliest and dreariest place in the neighbourhood, where I forced upon her a life of poverty. I thought it was a just revenge, but I was unjust. She really loved me: she was, if not quite without blame in the matter, ignorant of the worst that had been done (I learned all that too late), and she never complained, though the change in me slowly wore out her life. I know now that I was cruel; but at the same time I punished myself, and was innocently punishing my son. But to him there was one way to make amends. 'I will help him to a wife,' I said, 'who will gladly take poverty with him and for his sake.' I forced him, against his will, to say that he was a hired hand on this place, and that Susan must be content to be a hired housekeeper. Now that I know Susan,

I see that this proof might have been left out; but I guess it has done no harm. The place is not so heavily mortgaged as people think, and it will be Jacob's after I am gone. And now forgive me, all of you,—Lucy first, for she has most cause; Jacob next; and Susan,—that will be easier; and you, Friend Meadows, if what I have said has been hard for you to hear."

The farmer stood up like a man, took Samuel's hand and his wife's, and said in a broken voice: "Lucy, I ask you, too, to forgive him, and I ask you both to be good friends to each other."

Susan, dissolved in tears, kissed all of them in turn; but the happiest heart there was Jacob's.

It was now easy for him to confide to his wife the complete story of his troubles, and to find his growing self-reliance strengthened by her quick, intelligent sympathy. The Pardons were better friends than ever, and the fact, which at first created great astonishment in the neighbourhood, that Jacob Flint had really gone upon a journey and brought home a handsome wife, began to change the attitude of the people towards him. The old place was no longer so lonely; the nearest neighbours began to drop in and insist on return visits. Now that Jacob kept his head up, and they got a fair view of his face, they discovered that he was not lacking, after all, in sense or social qualities.

In October, the Whitney place, which had been leased for several years, was advertised to be sold at public sale. The owner had gone to the city and become a successful merchant, had outlived his local attachments, and now took advantage of a rise in real estate to disburden himself of a property which he could not profitably control.

Everybody from far and wide attended the sale, and, when Jacob Flint and his father arrived, everybody said to the former: "Of course you've come to buy, Jacob." But each man laughed at his own smartness, and considered the remark original with himself.

Jacob was no longer annoyed. He laughed, too, and answered: "I'm afraid I can't do that; but I've kept half my word, which is more than most men do."

"Jake's no fool, after all," was whispered behind him.

The bidding commenced, at first very spirited, and then gradually slacking off, as the price mounted above the means of the neighbouring farmers. The chief aspirant was a stranger, a well-dressed man with a lawyer's air, whom nobody knew. After the usual long pauses

and passionate exhortations, the hammer fell, and the auctioneer, turning to the stranger, asked, "What name?"

"Jacob Flint!"

There was a general cry of surprise. All looked at Jacob, whose eyes and mouth showed that he was as dumbfounded as the rest.

The stranger walked coolly through the midst of the crowd to Samuel Flint, and said, "When shall I have the papers drawn up?"

"As soon as you can," the old man replied; then seizing Jacob by the arm, with the words, "Let's go home now!" he hurried him on.

The explanation soon leaked out. Samuel Flint had not thrown away his wealth, but had put it out of his own hands. It was given privately to trustees, to be held for his son, and returned when the latter should have married with his father's consent. There was more than enough to buy the Whitney place.

Jacob and Susan are happy in their stately home, and good as they are happy. If any person in the neighbourhood ever makes use of the phrase "Jacob Flint's Journey," he intends thereby to symbolize the good fortune which sometimes follows honesty, reticence, and shrewdness.

TO A RICH MAN.

If well thou view'st us with no squinted eye,
No partial judgment, thou wilt quickly rate
Thy wealth no richer than my poverty;
My want no poorer than thy rich estate:
Our ends and births alike; in this, as I;
Poor thou wert born, and poor again shalt die.

My little fills my little-wishing mind;
Thou having more than much, yet seekest more:
Who seeks, still wishes what he seeks to find;
Who wishes, wants; and who so wants, is poor;
Then this must follow of necessity—
Poor are thy riches, rich my poverty.

Though still thou gett'st, yet is thy want not
spent,
But as thy wealth, so grows thy wealthy itch:
But with my little I have much content;
Content hath all, and who hath all is rich:
Then this in reason thou must needs confess—
If I have little, yet that thou hast less.

Whatever man possesses, God hath lent,
And to his audit liable is ever,
To reckon, how, and where, and when he spent:
Then thus thou bragg'st, thou art a great receiver:
Little my debt, when little is my store:
The more thou hast, thy debt still grows the more.

But seeing God himself descended down
 T' enrich the poor by his rich poverty;
 His meat, his house, his grave, were not his own,
 Yet all is his from all eternity:

Let me be like my Head, whom I adore;
 Be thou great, wealthy, I still base and poor.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

THE RETURN.

Oh! bid him reverence, in his manhood's prime,
 His youth's bright morning dream.

DON CARLOS.

"Art thou come with the heart of thy childhood
 back,
 The free, the pure, the kind?"
 —So murmur'd the trees in my homeward track,
 As they played to the mountain wind.

"Hast thou been true to thine early love?"
 Whispered my native streams,
 "Doth the spirit, rear'd amidst hill and grove,
 Still revere its first high dreams?"

"Hast thou borne in thy bosom the holy prayer
 Of the child in his parent halls?"
 Thus breathed a voice on the thrilling air
 From the old ancestral walls;

"Hast thou kept thy faith with the faithful dead
 Whose place of rest is nigh?
 With the father's blessing o'er thee shed?
 With the mother's trusting eye?"

Then my tears gushed forth in sudden rain,
 As I answered—"O ye shades!
 I bring not my childhood's heart again
 To the freedom of your glades!

"I have turn'd from my first pure love aside,
 O bright rejoicing streams!
 Light after light in my soul hath died,
 The early glorious dreams!

"And the holy prayer from my thoughts hath
 pass'd,
 The prayer at my mother's knee—
 Darken'd and troubled, I come at last,
 Thou home of my boyish glee!

"But I bear from my childhood a gift of tears
 To soften and atone:
 And, O ye scenes of those blessed years!
 They shall make me again your own!"

MRS. HEMANS.

GIBRALTAR:

A NIGHT AT THE RAGGED-STAFF.

[William Leggett, born in New York, 1802; died 1840. He served four years in the United States navy; then became editor of the *Critic*, and subsequently of other periodicals, winning for himself considerable reputation as a political and miscellaneous writer. In 1840 the then president of the United States appointed him diplomatic agent to the republic of Guatemala; but he died whilst making preparations to enter upon his new duties. His chief collected works are: *Leisure Hours at Sea* (poems); *Naval Stories*; *Tales by a Country Schoolmaster*; and *Political Writings*, edited by Theodore Sedgwick.]

The first time I ever saw the famous rock of Gibraltar was on a glorious afternoon in the month of October, when the sun diffused just sufficient heat to give an agreeable temperature to the air, and shed a soft and mellow light through the somewhat hazy atmosphere, which enabled us to see the scenery of the Straits to the best advantage.

We had a rough and stormy, but uncommonly short passage; for the wind, though tempestuous, had blown from the right quarter; and our gallant frigate dashed and bounded over the waves, "like a steed that knows his rider." I could not then say, with the poet from whom I have borrowed this quotation, "welcome to their roar!" for I was a novice on the ocean in those days, and had not yet entirely recovered from certain uneasy sensations about the region of the epigastrium, which by no means rendered the noise of rushing waters the most agreeable sound to my ears, or the rolling of the vessel the most pleasant motion for my body. Never did old sea-dog of a sailor, in the horse latitudes, pray more sincerely for a wind, than I did for a calm during that boisterous passage—and never, I may add, did the selfish prayer of a sinner prove more unavailing. The gale, like Othello's revenge, "kept due on to the Propontic and the Hellespont," and it blew so hard that it sometimes seemed to lift our old craft almost out of the water.

When we came out of port, we had our dashy fair-weather spars aloft, with skysail yards athwart, a moonsail to the main, and hoist enough for the broad blue to show itself to good advantage above that. But before the pilot left us, our top-gallant poles were under the boom cover, and storm-stumps in their places; and the first watch was scarcely relieved, when the boatswain's call—repeated by four mates, whose lungs seemed formed on

purpose to out-roar a tempest—rang through the ship, "All hands to house top-gallant masts, ahoy!" From that time till we made the land the gale continued to rage with unintermitted violence, to the great delight of the old tars, and the manifest annoyance of the green reefers, of whom we had rather an unusual number on board. If my pen were endued with the slightest portion of the quality which distinguished Hogarth's pencil, I might here give a description of a man-of-war's steerage in a storm, which could not but force a smile from the most saturnine reader. I must own I did not much relish the humour of the scene then—*pars magna fui*—that is, I was sea-sick myself; but

Quod fuit durum pati—meminisse dulce est;

and I have often since, sometimes in my hammock, sometimes during a cold mid watch on deck, burst into a hearty laugh, as the memory of our grotesque distresses, and of the odd figures we cut during that passage, has glanced across my mind.

But the longest day must have an end, and the stiffest breeze cannot last for ever. The wind, which for a fortnight had been blowing as hard as a trumpeter for a wager, blew itself out at last. About dawn on the morning of the day I have alluded to it began to lull, and by the time the sun was fairly out of the water it fell flat calm. It was my morning watch, and what with sea-sickness, fatiguing duty, and being cabined, cribbed, confined for so long a time in my narrow and unaccustomed lodgings, I felt worn out and in no mood to exult in the choice I had made of a profession. I stood holding by one of the belaying-pins of the main fife-rail (for I had not yet, as the sailors phrase it, got my sea-legs aboard), and looking, I suppose, as melancholy as a sick monkey on a lee backstay, when a cry from the foretop-sail-yard reached my ear that instantly thrilled to my heart, and set the blood running in a lively current through my veins.

"Land, oh!" cried the jack-tar on the look-out, in a cable-tier voice which seemed to issue from the bottom of his stomach.

I have heard many delightful sounds in my time, but few which seemed to me more pleasant than the rough voice of that vigilant sailor. I do verily believe, that not seven bells (grog time of day) to a thirsty tar, the dinner-bell to a hungry alderman, or the passing-bell of some rich old curmudgeon to an anxious heir, ever gave greater rapture. The how-d'ye-do of a friend, the good-bye of a country cousin, the song of the Signorina, and

Paganini's fiddle, may all have music in them; but the cry of land to a sea-sick midshipman is sweeter than them all.

We made what, in nautical language, is termed a good land-fall—so good, indeed, that it was well for us the night and the wind both ceased when they did; for had they lasted another hour, we should have found ourselves *landed*, and in a way that even I, much as I wished to set my foot once more on terra firma, should not have felt particularly pleased with. On its becoming light enough to ascertain our whereabouts, it was discovered that we were within the very jaws of the Straits, completely landlocked by the "steepy shore," where

Europe and Africa on each other gaze,

and already beginning to feel the influence of the strong and ceaseless easterly current which rushes into the Mediterranean through that passage with a velocity of four or five knots an hour. A gentle land-breeze sprung up in the course of the morning watch, which, though not exactly fair, yet coming from the land of the "dusky Moor," had enough of something in it to enable us to get along at a very tolerable rate, beating with a long and short leg through the Straits.

It would be uncharitable to require that the reader should arrive at the rock by the same sort of zigzag course which we were obliged to pursue; so therefore let him at once suppose himself riding at anchor in the beautiful but unsafe bay of Gibraltar, directly opposite and almost within the very shadow of the grand and gigantic fortress which nature and art seem to have vied with each other in rendering impregnable. No one who has looked on that vast and fortified rock, with its huge granite outline shown in bold relief against the clear sky of the south of Europe—its towering and ruin-crowned peaks—its enormous crags, caverns, and precipices—and its rich historical associations, which shed a powerful though vague interest over every feature—can easily forget the strong impression which the first sight of that imposing and magnificent spectacle creates.

The flinty mass rising abruptly to an elevation of 1500 feet, and surrounded on every side by the waters of the Mediterranean, save a narrow slip of level sand which stretches from its northern end and connects it with the mainland, has, added to its other claims to admiration, the strong interest of utter isolation. For a while the spectator gazes on the "stupendous whole" with an expression of pleased wonder at its height, extent, and strength, and

without becoming conscious of the various opposite features which make up its grand effect of sublimity and beauty. He sees only the giant rock spreading its vast dark mass against the sky, its broken and wavy ridge, its beetling projections, and its dizzy precipices of a thousand feet perpendicular descent. After a time, his eye becoming in some degree familiarized with the main and sterner features of the scene, he perceives that the granite mountain is variegated by here and there some picturesque work of art, or spot of green beauty, that shines with greater loveliness from contrast with the savage roughness by which it is surrounded. Dotted about at long intervals over the steep sides of the craggy mass, are seen the humble cottages of the soldiers' wives: or, perched on the very edges of the cliffs, the guard-houses of the garrison, before which, ever and anon, may be descried the vigilant sentry, dwindled to a pigmy, walking to and fro on his allotted and dangerous post. Now and then the eye detects a more sumptuous edifice, half hid in a grove of acacias, orange and almond trees, as if they clustered around to shut from the view of its inhabitant, in his eyre-like abode, the scene of desolate grandeur above, beneath him, and on every side.

At the foot of the rock, on a small and narrow slip less precipitous than the rest, stands the town of Gibraltar, which, as seen from the bay, with its dark-coloured houses, built in the Spanish style, and rising one above another in amphitheatrical order: the ruins of the Moorish castle and defences in the rear: and the high massive walks which surround it at the water's edge, and which, thick planted with cannon, seemed formed to "laugh a siege to scorn," has a highly picturesque and imposing effect. The military works of Gibraltar are on a scale of magnificence commensurate with the natural grandeur of the scene. Its walls, its batteries, and its moles, which, bristling with cannon, stretch far out into the bay, and against whose solid structures the waves spend their fury in vain, are all works of art planned with great genius, and executed with consummate skill. An indefinite sensation of awe mixes with the stranger's feelings, as, gazing upon the defences which everywhere meet his eye, he remembers that the strength of Gibraltar consists not in its visible works alone, but that, hewn in the centre of the vast and perpendicular rock, there are long galleries and ample chambers where the engines of war are kept always ready, and from whence the fires of death may at any moment be poured down upon an assailant.

Though the rock is the chief feature of interest in the Bay of Gibraltar, yet, when fatigued by long gazing on its barren and solitary grandeur, there are not wanting others on which the eye of the stranger may repose with pleasure. The green shores of Andalusia, encircling the bay in their semicircular sweep, besides the attraction which verdant hills and valleys always possess, have the superadded charm of being linked with many classical and romantic associations—the picturesque towns of St. Roque and Algesiras, the one crowning a smooth eminence at some distance from the shore, and the other occupying a gentle declivity that sinks gradually down to the sparkling waters of the bay—the mountains of Spain, fringed with cork forests in the back-ground—the dimly-seen coast of Morocco across the Straits, with the white walls of Ceuta just discernible on one of its promontories—the towering form of Abila, which not even the unromantic modern name of Apes Hill can divest of all its interest as one of "the trophies of great Hercules"—these are all features in the natural landscape which, combined, render it a scene of exceeding beauty.

The clear blue waters of the bay itself commonly present an appearance of variety and animation which very materially increases the picturesqueness of the general effect. Here may at all times be seen, moored closely together, a numerous fleet of vessels, from every quarter of the globe, of every fashion of structure, and manned by beings of every creed and colour. The flags and pennons which float from their masts, the sounds which rise from their decks, and the appearance and employments of the moving throngs upon them, all tend to heighten the charm of novelty and variety. In one place may be seen a shattered and dismantled hulk, on board of which some exiled Spanish patriot, with his family, has taken refuge, dwelling there full in the sight of his native land, which yet he can scarcely hope ever to tread again; in another—on the high-latticed stern of a tall, dark-looking craft, whose raking masts, black bends, and trig, warlike appearance, excite a doubt whether she be merchantman or pirate—a group of Turks in their national and beautiful costume, smoking their long chibouques with an air of gravity as great as if they were engaged in a matter on which their lives depended. Beside them, perhaps, lies a heavy, clumsy dogger, on board of which a company of industrious, slow-moving Dutchmen are engaged in trafficking away their cargo of cheese, butter, Bologna sausages, and real Schiedam; and not far away

from these, a crew of light-hearted Genoese sailors are stretched at length along the deck of their polacca, chanting, in voices made musical by distance, one of the rich melodies with which their language abounds. Boats are continually passing hither and thither between the vessels and the shore: and every now and then a long and slender felucca, with its slanting yards and graceful lateen sails, glides across the bay, laden with the products of the fruitful soil of Andalusia, which are destined to supply the tables of the pent-up inhabitants of the garrison.

I have mentioned that it was on a fine day in October that we arrived at Gibraltar, and I have accordingly attempted to describe the rock, and the adjacent scenery, as they appeared to me through the mellow light of that pleasant afternoon. To one viewing the scene from any other point than that which I occupied, our own gallant frigate would have presented no unattractive feature in the glorious landscape. During the time that we were beating through the Straits, the gunner's crew had been employed in blacking the bends, somewhat rusty from the constant attrition of a stormy sea, and we had embraced the opportunity of the gentle land-breeze to replace the storm topgallant-masts with our taut fair-weather poles, and to bend and send aloft the topgallant-sails, royals, and skysails, for which we had not before had any recent occasion. Thus renewed, and all a-tauto, with our glossy sides glistening in the sun, our flags flying, and the broad blue pennant streaming at the main, there were few objects in all that gay and animated bay on which the eye could rest with greater pleasure than on that noble vessel. The bustle consequent upon coming to anchor was, among our active and well-disciplined crew, but of brief duration. In a very few minutes every yard was squared with the nicest precision; every rope hauled taut and laid down in a handsome Flemish coil upon the deck, and the vast symmetrical bulk, with nothing to indicate its recent buffetings from the storm, lay floating as quietly on the bright surface as if it were part of a mimic scene, the creation of some painter's pencil.

Though I had been on duty ever since the previous midnight, yet I felt no disposition to go below; but for more than an hour after the boatswain had piped down, I remained on deck gazing with unsated eyes on the various and attractive novelties around me. A part of the fascination of the scene was doubtless owing to that feeling of young romance which invests every scene with the colours of the imagination;

and a part, to its contrast with the dull monotony of the prospect to which I had lately been confined, till my heart fluttered like a caged bird, to be once more among the green trees and the rustling grass—to see fields covered with golden grain, and swelling away in their fine undulations—to scent the pleasant odour of the meadows, and be free to range at will through those leafy forests which, I began to think, were ill exchanged for the narrow and heaving deck of a forty-four. Thoughts of this kind mingled with my musings as I leaned over the taffarel, with my eyes bent on the verdant hills and slopes of Spain; and so absorbed was I in contemplation, that I heard not my name pronounced, till it was repeated a second or third time by the officer of the deck.

"Mr. Transom!" cried he, in a quick and impatient voice, "are you deaf or asleep, sir? Here, jump into the first cutter alongside! Would you keep the commodore waiting all day for you, sir?"

I felt my cheek redden at this speech of the lieutenant—one of those popinjays who, dressed in a little brief authority, think to show their own consequence by playing off impertinent airs upon those of inferior station. I had seen enough of naval service, however, to know that no good comes of replying to the insolence of a superior; so, suppressing the answer that rose to my lips, I sprang down the side into the boat, in the stern-sheets of which my commander, who had preceded me, was already seated.

"Shove off, sir," said he.

"Let fall, give way!" cried I to the men, who sprang to their oars with alacrity, making the boat skim through the water lightly and fleetly as a swallow through the air. In less than five minutes we were floating alongside the stone quay at the Water-port—as the principal and strongly fortified entrance to the garrison from the bay is called.

"You will wait here for me," said the commodore, as he stepped out of the boat; "and should I not return before the gate is closed, pull round to the Ragged-staff" (the name of the other landing-place), "and wait there."

"Ay, ay, sir," said I, though not very well pleased at the prospect of a long and tedious piece of service, fatigued as I already was with my vigil of the previous night, and the active duties of the day. The old commodore in the meanwhile stepped quickly over the drawbridge which connects the quay with the fortress, and presently disappeared under the massive archway of the gate.

For a while the scene which presented itself

at the Water-port was of a kind from which an observant mind could not fail to draw abundant amusement. The quay, beside which our boat was lying, is a small octangular wharf constructed of huge blocks of granite, strongly cemented together. It is the only place which boats, except those belonging to the garrison, or national vessels in the harbour, are permitted to approach; and though of but a few yards square in extent, is enfiladed in several directions by frowning batteries of granite, mounted with guns, which by a single discharge might shiver the whole structure to atoms. Merchant vessels lying in the bay are unloaded by means of lighters, which, with the boats of passage continually plying between the shipping and the shore, and the market boats from the adjacent coast of Spain, all crowd round this narrow quay, rendering it a place of singular business and bustle. As the sunset hour approaches, the activity and confusion increase. Crowds of people of all nations, and every variety of costume and language, jostle each other as they hurry through the gate. The stately Greek, in his embroidered jacket, rich purple cap, and flowing capote, strides carelessly along. The Jew, with his bent head, shaven crown, and coarse though not unpicturesque gaberline, glides with a noiseless step through the crowd, turning from side to side, as he walks, quick wary glances from underneath his downcast brows. The Moor, wrapped close in his white bernoose, stalks sullenly apart, as if he alone had no business in the bustling scene; while the noisy Spaniard by his side wages an obstreperous argument, or shouts in loud guttural sounds for his boat. French, English, and Americans, officers, merchants, and sailors, are all intermingled in the motley mass, each engaged in his own business, and each adding his part to the confused and Babel-like clamour of tongues. High on the walls, the sentinels, with their arms glistening in the sun, are seen walking to and fro on their posts, and looking down with indifference or abstraction on the scene of hurry and turmoil beneath them.

Among the various striking features that attracted my attention, from time to time, as I reclined in the stern-sheets of the cutter, gazing on the shifting throng before me, there was one whose appearance and manners awakened peculiar interest. He was a tall, muscular, dark-looking Spaniard, whose large frame and strong and well-proportioned limbs were set off to good advantage by the national dress of the peasantry of his country. His sombrero, slouched in a studied manner over his eyes, as

if to conceal their fierce rolling balls, shaded a face, the dark sunburned hue of which showed that it had not always been so carefully protected. From the crimson sash which was bound round his waist, concealing the connection of his embroidered velvet jacket with his nether garments, a long knife depended: and this, together with a sinister expression of countenance, and an indescribable something in the general air and bearing of the man, created an impression which caused me to shrink involuntarily from him whenever he approached the boat. He himself seemed to be actuated by similar feelings. On first meeting my eye, he drew his sombrero deeper over his brow, and hastily retired to another part of the quay: but every now and then I could see his dark face above a group of the intervening throng, and his keen black eyes seemed always directed towards me, till, perceiving that I noticed him, he would turn away, and mix for a while among the remoter portion of the crowd.

My eyes were endeavouring to follow this singular figure in one of his windings through the multitude when my attention was drawn in another direction by a loud long call from a bugle, sounded within the walls, and in an instant after, repeated with a clearer and louder blast from their summit. This signal seemed to give new motion and animation to the crowd. A few hurried from the quay into the garrison, but a greater number poured from the interior upon the quay, and all appeared anxious to depart. Boat after boat was drawn up, received its burden, and darted off, while others took their places, and were in turn soon filled by the retiring crowd. Soldiers from the garrison appeared on the quay to urge the tardy into quicker motion; mingled shouts, calls, and curses resounded on every side; and for a few minutes confusion seemed worse confounded. But in a short time the last loiterer was hurried away—the last felucca shoved off, and was seen gliding on its course, the sound of its oars almost drowned in the noisy gabble of its Andalusian crew.

As soon as the quay became entirely deserted the military returned within the walls, and a pause of silence ensued—then pealed the sunset gun from the summit of the rock—the drawbridge, by some unseen agency, was rolled slowly back, till it disappeared within the arched passage—the ponderous gates turned on their enormous hinges—and Gibraltar was closed for the night with a security which might defy the efforts of the combined world to invade it.

Thus shut out at the Water-port I directed the boat's crew, in compliance with the orders I had received, to pull round to the Ragged-staff. The wall at this place is of great height, and near its top is left a small gate, at an elevation of fifty or sixty feet above the quay which projects into the bay beneath. It is attained by a spiral staircase, erected about twenty feet from the wall, and communicating with it at the top by means of a drawbridge. This gate is little used, except for the egress of those who are permitted to leave the garrison after nightfall. On reaching the quay I sprang ashore, and, walking to a favourable position, endeavoured to amuse myself once more by contemplating the hills and distant mountains of Spain. But the charm was now fled. Night was fast stealing over the landscape, and rendering its features misty and indistinct: a change, too, had taken place in my own feelings, since, a few hours before, I had found so much pleasure in dwelling on the scene around me. I was now cold, fatigued, and hungry; my eyes had been fed with novelties until they were weary with gazing; and my mind crowded with a succession of new images, until its vigour was exhausted.

I cast my eyes up to the rock, but it appeared cold and desolate in the deepening twilight, and I turned from its steep flinty sides and dreadful precipices with a shudder. The waves and ripples of the bay, which the increasing wind had roughened, broke against the quay where I was standing with a sound that created a chilly sensation at my heart; and even the watch-dog's bark, from on board some vessel in the bay, gave me no pleasure as it was borne faintly to my ear by the eastern breeze; for it was associated with sounds of home, and awakened me to a painful consciousness of the distance I had wandered, and the fatigues and perils to which I was exposed. A train of sombre thoughts, despite my efforts to drive them away, took possession of my mind. At length, yielding to their influence, I climbed to the top of a rude heap of stones which had been piled on the end of the quay, and seating myself where my eye could embrace every portion of the shadowy landscape, I yielded the full reign to melancholy fancies. My wandering thoughts roamed over a thousand topics; but one topic predominated over all the rest. My memory recalled many images; but one image it presented with the vividness of life, and dwelt upon with the partiality of love. It was the image of one who had been the object of my childhood's love, whom I had loved in my boyhood, and whom now in open-

ing manhood I still loved with a passionate and daily-increasing affection. Linked with the memory of that sweet being, came thoughts of one who had sought to rival me in her affections, and who, foiled in his purposes, had conceived and avowed the bitterest enmity against me:—and from him my mind reverted, by some strange association, to the tall and singular-looking Spaniard whom I had seen at the Water-port. In this way my vagrant thoughts ranged about from topic to topic, with all that wildness of transition which is sometimes produced by the excitement of opium.

While thus engaged in these desultory meditations, I know not how long a time slipped by; but at length my thoughts began to grow less distinct, and my eyes to feel heavy; and had I not been restrained by a sense of shame and duty as an officer, I should have been glad to resign myself to sleep. My eyelids, in despite of me, did once or twice close for an instant or two; and it was in an effort to arouse myself from one of these little attacks of somnolency that I saw an object before me, the appearance of whom in that place struck me with surprise.

The moon had risen, and was just shedding a thin and feeble glimmer over the top of the rock, the broad deep shadow of which extended almost to the spot where I was sitting. Emerging from this shadow, with his long peculiar step, I saw approaching me the identical Spaniard whose malign expression of countenance and general appearance had so strongly attracted my attention at the Water-port. That it was the same I could not doubt, for his height, his dress, his air, all corresponded exactly. He still wore the same large sombrero, which, as before, was drawn deep over his brows; the same long and glistening knife was thrust through his sash, and the same fantastically stamped leather gaiters covered his legs. He approached close to me, and in a voice which, though hardly above a whisper, thrilled me to the bone, informed me that the commodore had sent for me; on delivering which laconic message he turned away, and walked towards the garrison.

Shall I own it, gentle reader? I felt a sensation of fear at the idea that I was to follow this herculean and sinister-looking Spaniard, and I had some faint misgivings whether I ought to obey his summons. But I reflected that he was probably a servant or messenger of some officer or family where the commodore was visiting; that he could have no motive to mislead me; and that were I to neglect obeying

the order through fear of its bearer, because he was tall, had whiskers, and wore a sombrero, I should deservedly bring down upon myself the ridicule of every midshipman in the Mediterranean. Besides, thought I, how foolish I should feel if it should turn out, as is very likely, that this is some ball or party to which the commodore has been urged to stay, and, unwilling to keep me waiting for him so long in this dreary place, he has sent to invite me to join him. This last reflection turned the scale; so, slipping down from my perch, I followed towards the gate.

The tall dark form of the stranger had already disappeared in the shadow of the rock; but on reaching the foot of the spiral staircase, I could hear his heavy foot ascending the steps. Directly after, the gate was unbarred, the drawbridge lowered, and a footstep crossing it announced that the Spaniard was within the walls. I followed as rapidly as I could, and got within the gate just in time to see the form of my conductor disappear round one of the angles of the fortifications; but, accelerating my pace, I overtook him as he reached the foot of the path which seemed to ascend towards the southern end of the rock.

"This way lies the town," said I, pointing in the opposite direction; "you surely have mistaken the route."

The Spaniard made no answer, but pointing with his hand up the difficult and narrow path, and beckoning me to follow him, he began the ascent. The moon shone on his countenance for a moment as he turned towards me, and I thought I could perceive the same sinister expression upon it which had been one of the first things that drew my attention to him. I continued to follow, however, and struggled hard to overtake him; but without much effect. I became fatigued, exhausted, almost ready to drop, but was unable to diminish the interval between us.

The ascent soon became very steep—so steep, indeed, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could keep from sliding back faster than I advanced. My feet were blistered, and I toiled along on my hands and knees, till my flesh was torn and penetrated with the sharp points and edges of the rock. After thus slowly and painfully groping my way for a considerable distance, we at length reached a place where the path pursued a level course—but what a path! what a place! A narrow ledge, scarce two feet wide, had been formed, partly by nature, partly by art, at the height of a thousand feet above the water, around a sweep of the rock where it rose perpendicularly from its

base to its extreme summit. This ledge was covered with loose stones, which, at every footstep, fell rattling and thundering down the mighty precipice, till the sound died away in the immense depths below.

I could not conjecture whither the Spaniard was leading me; but I had now gone too far to think of retreating. Every step I now made was at the hazard of life. The ledge on which we were walking was so narrow, the loose stones which covered it rolled so easily from under our feet, and my knees trembled so violently from fear and fatigue, that I could scarcely hope to continue much further in safety over such a pathway. At last we reached a broader spot. I sunk down exhausted, yet with a feeling of joy that I had escaped from the perilous path I had just been treading. The Spaniard stood beside me, and I thought a malign smile played round his lips as he looked down upon me, panting at his feet. He suffered me to rest but for a moment, when he motioned me to rise. I obeyed the signal, as if it were the behest of my evil genius.

"Look round," said he, "and tell me what you behold?"

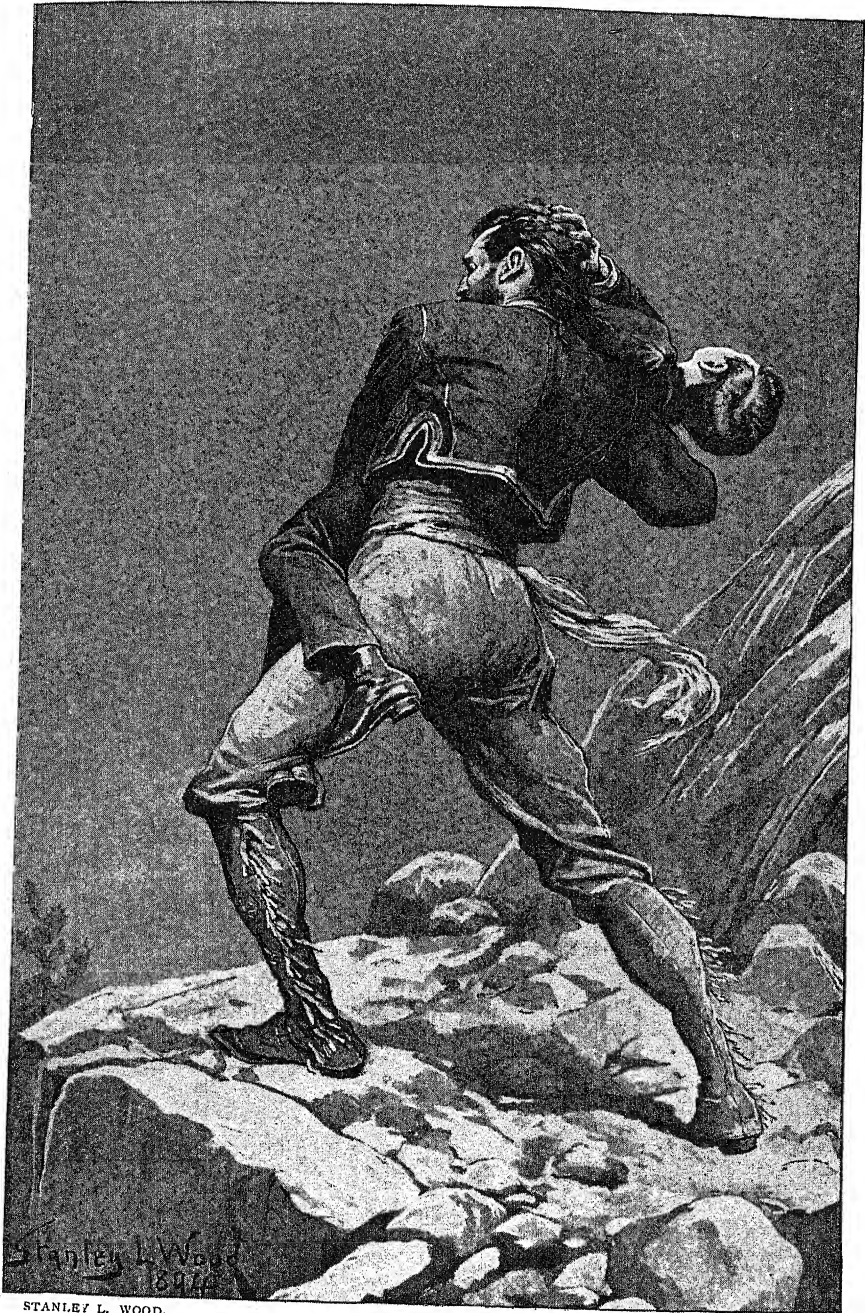
I glanced my eyes round, and, shuddering, withdrew them instantly from the fearful prospect. The ledge or platform on which we were standing was but a few feet square; behind it a large and gloomy cavern opened its black jaws; and in front, the rock rose from the sea with so perpendicular an ascent, that a stone, dropped from the edge, would have fallen without interruption straight down into the waves.

"Are you ready to make the leap?" said the Spaniard, in a smooth, sneering tone, seeing, and seeming to enjoy the terror depicted on my countenance.

"For Heaven's sake," cried I, "who are you, and why am I made your victim?"

"Look!" cried he, throwing the sombrero from his head and approaching close to me. "Look! know you not these features? They are those of one whose path you have crossed once, but shall never cross again!"

He seized hold of me as he spoke with a fiendish grasp, and strove to hurl me headlong from the rock. I struggled with all the energy of desperation, and for a moment baffled the design. He released his hold round my body, and stepping back, stood for an instant gazing on me with the glaring eyeballs of a tiger about to spring upon his prey; then darting towards me, he grasped me with both hands round the throat, and dragged me, despite my vain struggling, to the very verge of the precipice. With



STANLEY L. WOOD.

25

THE SPANIARD ATTEMPTS TO CAST MR. TRANSM OVER THE CLIFF.

Vol. iii, page 248.

a powerful exertion of strength, which I was no longer able to resist, he dashed my body over the dreadful edge, and held me out at arm's-length above the dread abyss.

The agony of years of wretchedness compressed into a single second could not have exceeded the horror of the moment I remained suspended. There was a small tree or bush which grew out of a cleft just beneath the ledge. In my frenzied struggle I caught by a branch of it just at the critical instant when the Spaniard relaxed his hold, intending to precipitate me down the fearful gulf. His purpose was again baffled for another moment of horror. He gnashed his teeth as he saw me swing off upon the fragile branch, which cracked and bent beneath my weight, and which, at most, could save me from his fury but for a fleeting moment. That moment seemed too long for his impatient hate. He sprang to the very verge of the ledge, and placing his foot firmly on the tree, pressed it down with all his strength. In vain, with chattering teeth and horror-choked voice, I implored him to desist. He answered not, but stamped furiously on the tree. The root began to give way—the loosened dirt fell from around it—the trunk snapped, cracked, and separated—and the fiend set up an inhuman laugh, which rung in my ears like the mocking of a demon, as down—down—down I fell, through the chill, thick, pitchy air, till, striking with a mighty force on the rocks beneath—I waked, and lo, it was a dream!

It was broad daylight. In my sleep I had rolled from the heap of stones which had furnished me with my evening seat of meditation, and which, during my sleep, had supplied my imagination with an abundance of materials for horrid precipices and "deep-down gulfs." The laugh of the infernal Spaniard turned out to be only a burst of innocent merriment at my plight from little Paul Messenger, a rosy, curly-haired midshipman, and one of the finest little fellows in the world. The matter was soon explained. The commodore returning to the boat, and seeing me, as he expressed it, sleeping so comfortably on a bed of my own choosing, thought it would be a pity to disturb me; so shoving off, he left me to my slumbers; but on reaching the ship, gave the officer of the deck directions to send a boat for me at daylight. Little Paul, always ready to do a kind act, asked to go officer of her; and we returned together to the frigate, laughing over my story of the imaginary adventures of the night.

JEANIE MORRISON.

[William Motherwell, born at Glasgow, 13th October, 1797; died in that city, 1st November, 1835. His parents removed to Edinburgh, and at school there, Motherwell met the heroine of his song. He was taken to Paisley at the age of twelve, and never afterwards met the lady¹ with whose name his reputation as a lyrical poet is most popularly associated. He entered a lawyer's office, and in 1819 was appointed sheriff-clerk depute for the county of Renfrew, which post he retained for ten years. He contributed verse and prose to various local publications; in 1830 he was appointed editor of the *Glasgow Courier*, and continued to fulfil the duties of that office until his death. He edited the *Harp of Renfrewshire*, a collection of songs by various writers; and rendered good service to Scotch ballad literature by the publication of his *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*, with an historical introduction and notes. It was in 1832 he first collected his own poems; a fuller edition, with sundry posthumous lyrics, was published after his death, accompanied by an affectionate memoir written by Dr. James McConochy. Of his merits as a poet Allan Cunningham said: "His lyrics are forceful and flowing—with more of the strength of Burns than of his simplicity and passion." Christopher North: "He has fine and strong sensibilities, and a powerful intellect. His style is simple, but in his tenderest movements, masculine."]

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luvie o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luvie grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygone years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed.
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
'When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
What our wee heads could think?

¹ Miss Morrison became the wife of a Mr. Murdoch, a merchant. She was unconscious of the passion with which she had inspired the poet.

When baith bent down ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans laughin' said,
We cleek'd thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon,)
When we ran aff to speel the braes—
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! oh, mornin' luve!
Oh lightsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

Oh mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin o' the wood,
The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled down your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young.
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,
As ye hae been to me?
Oh! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine;
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygone days and me!

A MUSICAL ENIGMA.

[Rev. C. P. Cranch, born in Alexandria, Columbia, 1813. The son of an eminent judge in the United States; and the author of many interesting sketches, poems and tales, notably: *The Last of the Huggermuggers*, and a sequel to that work, entitled *Kobboloso*. Of the fantastic humour in which Mr. Cranch's talent shows to advantage the following is an example.]

One chilly, windy evening in the month of December, 1831, three young men sat around a tall office-stove in Mr. Simon Shrowdwell's establishment, No. 307 Dyer Street, in the town of Boggsville.

Mr. Simon Shrowdwell was a model undertaker, about fifty years of age, and the most exemplary and polite of sextons in the old Dutch church just round the corner. He was a musical man, too, and led the choir, and sang in the choruses of oratorios that were sometimes given in the town-hall. He was a smooth-shaven, sleek man, dressed in decorous black, wore a white cravat, and looked not unlike a second-hand copy of the clergyman. He had the fixed, pleasant expression customary to a profession whose business it was to look sympathetic on grief, especially in rich men's houses. Still it was a kind expression; and the rest of his features indicated that he did not lack firmness in emergencies. During the cholera season of the year aforesaid he had done a thriving business, and had considerably enlarged his store and his supply of ready-made mortuary furnishings. His rooms were spacious and neat. Rows of handsome coffins, of various sizes, stood around the walls in shining array, some of them studded with silver-headed nails; and everything about the establishment looked

as cheerful as the nature of his business permitted.

On this December evening Mr. Shrowdwell and his wife, whose quarters were on the floor above, happened to be out visiting some friends. His young man, William Spindles, and two of his friends who had come in to keep him company, sat by the ruddy stove, smoking their pipes, and chatting as cheerily as if these cases for the dead that surrounded them were simply ornamental panels. Gas, at that time, hadn't been introduced into the town of Boggsville; but a cheerful argand-lamp did its best to light up the shop.

Their talk was gay and airy, about all sorts of small matters; and people who passed the street-window looked in and smiled to see the contrast between the social smoking and chatting of these youngsters, and the grim but neat proprieties of their environment.

One of the young men had smoked out his pipe, and rapped it three times on the stove, to knock out the ashes.

There was an answering knocking—somewhere near; but it didn't seem to come from the street-door. They were a little startled, and Spindles called out:—

"Come in!"

Again came the rapping, in another part of the room.

"Come in!" roared Spindles, getting up and laying his pipe down.

The street-door slowly opened, and in glided a tall, thin man. He was a stranger. He wore a tall, broad-brimmed hat, and a long, dark, old-fashioned cloak. His eyes were sunken, his face cadaverous, his hands long and bony.

He came forward. "I wish to see Mr. Shrowdwell."

"He is out," said Spindles. "Can I do anything for you?"

"I would rather see Mr. Shrowdwell," said the stranger.

"He will not be home till late this evening. If you have any message, I can deliver it; or you will find him here in the morning."

The stranger hesitated. "Perhaps you can do it as well as Shrowdwell. . . . I want a coffin."

"All right," said Spindles; "step this way, please. Is it for a grown person or a child? Perhaps you can find something here that will suit you. For some relative, I presume?"

"No, no, no! I have no relatives," said the stranger. Then in a hoarse whisper, "*It's for myself!*"

Spindles started back, and looked at his

friends. He had been used to customers ordering coffins; but this was something new. He looked hard at the pale stranger. A queer, uncomfortable chill crept over him. As he glanced around, the lamp seemed to be burning very dimly.

"You don't mean to say you are in earnest?" he stammered. And yet, he thought, this isn't a business to joke about. . . . He looked at the mysterious stranger again, and said to himself: "Perhaps he's deranged—poor man!"

Meanwhile the visitor was looking around at the rows of coffins shining gloomily in the lamplight. But he soon turned about, and said:—

"These won't do. They are not the right shape or size. . . . *You must measure me for one!*"

"You don't mean—" gasped Spindles. "Come, this is carrying a joke too far."

"I am not joking," said the stranger; "I never joke. I want you to take my measure. . . . And I want it made of a particular shape."

Spindles looked toward the stove. His companions had heard part of the conversation, and, gazing nervously at each other, they had put on their hats and overcoats, pocketed their pipes, and taken French leave.

Spindles found himself alone with the cadaverous stranger, and feeling very queer. He began to say that the gentleman had better come in the morning, when Mr. Shrowdwell was in—Shrowdwell understood this business. But the stranger fixed his cold black eyes on him, and whispered:

"I can't wait. *You must do it—to-night. . . . Come, take my measure!*"

Spindles was held by a sort of fascination, and mechanically set about taking his measure, as a tailor would have done for a coat and trousers.

"Have you finished?" said the stranger.

"Y—y—es, sir; that will do," said Spindles.

"What name did you say, sir?"

"No matter about my name. I have no name. Yet I might have had one, if the fates had permitted. Now for the style of the coffin I want."

And taking a pencil and card from his pocket, he made a rough draught of what he wanted. And the lines of the drawing appeared to burn in the dark like phosphorus.

"I must have a lid and hinges—so, you see—and a lock on *the inside*, and plenty of room for my arms."

"All r—r—ight," said Spindles; "we'll make it. But it's not exactly in our line—to

m—m—ake co—co—coffins in this style." And the youth stared at the drawing. It was for all the world like a violoncello-case.

"When can I have it?" said the stranger, paying no attention to Spindles' remark.

"Day after to-morrow, I sup—p—ose. But I—will have to—ask Shrowdwell—about it."

"I want it three days from now. I'll call for it about this time Friday evening. But as you don't know me, I'll pay in advance. This will cover all expenses, I think," producing a bank-note.

"Certainly," stammered Spindles.

"I want you to be particular about the lid and the locks. I was buried once before, you see; and this time I want to have my own way. I have one coffin, but it's too small for me. I keep it under my bed, and use it for a trunk. Good evening. Friday night—remember!"

Spindles thought there would be little danger of his forgetting it. But he didn't relish the idea of seeing him again, especially at night. "However, Shrowdwell will be here then," he said.

When the mysterious stranger had gone, Spindles put the bank-bill in his pocket-book, paced up and down, looked out of the window, and wished Shrowdwell would come home.

"After all," he said, "it's only a crazy man. And yet what made the lamp burn so dim? And what strange raps those were before he entered! And that drawing with a phosphoric pencil! And how like a dead man he looked! Pshaw! I'll smoke another pipe."

And he sat down by the stove, with his back to the coffins. At last the town-clock struck nine, and he shut up the shop, glad to get away and go home.

Next morning he told Shrowdwell the story, handed him the bank-bill as corroboration, and showed him the drawing, the lines of which were very faint by daylight. Shrowdwell took the money gleefully, and locked it in his safe.

"What do you think of this affair, Mr. Shrowdwell?" Spindles asked.

"This is some poor deranged gentleman, Spindles. I have made coffins for deranged men—but this is something unusual—ha! ha!—for a man to come and order his own coffin, and be measured for it! This is a new and interesting case, Spindles—one that I think has never come within my experience. But let me see that drawing again. How faint it is. I must put on my specs. Why, it is nothing but a big fiddle-case—a double-bass box. He's probably some poor distracted musician, and has taken this strange fancy into his head—perhaps imagines himself a big fiddle—eh,

Spindles?" And he laughed softly at his own conceit. "'Pon my soul, this is a queer case—and a fiddle-case, too—ha! ha! But we must set about fulfilling his order."

By Friday noon the coffin of the new pattern was finished. All the workmen were mystified about it, and nearly all cracked jokes at its queer shape. But Spindles was very grave. As the hour approached when the stranger was to call for it he became more and more agitated. He would have liked to be away, and yet his curiosity got the better of his nervousness. He asked his two friends to come in, and they agreed to do so, on Spindles' promise to go first to an oyster-saloon and order something hot to fortify their courage. They didn't say anything about this to Shrowdwell, for he was a temperance man and a sexton.

They sat around the blazing stove, all four of them, waiting for the insane man to appear. It wanted a few minutes of eight.

"What's the matter with that lamp?" said Shrowdwell. "How dim it burns! It wants oil."

"I filled it to-day," said Spindles.

"I feel a chill all down my back," said Barker.

"And there's that rapping again," said O'Brien.

There *was* a rapping, as if underneath the floor. Then it seemed to come from the coffins on the other side of the room; then it was at the window-panes, and at last at the door. They all looked bewildered, and thought it very strange.

Presently the street-door opened slowly. They saw no one, but heard a deep sigh.

"Pshaw, it's only the wind," said Shrowdwell, and rose to shut the door—when right before them stood the cadaverous stranger. They were all so startled that not a word was spoken.

"I have come for my coffin," the stranger said, in a sepulchral whisper. "Is it done?"

"Yes, sir," said Shrowdwell. "It's all ready. Where shall we send it?"

"I take it with me," said the stranger in the same whisper. "Where is it?"

"But it's too heavy for you to carry," said the undertaker.

"That's my affair," he answered.

"Well, of course you are the best judge whether you can carry it or not. But perhaps you have a cart outside, or a porter?"

All this while the lamp had burned so dim that they couldn't see the features of the unknown. But suddenly, as he drew nearer, it flared up with a sudden blaze, as if possessed,

and they saw that his face was like the face of a corpse. At the same instant an old cat which had been purring quietly by the stove—usually the most grave and decorous of tabbies—started up and glared, and then sprang to the farthest part of the room, her tail puffed out to twice its ordinary size.

They said nothing, but drew back and let him pass toward the strange-looking coffin. He glided toward it, and taking it under his arm, as if it were no heavier than a small basket, moved toward the door, which seemed to open of its own accord, and he vanished into the street.

"Let's follow him," said the undertaker, "and see where he's going. You know I don't believe in ghosts. I've seen too many dead bodies for that. This is some crazy gentleman, depend on it; and we ought to see that he doesn't do himself any harm. Come!"

The three young men didn't like the idea of following this stranger in the dark, whether he were living or dead. And yet they liked no better being left in the dimly-lighted room among the coffins. So they all sallied out, and caught a glimpse of the visitor just turning the corner.

They walked quickly in that direction.

"He's going to the church," said Spindles. "No, he's turning toward the graveyard. See, he has gone right through the iron gate! And yet it was locked! He has disappeared among the trees!"

"We'll wait here at this corner, and watch," said Shrowdwell.

They waited fifteen or twenty minutes, but saw no more of him. They then advanced and peered through the iron railings of the cemetery. The moon was hidden in clouds, which drifted in great masses across the sky, into which rose the tall, dim church-steeple. The wind blew drearily among the leafless trees of the burial-ground. They thought they saw a dark figure moving down toward the north-west corner. Then they heard some of the vault-doors creak open and shut with a heavy thud.

"Those are the tombs of the musicians," whispered the undertaker. "I have seen several of our Handel-and-Haydn Society buried there—two of them, you remember, were taken off by cholera last summer. Ah, well, in the midst of life we are in death; we none of us know when we shall be taken. I have a lot there myself, and expect to lay my bones in it some day."

Presently strange sounds were heard, seeming to come from the corner spoken of. They

were like the confused tuning of an orchestra before a concert—with discords and chromatic runs, up and down, from at least twenty instruments, but all muffled and pent in, as if under ground.

Yet, thought the undertaker, this may be only the wind in the trees. "I wish the moon would come out," he said, "so we could see something. Anyhow, I think it's a Christian duty to go in there, and see after that poor man. He may have taken a notion, you know, to shut himself up in his big fiddle-case, and we ought to see that he don't do himself any injury. Come, will you go?"

"Not I, thank you—nor I—nor I," said they all. "We are going home—we've had enough of this."

"Very well," said the undertaker. "As you please; I'll go alone."

Mr. Shrowdwell was a veritable Sadducee. He believed in death firmly. The only resurrection he acknowledged was the resurrection of a tangible body at some far-off judgment-day. He had no fear of ghosts. But this was not so much a matter of reasoning with him, as temperament, and the constant contact with lifeless bodies.

"When a man's dead," said Shrowdwell, "he's dead, I take it. I never see a man or woman come to life again. Don't the Scriptures say, 'Dust to dust'? It's true that with the Lord nothing is impossible, and at the last day he will summon his elect to meet him in the clouds; but that's a mystery."

And yet he couldn't account for this mysterious visitor passing through the tall iron railings of the gate—if he really *did* pass—for after all it may have been an ocular illusion.

But he determined to go in and see what he could see. He had the key of the cemetery in his pocket. He opened the iron gate and passed in, while the other men stood at a distance. They knew the sexton was proof against spirits of all sorts, airy or liquid; and after waiting a little, they concluded to go home, for the night was cold and dreary—and ghost or no ghost, they couldn't do much good there.

As Shrowdwell approached the north-west corner of the graveyard, he heard those singular musical sounds again. They seemed to come from the vaults and graves, but they mingled so with the rush and moaning of the wind, that he still thought he might be mistaken.

In the farthest corner there stood a large old family vault. It had belonged to a family with an Italian name, the last member of which had been buried there many years ago—and since then had not been opened. The vines

and shrubbery had grown around and over it, partly concealing it.

As he approached it, Shrowdwell observed with amazement that the door was open, and a dense phosphorescent light lit up the interior.

"Oh," he said, "the poor insane gentleman has contrived somehow to get a key to this vault, and has gone in there to commit suicide, and bury himself in his queer coffin—and save the expense of having an undertaker. I must save him, if possible, from such a fate."

As he stood deliberating, he heard the musical sounds again. They came not only from the vault, but from all around. There was the hoarse groaning of a double-bass, answered now and then by a low muffled wail of horns and a scream of flutes, mingled with the pathetic complainings of a violin. Shrowdwell began to think he was dreaming, and rubbed his eyes and his ears to see if he were awake. After considerable tuning and running up and down the scales, the instruments fell into an accompaniment to the double-bass in Beethoven's celebrated song—

"In questa temba oscura
Lasciarmi riposar!
Quando vivevo, ingrata,
Dovevi a me pensar.
Lascia che l'ombra ignada
Godansi in pace almer—
E non bagnar mie cenere
D'inutile vellen!"

The tone was as if the air were played on the harmonic intervals of the instrument, and yet was so weirdly and so wonderfully like a human voice, that Shrowdwell felt as if he had got into some enchanted circle. As the solo drew to its conclusion, the voice that seemed to be in it broke into sobs, and ended in a deep groan.

But the undertaker summoned up his courage, and determined to probe this mystery to the bottom. Coming nearer the vault and looking in, what should he see but the big musical coffin of the cadaverous stranger lying just inside the entrance of the tomb.

The undertaker was convinced that the strange gentleman was the performer of the solo. But where was the instrument? He mustered courage to speak, and was about to offer some comforting and encouraging words. But at the first sound of his voice the lid of the musical coffin, which had been open, slammed to, so suddenly, that the sexton jumped back three feet, and came near tumbling over a tombstone behind him. At the same time the dim phosphorescent light in the vault was extinguished, and there was another groan

from the double-bass in the coffin. The sexton determined to open the case. He stooped over it and listened. He thought he heard inside a sound like putting a key into a padlock. "He mustn't lock himself in," he said, and instantly wrenched open the cover.

Immediately there was a noise like the snapping of strings and the cracking of light wood—then a strange sizzling sound—and then a loud explosion. And the undertaker lay senseless on the ground.

Mrs. Shrowdwell waited for her husband till a late hour, but he did not return. She grew very anxious, and at last determined to put on her bonnet and shawl and step over to Mr. Spindles' boarding-house to know where he could be. That young gentleman was just about retiring, in a very nervous state, after having taken a strong nipper of brandy and water to restore her equanimity. Mrs. Shrowdwell stated her anxieties, and Spindles told her something of the occurrences of the evening. She then urged him to go at once to a police-station and obtain two or three of the town watchmen to visit the graveyard with lanterns and pistols; which, after some delay and demurring on the part of the guardians of the night, and a promise of a reward on the part of Mrs. Shrowdwell, they consented to do.

After some searching the watchmen found the vault, and in front of it poor Shrowdwell lying on his back in a senseless state. They sent for a physician, who administered some stimulants, and gradually brought him to his senses, and upon his legs. He couldn't give any clear account of the adventure. The vault door was closed, and the moonlight lay calm upon the white stones, and no sounds were heard but the wind, now softly purring among the pines and cedars.

They got him home, and, to his wife's joy, found him uninjured. He made light of the affair—told her of the bank-note he had received for the musical coffin, and soon fell soundly asleep.

Next morning he went to his iron safe to reassure himself about the bank-note—for he had an uncanny dream about it. To his amazement and grief it was gone, and in its place was a piece of charred paper.

The undertaker lost himself in endless speculations about this strange adventure, and began to think there was diabolical witchcraft in the whole business, after all.

One day, however, looking over the parish record, he came upon some facts with regard to the Italian family who had owned that vault. On comparing these notes with the re-

miniscences of one or two of the older inhabitants of Boggsville, he made out something like the following history:—

Signor Domerico Pietri, an Italian exile of noble family, had lived in that town some fifty years since. He was of an unsocial, morose disposition, and very proud. His income was small, and his only son Ludovico, who had decided musical talent, determined to seek his fortune in the larger cities, as a performer on the double-bass. It was said his execution on the *harmonic notes* was something marvellous. But his father opposed his course, either from motives of family pride, or wishing him to engage in commerce; and one day, during an angry dispute with him, banished him from his house.

Very little was known of Ludovico Pietri. He lived a wandering life, and suffered from poverty. Finally all trace was lost of him. The old man died, and was buried, along with other relatives, in the Italian vault. The authorities of the Dutch church had permitted this, on Signor Domerico's renouncing Romanism, and joining the Protestants.

But there was a story told of a performer on the double-bass, who played such wild, passionate music, and with such skill, that in his lonely garret, one night, the devil appeared, and offered him a great bag of gold for his big fiddle—proposing at the same time that he should sign a contract that he would not play any more *during his lifetime*—except at his (the fiend's) bidding. The musician, being very poor, accepted the offer and signed the contract, and the devil vanished with his big fiddle. But afterward the poor musician repented the step he had taken, and took it so to heart that he became insane and died.

Now, whether this strange visitor to Mr. Shrowdwell's coffin establishment, who walked the earth in this unhappy frame of mind, was a live man, or the ghost of the poor maniac, was a question which could not be satisfactorily settled.

Some hopeless unbelievers said that the strange big fiddle-case was a box of nitroglycerine or fulminating powder, or an infernal machine; while others as firmly believed that there was something supernatural and uncanny about the affair, but ventured no philosophical theory in the case.

And as for the undertaker, he was such a hopeless sceptic all his life, that he at last came to the conclusion that he must have been dreaming when he had that adventure in the graveyard; and this notwithstanding William Spindles' repeated declarations, and those of

the two other young men (none of whom accompanied Shrowdwell in this visit), that everything happened just as I have related it.

Putnam's Magazine (New York).

YOU REMEMBER THE MAID.

You remember the maid with her dark-brown hair
And her brow where the finger of beauty
Had written her name, and had stamp'd it there,
Till it made adoration a duty!
And you have not forgot how we watched with delight
Each charm, as a new one was given,
Till she grew in our eyes to a vision of light,
And we thought her a spirit from heaven!

And your heart can recall—and mine often goes back,
With a sigh and a tear, to the hours
When we gaz'd on her form, as she follow'd the track
Of the butterfly's wing through the flowers;—
When, in her young joy, she would smile with delight
On its plumage of mingling dyes,
Till she let it go free—and look'd after its flight,
To see if it enter'd the skies!

But she wander'd away from the home of her youth,
One spring, ere the roses were blown!
For she fancied the world was a temple of truth,
And she measured all hearts by her own!—
She fed on a vision and lived on a dream,
And she follow'd it over the wave;
And she sought—where the moon has a milder gleam,
For a home—and they gave her a grave!

There was one whom she loved, though she breathed it
to none,
For love of her soul was a part;—
And he said he loved her, but he left her alone,
With the worm of despair in her heart!
And, oh! with what anguish we counted, each day,
The roses that died on her cheek,
And hung o'er her form as it faded away,
And wept for the beautiful wreck!

She never complain'd—but she loved to the last!
And the tear in her beautiful eye
Often told that her thoughts were gone back to the past,
And the youth who had left her to die!
But mercy came down, and the maid is at rest,
Where the palm-tree sighs o'er her at even;
And the dew that weeps over the turf on her breast,
Is the tear of a far-foreign heaven!

T. K. HERVEY.

BOTHWELL CASTLE.

Ruins and romance have a poetical affinity, which, to the observer, although sometimes sad, is always pleasing. Nowhere is this affinity more perfect than in the precincts of the fine ruins of Bothwell Castle and the old Priory of Blantyre on the Clyde. Wood and water, landscape and memorable associations, combine to endow the place with present beauty and the shadows of past glories. We stand in the midst of a smooth-shaven lawn, the river flowing at our feet; we lift our eyes and, through the surrounding foliage, catch glimpses of the fantastic films of distant smoke—all indicative of the taste, business, and progress of our own day: we take a few steps and stand amidst the tombstones of dead centuries, the mind filled with vague visions of the men and events associated with them in history or fable.

There was the first Master of Bothwell, Walter Olifard, who, ever so long ago, when the second Alexander was King of Scots, dealt out justice in his own rough, and, let us hope, fairly honest way to the inhabitants of the Lothians. After him came the family of the Murrays; and they were succeeded by the English Edward's doughty knight, Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke. It was he who held sway in the stirring times when Wallace was struggling for the liberties of his country, and earning all the undying fame which can be given by a nation's love and a nation's song and legend. In this same castle, says the story, De Valence opened negotiations with the faithless Sir John Menteith for the betrayal of his friend and chief, Wallace. For his share in this conspiracy tradition visited De Valence with a heavy punishment, for it tells us that "this earl (Pembroke) seemed to have a divine interdiction depending over him;" he never prospered after, and he fell in a tournament on his bridal morning, thus leaving his unhappy lady "maid, bride, and widow." It is amusing to note, however, that he had been wed twice before.

Then came the triumph of Bruce, and he gave the castle to his sister Christian's husband, Andrew Murray, Lord Bothwell. With their granddaughter the castle passed to the hands of Archibald, the Grim Douglas, and remained with that family until forfeited by them in the time of James II. Lord Crichton was the next Master of Bothwell; and now the lands begin to be divided, for his lordship parted with the moor and forest to Lord Hamilton in exchange for the lands of Kingswell. After

Crichton appears Lord Monipenny; he enjoyed possession for a space during the minority of the third James, who, upon attaining his majority, altered his mind about the destination of Bothwell, took it from the then owner and gave it to his favourite, Sir John Ramsay. The latter was the same John Ramsay who, when the king's favourites were hung at Lauder, saved his neck by clinging to the king's knees and crying for mercy: his youth, his abject terror, and the king's supplication, induced the fierce barons to spare his life. Ramsay was subsequently involved in some very ugly-looking transactions with the English court, threatening the life of the Scottish monarch. Be that as it may, the fourth James gave the castle to Adam Hepburn, the forebear of the most famous or infamous of the Earls of Bothwell—he who bears the blame of Darnley's murder, and who married Darnley's unfortunate widow. Francis Stewart, son of the Abbot of Kelso (the latter was a natural son of James V.), became the next possessor; but he, too, forfeited the estate, which was bestowed upon the Lairds of Buccleugh and Roxburgh, from whom the Marquis of Hamilton acquired the superiority and patronage of the lordship. The Earl of Angus obtained the castle and a third of the lordship in exchange for the lordship of Liddisdale; and he and his son Archibald, early in the seventeenth century, began to dispose of part of the land in feus, retaining, however, the castle and mains of Bothwell. For a short time Archibald, Earl of Forfar—who died of wounds received at Sherrifmuir—enjoyed possession of the castle and mains as his patrimonial portion; but on his death they reverted to the Douglas family.

What vicissitudes, what tragedies and comedies, what petty speculations, and what grand passions lie under this list of the changes of years! What a gay time there must have been in the castle during the twenty-six days spent there by Edward III.; and what a commotion when, two years later, the Scots besieged the place and took it from the English. As a contrast we have the Marquis of Montrose, showing his respect for learning, sitting there in the midst of turmoil, and burdened with the anxieties of his high enterprise, calmly writing a pass for Drummond of Hawthornden, so that the poet might move in safety throughout his camp. It would be curious to compare the impression the scene made upon the poet of the seventeenth century with the experiences of the poet of our own century. Here is what Wordsworth thought of Bothwell and its surroundings:—

"It was exceedingly delightful to enter thus unexpectedly upon such a beautiful region. The castle stands nobly overlooking the Clyde. When we came up to it I was hurt to see that flower-borders had taken place of the natural overgrowings of the ruin, the scattered stones, and wild plants. It is a large and grand pile of red freestone, harmonizing perfectly with the rocks of the river, from which no doubt it has been hewn. When I was a little accustomed to the unnaturalness of a modern garden, I could not help admiring the excessive beauty and luxuriance of some of the plants, particularly the purple-flowered clematis, and a broad-leaved creeping plant without flowers, which scrambled up the castle-wall along with the ivy, and spread its vine-like branches so lavishly that it seemed to be in its natural situation, and one could not help thinking that though not self-planted among the ruins of this country, it must somewhere have its native abode in such places. If Bothwell Castle had not been close to the Douglas mansion, we should have been disgusted with the possessor's miserable conception of adorning such a venerable ruin; but it is so very near to the house that of necessity the pleasure-grounds must have extended beyond it, and perhaps the neatness of a shaven lawn and the complete desolation natural to a ruin might have made an unpleasing contrast; and besides being within the precincts of the pleasure-grounds, and so very near to the dwelling of a noble family, it has forfeited, in some degree, its independent majesty, and becomes a tributary to the mansion; its solitude being interrupted, it has no longer the command over the mind in sending it back into past times, or excluding the ordinary feelings which we bear about us in daily life. . . . We sat upon a bench under the high trees and had beautiful views of the different reaches of the river, above and below. On the opposite bank, which is finely wooded with elms and other trees, are the remains of a priory built upon a rock; and rock and ruin are so blended that it is impossible to separate the one from the other. Nothing can be more beautiful than the little remnant of this holy place: elm-trees grow out of the walls and overshadow a small but very elegant window. It can scarcely be conceived what a grace the castle and priory impart to each other; and the river Clyde flows on, smooth and unruffled below, seeming to my thoughts more in harmony with the sober and stately images of former times, than if it had roared over a rocky channel, forcing its sound upon the ear. It blended gently with the warbling of the smaller birds and the chatter-

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ing of the larger ones, that had made their nests in the ruins. In this fortress the chief of the English nobility were confined after the battle of Bannockburn. If a man is to be a prisoner, he scarcely could have a more pleasant place to solace to his captivity."

In a sonnet written during a tour in Scotland, Wordsworth says:—

"Immured in Bothwell's towers, at times the Brave
(So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to mourn
The liberty they lost at Bannockburn.
Once on those steepes I roamed at large, and have
In mind the landscape as if still in sight:
The river glides, the woods before me wave,

Memory, like sleep, hath powers which dreams obey,
Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not fugitive:
How little that she cherishes is lost!"

The real force of these last lines will be realized best by the light of the pretty story so quaintly told by old Richard Verstegan in his book published at Antwerp in 1605, and entitled *A Restitution of Decayed Intelligence in Antiquities concerning the most noble and renowned English Nation*. This is the story:—

"So fell it out of late years that an English gentleman travelling in Palestine, not far from Jerusalem, as he passed through a country town, he heard by chance a woman, sitting at the door dandling her child, to sing—

"On the blythe Beltane, as I went
By myself attour the green bent,
Wharby the glaucand waves of Clyde
Through haughs and hangand hazels glide,
There, sadly sitting on a brae,
I heard a damsel speak her wae.

"Oh Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair,
But, ah, thou mak'st my heart fu' sair;
For a' beneath thy holts sae green
My love and I wad sit at e'en;
While primroses and daisies, mixed
With blue-bells, in my locks he fixed.

"But he left me ae dreary day,
And haply now sleeps in the clay;
Without ae sigh his death to roun,
Without ae flour his grave to croun!
Oh, Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair,
But, ah, thou mak'st my heart fu' sair."

"The gentleman hereat exceedingly wondered, and forthwith, in English, saluted the woman, who joyfully answered him, and said—She was right glad there to see a gentleman of our isle; and told him that she was a Scotch woman, and came first from Scotland to Venice, and from Venice thither; where her fortune was to be the wife of an officer under the Turk, who being at that instant absent and very soon to return, she entreated the gentleman to stay there until his return. The which he did; and she, for country's sake, to show herself more kind and bountiful unto him, told her husband

at his home-coming that the gentleman was her kinsman; whereupon her husband entertained him very kindly, and at his departure gave him divers things of good value." Mr. Robert Chambers very aptly commented upon the song and anecdote, that the traveller could never have enjoyed such privileges "had not Bothwell bank bloomed fair to a poet's eye, and been the scene of some passion not less tender than unfortunate."

BOTHWELL BRIGG.

BY JAMES HOGG.

"Oh what is become o' your leal goodman,
That now you are a' your lane?
If he has join'd wi' the rebel gang,
You will never see him again."

"O say nae 'the rebel gang,' ladye;
It's a term nae heart can thole,
For them wha rebel against their God,
It is justice to control.

"When rank oppression rends the heart,
And rules wi' stroke o' death,
Wha wadna spend their dear heart's blood
For the tenets o' their faith?

"Then sae nae 'the rebel gang,' ladye,
For it gies me muckle pain;
My John went away with Earlstoun,
And I'll never see either again."

"O wae is my heart for thee, Janet,
O sair is my heart for thee!
These Covenant men were ill advised;
They are fools, you may credit me.

"Where's a' their boastfu' preaching now,
Against their king and law,
When mony a head in death lies low,
And mony mae maun fa'?"

"Ay, but death lasts no for aye, ladye,
For the grave maun yield its prey;
And when we meet on the verge of heaven,
We'll see wha are fools that day:

"We'll see wha looks in their Saviour's face
With holiest joy and pride,
Whether they who shed his servants' blood,
Or those that for him died.

"I wadna be the highest dame
That ever this country knew,
And take my chance to share the doom
Of that persecuting crew.

"Then ca' us na 'rebel gang,' ladye,
Nor take us fools to be,
For there isna ane o' a' that gang
Wad change his state wi' thee."

"O weel may you be, my poor Janet,
May blessings on you combine!
The better you are in either state,
The less shall I repine;

"But wi' your fightings and your faith,
Your ravings and your rage,
There you have lost a leal helpmate,
In the blossom of his age.

"And what's to come o' ye, my poor Janet,
Wi' these twa babies sweet?
Ye hae naeboddy now to work for them,
Or bring you a meal o' meat!

"It is that which makes my heart sae wae,
And gars me, while scarce aware,
Whiles say the things I wadna say
Of them that can err nae mair."

Poor Janet kiss'd her youngest babe,
And the tears fell on his cheek,
And they fell upon his swaddling-bands,
For her heart was like to break.

"Oh little do I ken, my dear, dear babes,
What misery's to be mine!
But for the cause we hae espoused,
I will yield my life and thine.

"Oh had I a friend, as I hae nane,—
For nane dare own me now,—
That I might send to Bothwell Brigg,
If the killers wad but allow,

"To lift the corpse of my brave John:
I ken where they will him find,—
He wad meet his God's foes face to face,
And he'll hae nae wound behind."

"But I went to Bothwell Brigg, Janet,—
There was nane durst hinder me,—
For I wantit to hear a' I could hear,
And to see what I could see;

"And there I found your brave husband,
As viewing the dead my lane;
He was lying in the very foremost rank,
In the midst of a heap o' slain."

Then Janet held up her hands to heaven,
And she grat, and she tore her hair,
"O sweet ladye, O dear ladye,
Dinna tell me ony mair!

"There is a hope will linger within,
When earthly hope is vain,
But, when aye kens the very worst,
It turns the heart to stane!"

"Oh wae is my heart, John Carr," said I,
'That I this sight should see!'
But when I said these wae'fu' words,
He lifted his een to me.

"O art thou there, my kind ladye,
The best o' this world's breed,
And are you ganging your leufu' lane
Among the hapless dead?"

"I hae servants within my ca', John Carr,
And a chariot in the dell,
And if there is ony hope o' life,
I will carry you hame mysell."

"O lady, there is nae hope o' life;
And what were life to me?
Wad ye save me frae the death of a man,
To hang on a gallows-tree?"

"I hae nae hame to fly to now,
Nae country, and nae kin;
There is not a door in fair Scotland
Durst open to let me in.

"But I hae a loving wife at hame,
And twa babies, dear to me;
They hae naeboddy now that dares favour them,
And of hunger they a' maun dee.

"Oh for the sake of thy Saviour dear,
Whose mercy thou hopest to share,
Dear lady, take the sackless things
A wee beneath thy care!

"A lang farewell, my kind ladye!
O'er weel I ken thy worth.
Gae send me a drink o' the water o' Clyde,
For my last drink on earth."

"O dinna tell me ony mair, ladye,
For my heart is cauld as clay;
There is a spear that pierces here,
Frae every word ye say."

"He wadna feared to dee, Janet,—
For he gloried in his death,
And wish'd to be laid with those who had bled
For the same endearing faith.

"There were three wounds in his buirdly breast,
And his limb was broke in twain,
And the sweat ran down wi' his red heart's
blood,
Wrung out by the deadly pain.

"I row'd my apron round his head,
For fear my men should tell,
And I hid him in my lord's castle,
And I nursed him there mysell.

"And the best leeches in a' the land
Have tended him as he lay,
And he never has lack'd my helping hand
By night nor yet by day.

"I durstna tell you before, Janet,
For I fear'd his life was gane,
But now he's sae weel, ye may visit him,
And ye'se meet by yoursell's alane."

Then Janet she fell at her lady's feet,
And she claspit them fervently,
And she steepit them a' wi' the tears o' joy,
Till the good lady wept to see.

"Oh ye are an angel sent frae heaven,
To lighten calamity!
For, in distress, a friend or foe
Is a' the same to thee.

"If good deeds count in heaven, ladye,
Eternal bliss to share,
Ye hae done a deed will save your soul,
Though ye should never do mair."

"Get up, get up, my kind Janet,
But never trow tongue or pen,
That a' the world are lost to good,
Except the Covenant men."

Wha wadna hae shared that lady's joy
When watching the wounded hind,
Rather than those of the feast and the dance,
Which her kind heart resign'd?

Wha wadna rather share that lady's fate,
When the stars shall melt away,
Than that of the sternest anchorite,
That can naething but graen and pray?

THE LOVERS' MOUNTAIN.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

We forget in what book it was, many years ago, that we read the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a mountain, and how he did win her, and how they ended their days on the same spot.¹

We think the scene was in Switzerland; but the mountain, though enough to tax his stout heart to the uttermost, must have been among

¹ The story forms the subject of Mr. Moir's poem of *Genevieve*.

the lowest. Let us fancy it a good lofty hill in the summer time. It was, at any rate, so high, that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for a young man so burdened to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn, he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his.

The peasantry assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes; they communed with one another and shook their heads; but all admired the young man; and some of his fellows, looking at their mistresses, thought they could do as much. The father was on horseback, apart and sullen, repenting that he had subjected his daughter even to the show of such a hazard; but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson. The young man (though a small land proprietor, who had some pretensions to wealth, though none to nobility) stood, respectful-looking but confident, rejoicing in his heart that he should win his mistress, though at the cost of a noble pain, which he could hardly think of as a pain, considering who it was that he was to carry. If he died for it, he should at least have her in his arms, and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person in that manner was a pleasure which he contemplated with such transport as is known only to real lovers; for none others know how respect heightens the joy of dispensing with formality, and how the dispensing with the formality ennobles and makes grateful the respect.

The lady stood by the side of her father, pale, desirous, and dreading. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his strength and valour. Great fears came over her nevertheless. She knew not what might happen in the chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task: and dared neither to look at her father nor the mountain. She fixed her eyes now on the crowd (which nevertheless she beheld not) and now on her hand and her fingers' ends, which she doubled up towards her with a pretty pretence—the only deception she had ever used. Once or twice a daughter or a mother slipped out of the crowd, and coming up to her, notwithstanding their fears of the lord baron, kissed that hand which she knew not what to do with.

The father said, "Now, sir, to put an end to this mummery;" and the lover, turning pale for the first time, took up the lady.

The spectators rejoice to see the manner in

which he moves off, slow but secure, and as if encouraging his mistress. They mount the hill; they proceed well; he halts an instant, before he gets midway, and seems refusing something; then ascends at a quicker rate; and now being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a great shout. The baron, with an air of indifference, bites the tip of his gauntlet, and then casts on them an eye of rebuke. At the shout the lover resumes his way. Slow, but not feeble in his step, yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they think they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The women begin to tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again; he is half-way between the middle and the top; he rushes, he stoops, he staggers; but he does not fall. Another shout from the men and he resumes once more; two-thirds of the remaining part of the way are conquered. They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead and on the eyes. The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slower than ever, but seeming to be more sure. He halts, but it is only to plant his foot to go on again; and thus he picks his way, planting his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort. The lady lifts up her arms as if to lighten him. See: he is almost at the top: he stoops, he struggles, he moves sideways, taking very little steps, and bringing one foot every time close to the other. Now—he is all but on the top: he halts again; he is fixed; he staggers. A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly he turns full front towards the top; it is luckily almost a level; he staggers, but it is forward. Yes—every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it would assist him—see at last: he is *on* the top; and down he falls flat with his burden. An enormous shout! He has won. Now he has a right to caress his mistress, and she is caressing him, for neither of them gets up. If he has fainted, it is with joy, and it is in her arms.

The baron put spurs to his horse, the crowd following him. Half-way he is obliged to dismount; they ascend the rest of the hill together, the crowd silent and happy, the baron ready to burst with shame and impatience. They reach the top. The lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both hands, his lying on each side.

"Traitor!" exclaimed the baron, "thou hast practised this feat before on purpose to deceive me. Arise!" "You cannot expect it, sir," said a worthy man, who was rich enough

to speak his mind: "Samson himself might take his rest after such a deed."

"Part them!" said the baron.

Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate and keep them together. These people look close; they kneel down; they bend an ear; they bury their faces upon them. "God forbid they should ever be parted more," said a venerable man; "they never can be." He turned his old face streaming with tears, and looked up at the baron: "Sir, they are dead!"

REMEMBRANCE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALFRED DE MUSSET.

When back I venture to this sacred spot,
I thought to suffer, while I hoped to weep;
Thou dearest of all graves, yet minded not,
Where only memories sleep.

What feared ye then, friends, of this solitude?
Why sought ye thus to take me by the hand,
Just when old habit and old charm renewed
Led me to where I stand?

I know them in their bloom, the hills and heath;
The silver footfalls on the silent ground;
The quiet walks, sweetened by lovers' breath,
Where her arm clasped me round;

I know the fir-trees in their sombre green;
My giant-friends that, murmuring along
The careless by-ways of the deep ravine,
Once lulled me with their song;

The corpses, where my whole youth as I pass
Wakes like a flight of birds to melody;
Sweet scenes, fair desert where my mistress was,
Have ye not looked for me?

Oh, let them flow; I love them as they rise
From my yet bleeding heart, the welcome tears;
Seek not to dry them; leave upon mine eyes
This veil of the dead years!

Yet will I with no vain lament alarm
These echoing woods that in my joys had part;
Proud is the forest in its tranquil charm,
And proud, too, is my heart.

In idle moan let others waste the hours,
Who kneel and pray beside some loved one's bier;
All in this place breathes life; the churchyard flowers
Grow not nor blossom here.

Athwart the leafy shade, bright moon, I see thee;
Thy face is clouded yet, fair queen of night;
But from the dark horizon thou dost free thee,
Widening into light.

As 'neath thy rays, from earth yet moist with rain,
The perfumes of the day together roll,
So pure and calm springs my old love again
From out my softened soul.

The troubles of my life are past and gone;
And age and youth in fancy reconciled;
This friendly valley I but look upon,
And am once more a child.

O mighty Time! O light years lightly fled!
Ye bear away all tears and griefs of ours;
But ye are pitiful, and never tread
Upon our faded flowers.

All blessings wait upon your healing wing:
I had not thought that wound like mine would wear
So keen an edge, and that the suffering
Could be so sweet to bear.

Hence, all ye idle names for frivolous woes,
And formal sorrow's customary pall,
Paraded over bygone loves by those
Who never loved at all.

Dante, why saidst thou that no grief is worse
Than to remember happiness in woe?
What spite dictated thee that bitter verse,
Insulting misery so?

Is it less true that there is light on high—
Forget we day—soon as night's wings are spread?
Is 't thou, great soul, sorrowing immortally,
Is 't thou who thus hast said?

Nay, by yon torch whose splendour lighteth me,
Ne'er did thy heart such blasphemy profess;
A happy memory on earth may be
More real than happiness.

H. C. MERIVALE.

LAST NIGHT.

I sat with one I love last night,
I heard a sweet, an olden strain,
In other days it woke delight,—
Last night but pain!

Last night I saw the stars arise,
But clouds soon dimm'd the ether blue,
And when we sought each other's eyes,
Tears dimm'd them too.

We paced along our favourite walk,
But paced in silence broken-hearted,
Of old we used to smile and talk—
Last night we parted!

Oh! grief can give the blight of years,
The stony impress of the dead,
We look'd farewell through blinding tears,
And then hope fled!

MISS JEWSEBURY.

THE WOW O' RIVVEN.

[George Mac Donald, LL.D., born at Huntly, 1825; poet and novelist. Mr. Mac Donald was for a short time an Independent Minister. But changing his opinions, he became a lay-member of the Church of England. Since when he has devoted himself to literature, making that a channel for the high moral and spiritual influences of his very noble character. His first work, *Within and Without*, a dramatic poem, appeared in 1855. In 1857 he published a volume of *Poems*; and in 1858, *Phantastes, a Faërie Romance*. But he is best known as a writer of novels, and among those that have made him most popular are *Alec Forbes of Howglen*; *David Elginbrod*; *Robert Falconer*; *Malcolm*; *Str Gibbie*; *Donald Grant*, &c. He has also written a number of tales for young people including *At the Back of the North Wind*; *the Princess and the Goblin*; *A Rough Shaking*, &c. His works display delicate perception of character and poetical sympathy with nature; but above all, and evidently foremost in the writer's thought, is the earnest aspiration to reveal the conditions and beauties of a pure, spiritual life.]

Elsie Scott had let her work fall on her knees, and her hands on her work, and was looking out of the wide, low window of her room, which was on one of the ground-floors of the village street. Through a gap in the household shrubbery of fuchsias and myrtles filling the window-sill, one passing on the foot-pavement might get a momentary glimpse of her pale face, lighted up with two blue eyes, over which some inward trouble had spread a faint, gauze-like haziness. But almost before her thoughts had had time to wander back to this trouble, a shout of children's voices, at the other end of the street, reached her ear. She listened a moment. A shadow of displeasure and pain crossed her countenance; and rising hastily, she betook herself to an inner apartment, and closed the door behind her.

Meantime the sounds drew nearer; and by-and-by an old man, whose strange appearance and dress showed that he had little capacity either for good or evil, passed the window. His clothes were comfortable enough in quality and condition, for they were the annual gift of a benevolent lady in the neighbourhood; but, being made to accommodate his taste, both known and traditional, they were somewhat peculiar in cut and adornment. Both coat and trousers were of a dark gray cloth; but the former, which in its shape partook of the military, had a straight collar of yellow, and narrow cuffs of the same; while upon both sleeves, about the place where a corporal wears his stripes, was expressed, in the same yellow cloth, a somewhat singular device. It was as close an imitation of a bell, with its tongue hanging out of its mouth, as the tailor's skill could produce from a single piece of cloth. The origin

of the military cut of his coat was well known. His preference for it arose in the time of the wars of the first Napoleon, when the threatened invasion of the country caused the organization of many volunteer regiments. The martial show and exercises captivated the poor man's fancy; and from that time forward nothing pleased his vanity, and consequently conciliated his good-will more, than to style him by his favourite title—the *Colonel*. But the badge on his arm had a deeper origin, which will be partially manifest in the course of the story—if story it can be called. It was, indeed, the baptism of the fool, the outward and visible sign of his relation to the infinite and unseen. His countenance, however, although the features were not of any peculiarly low or animal type, showed no corresponding sign of the consciousness of such a relation, being as vacant as human countenance could well be.

The cause of Elsie's annoyance was that the fool was annoyed; he was followed by a troop of boys, who turned his rank into scorn, and assailed him with epithets hateful to him. Although the most harmless of creatures when let alone, he was dangerous when roused; and now he stooped repeatedly to pick up stones and hurl them at his tormentors, who took care, while abusing him, to keep at a considerable distance, lest he should get hold of them. Amidst the sounds of derision that followed him, might be heard the words frequently repeated—"Come hame, come hame." But in a few minutes the noise ceased, either from the interference of some friendly inhabitant, or that the boys grew weary, and departed in search of other amusement. By-and-by Elsie might be seen again at her work in the window; but the cloud over her eyes was deeper, and her whole face more sad.

Indeed, so much did the persecution of this poor man affect her, that an onlooker would have been compelled to seek the cause in some yet deeper sympathy than that commonly felt for the oppressed, even by women. And such a sympathy existed, strange as it may seem, between the beautiful girl (for many called her a *bonnie lassie*) and this "tatter of humanity." Nothing would have been further from the thoughts of those that knew them, than the supposition of any correspondence or connection between them; yet this sympathy sprang in part from a real similarity in their history and present condition.

All the facts that were known about *Fee Jock's* origin were these: that seventy years ago, a man who had gone with his horse and cart some miles from the village, to fetch home

a load of peat from a desolate *moss*, had heard, while toiling along as rough a road on as lonely a hill-side as any in Scotland, the cry of a child; and, searching about, had found the infant, hardly wrapped in rags, and untended, as if the earth herself had just given him birth,—that desert moor, wide and dismal, broken and watery, the only bosom for him to lie upon, and the cold, clear night-heaven his only covering. The man had brought him home, and the parish had taken parish-care of him. He had grown up, and proved what he now was—almost an idiot. Many of the townspeople were kind to him, and employed him in fetching water for them from the river or wells in the neighbourhood, paying him for his trouble in victuals, or whisky, of which he was very fond. He seldom spoke; and the sentences he could utter were few; yet the tone, and even the words of his limited vocabulary, were sufficient to express gratitude and some measure of love towards those who were kind to him, and hatred of those who teased and insulted him. He lived a life without aim, and apparently to no purpose; in this resembling most of his more gifted fellow-men, who, with all the tools and materials necessary for building a noble mansion, are yet content with a clay hut.

Elsie, on the contrary, had been born in a comfortable farm-house, amidst homeliness and abundance. But at a very early age she had lost both father and mother; not so early, however, but that she had faint memories of warm soft times on her mother's bosom, and of refuge in her mother's arms from the attacks of geese, and the pursuit of pigs. Therefore, in after-times, when she looked forward to heaven, it was as much a reverting to the old heavenly times of childhood and mother's love, as an anticipation of something yet to be revealed. Indeed, without some such memory, how should we ever picture to ourselves a perfect rest? But sometimes it would seem as if the more a heart was made capable of loving, the less it had to love; and poor Elsie, in passing from a mother's to a brother's guardianship, felt a change of spiritual temperature too keen. He was not a bad man, or incapable of benevolence when touched by the sight of want in anything of which he would himself have felt the privation; but he was so coarsely made, that only the purest animal necessities affected him, and a hard word, or unfeeling speech, could never have reached the quick of his nature, through the hide that inclosed it. Elsie, on the contrary, was excessively and painfully sensitive, as if her nature constantly

protended an invisible multitude of half-spiritual, half-nervous antennæ, which shrank and trembled in every current of air at all below their own temperature. The effect of this upon her behaviour was such that she was called odd; and the poor girl felt she was not like other people, yet could not help it. Her brother, too, laughed at her without the slightest idea of the pain he occasioned, or the remotest feeling of curiosity as to what the inward and consistent causes of the outward abnormal condition might be. Tenderness was the divine comforting she needed; and it was altogether absent from her brother's character and behaviour.

Her neighbours looked on her with some interest, but they rather shunned than courted her acquaintance; especially after the return of certain nervous attacks to which she had been subject in childhood, and which were again brought on by the events I must relate. It is curious how certain diseases repel, by a kind of awe, the sympathies of the neighbours: as if, by the fact of being subject to them, the patient were removed into another realm of existence, from which, like the dead with the living, she can hold communion with those around her only partially, and with a mixture of dread pervading the intercourse. Thus some of the deepest, purest wells of spiritual life, are, like those in old castles, choked up by the decay of the outer walls. But what tended more than anything, perhaps, to keep up the painful unrest of her soul (for the beauty of her character was evident in the fact, that the irritation seldom reached her *mind*), was a circumstance at which, in its present connection, some of my readers will smile, and others feel a shudder corresponding in kind to that of Elsie.

Her brother was very fond of a rather small, but ferocious-looking bull-dog, which followed close at his heels, wherever he went, with hanging head and slouching gait, never leaping or racing about like other dogs. When in the house, he always lay under his master's chair. He seemed to dislike Elsie, and she felt an unspeakable repugnance to him. Though she never mentioned her aversion, her brother easily saw it by the way in which she avoided the animal; and attributing it entirely to fear—which indeed had a great share in the matter—he would cruelly aggravate it, by telling her stories of the fierce hardihood and relentless persistency of this kind of animal. He dared not yet further increase her terror by offering to set the creature upon her, because it was doubtful whether he might be able to restrain him; but the mental suffering which he occa-

sioned by this heartless conduct, and for which he had no sympathy, was as severe as many bodily sufferings to which he would have been sorry to subject her. Whenever the poor girl happened inadvertently to pass near the dog, which was seldom, a low growl made her aware of his proximity, and drove her to a quick retreat. He was, in fact, the animal impersonation of the animal opposition which she had continually to endure. Like chooses like; and the bull-dog in her brother made choice of the bull-dog out of him for his companion. So her day was one of shrinking fear and multiform discomfort.

But a nature capable of so much distress must of necessity be capable of a corresponding amount of pleasure; and in her case this was manifest in the fact, that sleep and the quiet of her own room restored her wonderfully. If she was only let alone, a calm mood, filled with images of pleasure, soon took possession of her mind.

Her acquaintance with the fool had commenced some ten years previous to the time I write of, when she was quite a little girl, and had come from the country with her brother, who, having taken a small farm close to the town, preferred residing in the town to occupying the farm-house, which was not comfortable. She looked at first with some terror on his uncouth appearance, and with much wonderment on his strange dress. This wonder was heightened by a conversation she overheard one day in the street, between the fool and a little pale-faced boy, who, approaching him respectfully, said, "Weel, cornel!" "Weel, laddie!" was the reply. "Fat dis the wow say, cornel?" "Come hame, come hame!" answered the colonel, with both accent and quantity heaped on the word *hame*. What the *wow* could be, she had no idea; only, as the years passed on, the strange word became in her mind indescribably associated with the strange shape in yellow cloth on his sleeves. Had she been a native of the town, she could not have failed to know its import, so familiar was every one with it, although it did not belong to the local vocabulary; but, as it was, years passed away before she discovered its meaning. And when, again and again, the fool, attempting to convey his gratitude for some kindness she had shown him, mumbled over the words—"The *wow o' Riven—the wow o' Riven*," the wonder would return as to what could be the idea associated with them in his mind, but she made no advance towards their explanation.

That, however, which most attracted her to the old man, was his persecution by the chil-

dren. They were to him what the bull-dog was to her—the constant source of irritation and annoyance. They could hardly hurt him, nor did he appear to dread other injury from them than insult, to which, fool though he was, he was keenly alive. Human gad-flies that they were! they sometimes stung him beyond endurance, and he would curse them in the impotence of his anger. Once or twice Elsie had been so far carried beyond her constitutional timidity, by sympathy for the distress of her friend, that she had gone out and talked to the boys,—even scolded them, so that they slunk away ashamed, and began to stand as much in dread of her as of the clutches of their prey. So she, gentle and timid to excess, acquired among them the reputation of a termagant. Popular opinion among children, as among men, is often just, but as often very unjust; for the same manifestations may proceed from opposite principles; and, therefore, as indices to character, may mislead as often as enlighten.

Next door to the house in which Elsie resided, dwelt a tradesman and his wife, who kept an indefinite sort of shop, in which various kinds of goods were exposed for sale. Their youngest son was about the same age as Elsie; and while they were rather more than children, and less than young people, he spent many of his evenings with her, somewhat to the loss of position in his classes at the parish school. They were, indeed, much attached to each other; and, peculiarly constituted as Elsie was, one may imagine what kind of heavenly messenger a companion stronger than herself must have been to her. In fact, if she could have framed the undefinable need of her child-like nature into an articulate prayer, it would have been—"Give me some one to love me stronger than I." Any love was helpful, yes, in its degree saving to her poor troubled soul; but the hope, as they grew older together, that the powerful, yet tender-hearted youth, really loved her, and would one day make her his wife, was like the opening of heavenly eyes of life and love in the hitherto blank and deathlike face of her existence. But nothing had been said of love, although they met and parted like lovers.

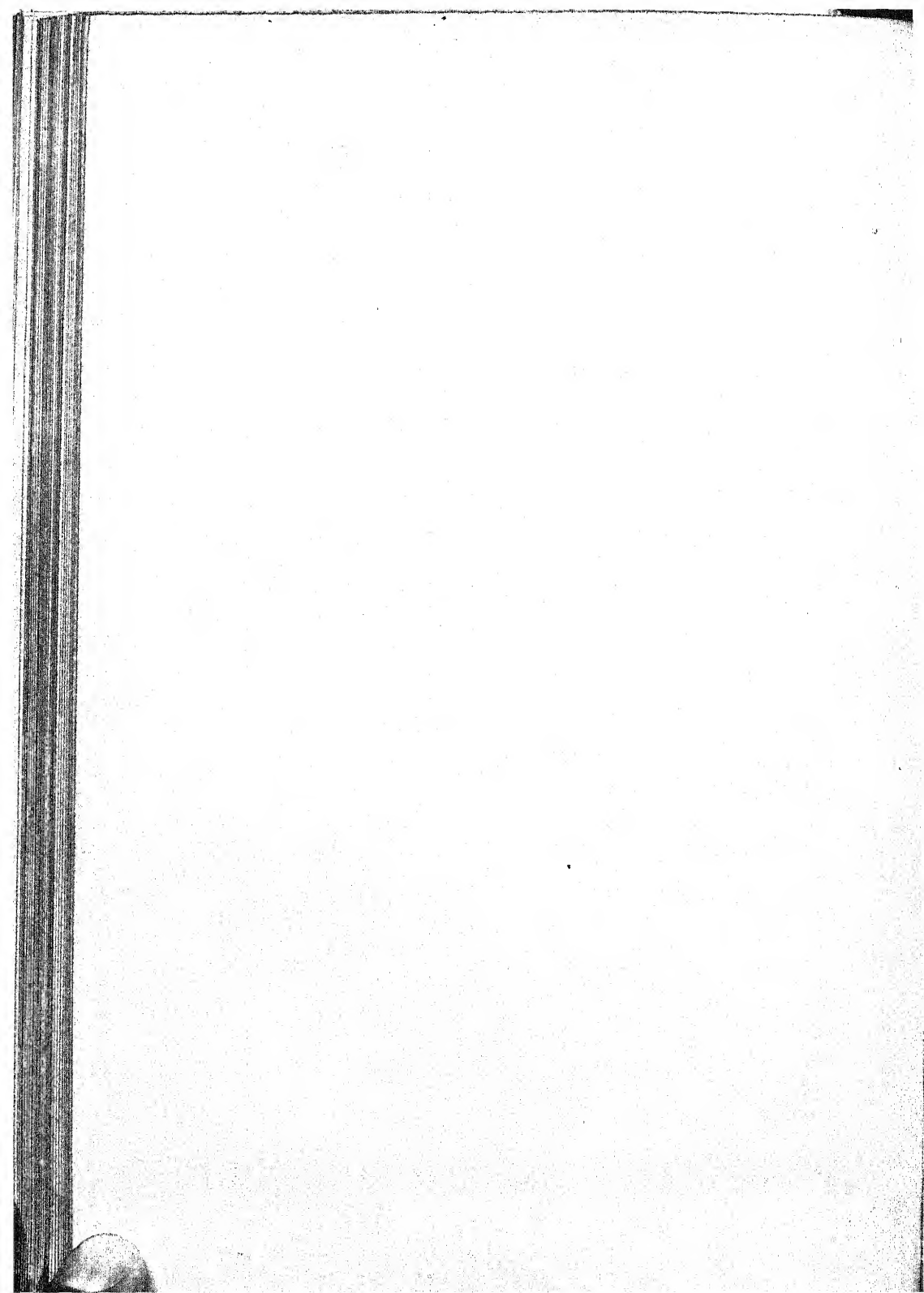
Doubtless, if the circles of their thought and feeling had continued as now to intersect each other, there would have been no interruption to their affection; but the time at length arrived when the old couple, seeing the rest of their family comfortably settled in life, resolved to make a gentleman of the youngest; and so sent him from school to college. The facilities existing in Scotland for providing a professional



G. P. JACOMB HOOD.

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"SHE SAT IN THE CHURCHYARD . . . AND THERE, BESIDE HER,
STOOD THE FOOL."



training enabled them to educate him as a surgeon. He parted from Elsie with some regret; but, far less dependent on her than she was on him, and full of the prospects of the future, he felt none of that sinking at the heart which seemed to lay her whole nature open to a fresh inroad of all the terrors and sorrows of her peculiar existence. No correspondence took place between them. New pursuits and relations and the development of his tastes and judgments, entirely altered the position of poor Elsie in his memory. Having been, during their intercourse, far less of a man than she of a woman, he had no definite idea of the place he had occupied in her regard; and in his mind she receded into the background of the past, without his having any idea that she would suffer thereby, or that he was unjust towards her; while, in her thoughts, his image stood in the highest and clearest relief. It was the centre-point from which and towards which all lines radiated and converged, and although she could not but be doubtful about the future, yet there was much hope mingled with her doubts.

But when, at the close of two years, he visited his native village, and she saw before her, instead of the homely youth who had left her that winter evening, one who, to her inexperienced eyes appeared a finished gentleman, her heart sank within her, as if she had found Nature herself false in her ripening processes, destroying the beautiful promise of a former year by changing instead of developing her creations. He spoke kindly to her, but not cordially. To her ear the voice seemed to come from a great distance out of the past; and while she looked upon him, that optical change passed over her vision which all have experienced after gazing abstractedly on any object for a time: his form grew very small, and receded to an immeasurable distance; till, her imagination mingling with the twilight haze of her senses, she seemed to see him standing far off on a hill, with the bright horizon of sunset for a background to his clearly-defined figure.

She knew no more till she found herself in bed in the dark; and the first message that reached her from the outward world was the infernal growl of the bull-dog from the room below. Next day she saw her lover walking with two ladies, who would have thought it some degree of condescension to speak to her; and he passed the house without once looking towards it.

One who is sufficiently possessed by the demon of nervousness to be glad of the magnetic influences of a friend's company in a public

promenade, or of a horse beneath him in passing through a churchyard, will have some faint idea of how utterly exposed and defenceless poor Elsie now felt on the crowded thoroughfare of life. And so the insensibility which had overtaken her was not the ordinary swoon with which nature relieves the overstrained nerves, but the return of the epileptic fits of her early childhood; and if the condition of the poor girl had been pitiable before, it was tenfold more so now. Yet she did not complain, but bore all in silence, though it was evident that her health was giving way. But now, help came to her from a strange quarter; though many might not be willing to accord the name of help to that which rather hastened than retarded the progress of her decline.

She had gone to spend a few of the summer days with a relative in the country, some miles from her home, if home it could be called. One evening, towards sunset, she went out for a solitary walk. Passing from the little garden-gate, she went along a bare country road for some distance, and then, turning aside by a footpath through a thicket of low trees, she came out in a lonely little churchyard on the hill-side. Hardly knowing whether or not she had intended to go there, she seated herself on a mound covered with long grass, one of many. Before her stood the ruins of an old church, which was taking centuries to crumble. Little remained but the gable-wall, immensely thick, and covered with ancient ivy. The rays of the setting sun fell on a mound at its foot, not green like the rest, but of a rich, red-brown in the rosy sunset, and evidently but newly heaped up. Her eyes, too, rested upon it. Slowly the sun sank below the near horizon.

As the last brilliant point disappeared, the ivy darkened, and a wind arose and shook all its leaves, making them look cold and troubled; and to Elsie's ear came a low faint sound, as from a far-off bell. But close beside her—and she started and shivered at the sound—rose a deep, monotonous, almost sepulchral voice, "*Come hame, come hame! The wow, the wow!*"

At once she understood the whole. She sat in the churchyard of the ancient parish church of Ruthven; and when she lifted up her eyes, there she saw, in the half-ruined belfry, the old bell, all but hidden with ivy, which the passing wind had roused to utter one sleepy tone; and there, beside her, stood the fool with the bell on his arm, and to him and to her the *wow o' Rivven* said, "*Come hame, come hame!*" Ah, what did she want in the whole universe

of God but a home? And though the ground beneath was hard, and the sky overhead far and boundless, and the hill-side lonely and companionless, yet somewhere within the visible, and beyond these the outer surfaces of creation, there might be a home for her; as round the wintry house the snows lie heaped up cold and white and dreary all the long *forenight*, while within, beyond the closed shutters, and giving no glimmer through the thick stone walls, the fires are blazing joyously and the voices and laughter of young unfrozen children are heard, and nothing belongs to winter but the gray hairs on the heads of the parents, within whose warm hearts child-like voices are heard, and child-like thoughts move to and fro. The kernel of winter itself is spring, or a sleeping summer.

It was no wonder that the fool, cast out of the earth on a far more desolate spot than this, should seek to return within her bosom at this place of open doors, and should call it *home*. For surely the surface of the earth had no home for him. The mound at the foot of the gable contained the body of one who had shown him kindness. He had followed the funeral that afternoon from the town, and had remained behind with the bell. Indeed it was his custom, though Elsie had not known it, to follow every funeral going to this, his favourite churchyard of Ruthven; and, possibly in imitation of its booming, for it was still tolled at the funerals, he had given the old bell the name of *the wow*, and had translated its monotonous clangour into the articulate sounds—*come hame, come hame*. What precise meaning he attached to the words it is impossible to say; but it was evident that the place possessed a strange attraction for him, drawing him towards it by the cords of some spiritual magnetism. It is possible that in the mind of the idiot there may have been some feeling about this churchyard and bell, which, in the mind of another, would have become a grand poetic thought; a feeling as if the ghostly old bell hung at the church-door of the invisible world, and ever and anon rung out joyous notes (though they sounded sad in the ears of the living), calling to the children of the unseen to *come home, come home*. She sat for some time in silence; for the bell did not ring again, and the fool spoke no more; till the dews began to fall, when she rose and went home, followed by her companion, who passed the night in the barn.

From that hour Elsie was furnished with a visual image of the rest she sought; an image which, mingling with deeper and holier thoughts, became, like the bow set in the cloud,

the earthly pledge and sign of the fulfilment of heavenly hopes. Often when the wintry fog of cold discomfort and homelessness filled her soul, all at once the picture of the little churchyard—with the old gable and belfry, and the slanting sunlight steeping down to the very roots of the long grass on the graves—arose in the darkened chamber (*camera obscura*) of her soul; and again she heard the faint Æolian sound of the bell, and the voice of the prophet-fool who interpreted the oracle; and the inward weariness was soothed by the promise of a long sleep. Who can tell how many have been counted fools simply because they were prophets; or how much of the madness in the world may be the utterance of thoughts true and just, but belonging to a region differing from ours in its nature and scenery!

But to Elsie looking out of her window came the mocking tones of the idle boys who had chosen as the vehicle of their scorn the very words which showed the relation of the fool to the eternal, and revealed in him an element higher far than any yet developed in them. They turned his glory into shame, like the enemies of David when they mocked the would-be king. And the best in a man is often that which is most condemned by those who have not attained to his goodness. The words, however, even as repeated by the boys, had not solely awakened indignation at the persecution of the old man: they had likewise comforted her with the thought of the refuge that awaited both him and her.

But the same evening a worse trial was in store for her. Again she sat near the window, oppressed by the consciousness that her brother had come in. He had gone up-stairs, and his dog had remained at the door, exchanging surly compliments with some of his own kind, when the fool came strolling past, and, I do not know from what cause, the dog flew at him. Elsie heard his cry and looked up. Her fear of the brute vanished in a moment before her sympathy for her friend. She darted from the house, and rushed towards the dog to drag him off the defenceless idiot, calling him by his name in a tone of anger and dislike. He left the fool, and, springing at Elsie, seized her by the arm above the elbow with such a gripe that, in the midst of her agony, she fancied she heard the bone crack. But she uttered no cry, for the most apprehensive are sometimes the most courageous. Just then, however, her former lover was coming along the street, and, catching a glimpse of what had happened, was on the spot in an instant, took the dog by the throat with a gripe not inferior to his own, and

having thus compelled him to relax his hold, dashed him on the ground with a force that almost stunned him, and then with a super-added kick sent him away limping and howling; whereupon the fool, attacking him furiously with a stick, would certainly have finished him, had not his master descried his plight and come to his rescue.

Meantime the young surgeon had carried Elsie into the house; for, as soon as she was rescued from the dog, she had fallen down in one of her fits, which were becoming more and more frequent of themselves, and little needed such a shock as this to increase their violence. He was dressing her arm when she began to recover; and when she opened her eyes, in a state of half-consciousness, the first object she beheld, was his face bending over her. Recalling nothing of what had occurred, it seemed to her, in the dreamy condition in which the fit had left her, the same face, unchanged, which had once shone in upon her tardy spring-time, and promised to ripen it into summer. She forgot it had departed and left her in the wintry cold. And so she uttered wild words of love and trust; and the youth, while stung with remorse at his own neglect, was astonished to perceive the poetic forms of beauty in which the soul of the uneducated maiden burst into flower. But as her senses recovered themselves, the face gradually changed to her, as if the slow alteration of two years had been phantasmagorically compressed into a few moments; and the glow departed from the maiden's thoughts and words, and her soul found itself at the narrow window of the present, from which she could behold but a dreary country.—From the street came the iambic cry of the fool, "Come hame, come hame."

Tycho Brahe, I think, is said to have kept a fool, who frequently sat at his feet in his study, and to whose mutterings he used to listen in the pauses of his own thought. The shining soul of the astronomer drew forth the rainbow of harmony from the misty spray of words ascending ever from the dark gulf into which the thoughts of the idiot were ever falling. He beheld curious concurrences of words therein, and could read strange meanings from them—sometimes even received wondrous hints for the direction of celestial inquiry, from what, to any other, and it may be to the fool himself, was but a ceaseless and aimless babble. Such power lieth in words. It is not then to be wondered at that the sounds I have mentioned should fall on the ears of Elsie, at such a moment, as a message from God himself. This then—all this dreariness—was but a passing

show like the rest, and there lay somewhere for her a reality—a home. The tears burst up from her oppressed heart. She received the message, and prepared to go home. From that time her strength gradually sank, but her spirits as steadily rose.

The strength of the fool, too, began to fail, for he was old. He bore all the signs of age, even to the gray hairs, which betokened no wisdom. But one cannot say what wisdom might be in him, or how far he had not fought his own battle, and been victorious. Whether any notion of a continuance of life and thought dwelt in his brain, it is impossible to tell; but he seemed to have the idea that this was not his home; and those who saw him gradually approaching his end, might well anticipate for him a higher life in the world to come. He had passed through this world without ever awaking to such a consciousness of being as is common to mankind. He had spent his years like a weary dream through a long night,—a strange, dismal, unkindly dream; and now the morning was at hand. Often in his dream had he listened with sleepy senses to the ringing of the bell, but that bell would awake him at last. He was like a seed buried too deep in the soil, to which the light has never penetrated, and which, therefore, has never forced its way upwards to the open air, never experienced the resurrection of the dead. But seeds will grow ages after they have fallen into the earth; and, indeed, with many kinds, and within some limits, the older the seed before it germinates, the more plentiful the fruit. And may it not be believed of many human beings, that, the great Husbandman having sown them like seeds in the soil of human affairs, there they lie buried a life long; and only after the upturning of the soil by death, reach a position in which the awakening of their aspiration and the consequent growth become possible? Surely he has made nothing in vain.

A violent cold and cough brought him at last near to his end, and hearing that he was ill, Elsie ventured one bright spring day to go to see him. When she entered the miserable room where he lay, he held out his hand to her with something like a smile, and muttered feebly and painfully, "I'm gaein' to the wov, nae to come back again." Elsie could not restrain her tears; while the old man, looking fixedly at her, though with meaningless eyes, muttered, for the last time, "*Come hame! come hame!*" and sank into a lethargy, from which nothing could rouse him, till, next morning, he was waked by friendly death from the long sleep of this world's night. They

bore him to his favourite churchyard, and buried him within the site of the old church, below his loved bell, which had ever been to him as the cuckoo-note of a coming spring. Thus he at length obeyed its summons, and went home.

Elsie lingered till the first summer days lay warm on the land. Several kind hearts in the village, hearing of her illness, visited her and ministered to her. Wondering at her sweetness and patience, they regretted they had not known her before. How much consolation might not their kindness have imparted, and how much might not their sympathy have strengthened her on her painful road! But they could not long have delayed her going home. Nor, mentally constituted as she was, would this have been at all to be desired. Indeed it was chiefly the expectation of departure that quieted and soothed her tremulous nature. It is true that a deep spring of hope and faith kept singing on in her heart, but this alone, without the anticipation of speedy release, could only have kept her mind at peace. It could not have reached, at least for a long time, the border land between body and mind, in which her disease lay.

One still night of summer, the nurse who watched by her bedside heard her murmur through her sleep, "I hear it: *come hame—come hame*. I'm comin', I'm comin'—I'm gaen' hame to the waw, nae to come back." She awoke at the sound of her own words, and begged the nurse to convey to her brother her last request, that she might be buried by the side of the fool, within the old church of Ruthven. Then she turned her face to the wall, and in the morning was found quiet and cold. She must have died within a few minutes after her last words. She was buried according to her request; and thus she too went home.

Side by side rest the aged fool and the young maiden; for the bell called them, and they obeyed; and surely they found the fire burning bright, and heard friendly voices, and felt sweet lips on theirs, in the home to which they went. Surely both intellect and love were waiting them there.

Still the old bell hangs in the old gable; and whenever another is borne to the old churchyard, it keeps calling to those who are left behind, with the same sad, but friendly and unchanging voice—"Come hame! come hame! come hame!"

"Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the LORD shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."—*Lamentations* Lx. 20.

THE LAST DAY.

BY ROBERT POLLOCK.

In custom'd glory bright, that morn the sun
Rose, visiting the earth with light, and heat,
And joy; and seem'd as full of youth, and streng
To mount the steep of heaven, as when the Stars
Of morning sung to his first dawn, and night
Fled from his face; the spacious sky received
Him blushing as a bride, when on her looked
The bridegroom; and spread out beneath his eye
Earth smiled. Up to his warm embrace the dews,
That all night long had wept his absence, flew:
The herbs and flowers their fragrant stores unlocked,
And gave the wanton breeze, that, newly woke,
Revelled in sweets, and from its wings shook health,
A thousand grateful smells: the joyous woods
Dried in his beams their locks, wet with the drops
Of night; and all the sons of music sung
Their matin song; from arbour'd bower, the thrush
Concerting with the lark that hymned on high;
On the green hill the flocks, and in the vale
The herds rejoiced; and, light of heart, the hind
Eyed amorously the milk-maid as she passed,
Not heedless, though she looked another way.

No sign was there of change; all nature moved
In wonted harmony; men as they met,
In morning salutation, praised the day,
And talked of common things: the husbandman
Prepared the soil, and silver-tongued hope
Promised another harvest; in the streets,
Each wishing to make profit of his neighbour,
Merchants assembling, spoke of trying times,
Of bankruptcies and markets glutted full:
Or, crowding to the beach, where, to their ear,
The oath of foreign accent, and the noise
Uncouth of trade's rough sons, made music sweet,
Elate with certain gain, beheld the bark,
Expected long, enriched with other climes,
Into the harbour safely steer; or saw,
Parting with many a weeping farewell sad,
And blessing uttered rude, and sacred pledge,
The rich laden carack, bound to distant shore;
And hopefully talked of her coming back
With richer freight;—or sitting at the desk,
In calculation deep and intricate,
Of loss and profit balancing, relieved
At intervals the irksome task with thought
Of future ease, retired in villa snug.

With subtle look, amid his parchments sate
The lawyer, weaving his sophistries for court
To meet at mid-day. On his weary couch
Fat luxury, sick of the night's debauch,
Lay groaning, fretful at the obtrusive beam
That through his lattice peeped derisively.
The restless miser had begun again
To count his heaps; before her toilet stood

The fair, and, as with guileful skill she decked
 Her loveliness, thought of the coming ball,
 New lovers, or the sweeter nuptial night.
 And evil men of desperate lawless life,
 By oath of deep damnation leagued to all
 Remorselessly, fled from the face of day,
 Against the innocent their counsel held,
 Plotting unpardonable deeds of blood,
 And villainies of fearful magnitude;
 Despots, secured behind a thousand bolts,
 The workmanship of fear, forged chains for man;
 Senates were meeting; statesmen loudly talked
 Of national resources, war and peace;
 And sagely balanced empires soon to end;
 And faction's jaded minions, by the page
 Paid for abuse, and oft-repeated lies,
 In daily prints, the thoroughfare of news,
 For party schemes made interest, under cloak
 Of liberty, and right, and public weal.
 In holy conclave, bishops spoke of tithes,
 And of the awful wickedness of men;
 Intoxicate with sceptres, diadems,
 And universal rule, and panting hard
 For fame, heroes were leading on the brave
 To battle; men, in science deeply read,
 And academic theory, foretold
 Improvements vast;—and learned sceptics proved
 That earth should with eternity endure;
 Concluding madly that there was no God.

No sign of change appeared; to every man
 That day seemed as the past. From noontide path
 The sun looked gloriously on earth, and all
 Her scenes of giddy folly smiled secure.
 When suddenly, alas, fair Earth! the sun
 Was wrapt in darkness, and his beams returned
 Up to the throne of God; and over all
 The earth came night, moonless and starless night.
 Nature stood still;—the seas and rivers stood,
 And all the winds: and every living thing.
 The cataract, that like a giant wroth,
 Rushed down impetuously, as seized, at once,
 By sudden frost with all his hoary locks,
 Stood still; and beasts of every kind stood still.
 A deep and dreadful silence reigned alone!
 Hope died in every breast; and on all men
 Came fear and trembling;—none to his neighbour
 spoke;
 Husband thought not of wife; nor of her child
 The mother; nor friend of friend; nor foe of foe.
 In horrible suspense all mortals stood;
 And, as they stood and listened, chariots were heard
 Rolling in heaven;—revealed in flaming fire,
 The angel of God appeared, in stature vast,
 Blazing; and, lifting up his hand on high,
 By Him that lives for ever, swore that Time
 Should be no more. Throughout Creation heard,
 And sighed—all rivers, lakes, and seas, and woods;
 Desponding waste, and cultivated vale—
 Wild cave, and ancient hill, and every rock,
 Sighed; earth arrested in her wonted path,

As ox struck by the lifted axe, when nought
 Was feared, in all her entrails deeply groaned.
 A universal crash was heard, as if
 The ribs of nature broke, and all her dark
 Foundations failed;—and deadly paleness sate
 On every face of man, and every heart
 Grew chill, and every knee his fellow smote.
 None spoke, none stirred, none wept; for horror held
 All motionless, and fettered every tongue.
 Again o'er all the nations silence fell:
 And in the heavens, robed in excessive light,
 That drove the thick of darkness far aside,
 And walked with penetration keen through all
 The abodes of men, another angel stood,
 And blew the trump of God.—Awake, ye dead!
 Be changed, ye living! and put on the garb
 Of immortality! Awake! arise!
 The God of judgment comes.—This said the voice;—
 And silence, from eternity that slept
 Beyond the sphere of the creating word,
 And all the noise of Time, awakening, heard.
 Heaven heard, and earth, and farthest hell through all
 Her regions of despair;—the ear of Death
 Heard, and the sleep that for so long a night
 Pressed on his leaden eyelids, fled; and all
 The dead awoke, and all the living changed.

Old men, that on their staff, bending had leaned,
 Crazy and frail; or sat, benumbed with age,
 In weary listlessness, ripe for the grave,
 Felt through their sluggish veins and withered limbs
 New vigour flow;—the wrinkled face grew smooth;
 Upon the head that time had razored bare,
 Rose bushy locks; and as his son in prime
 Of strength and youth, the aged father stood.
 Changing herself, the mother saw her son
 Grow up, and suddenly put on the form
 Of manhood;—and the wretch that begging sat
 Limbless, deformed, at corner of the way,
 Unmindful of his crutch, in joint and limb
 Arose complete;—and he that on the bed
 Of mortal sickness, worn with sore distress,
 Lay breathing forth his soul to death, felt now
 The tide of life and vigour rushing back;
 And looking up, beheld his weeping wife,
 And daughter fond, that o'er him bending stooped
 To close his eyes;—the frantic madman too,
 In whose confused brain reason had lost
 Her way, long driven at random to and fro,
 Grew sober, and his manacles fell off.
 The newly-sheeted corpse arose, and stared
 On those who dressed it;—and the coffin dead,
 That men were bearing to the tomb, awoke,
 And mingled with their friends;—and armies, which
 The trump surprised, met in the furious shock
 Of battle, saw the bleeding ranks, new fallen,
 Rise up at once, and to their ghastly cheeks
 Return the stream of life in healthy flow.
 And as the anatomist, with all his band
 Of rude disciples, o'er the subject hung,
 And impolitely hewed his way through bones

And muscles of the sacred human form,
 Exposing barbarously to wanton gaze
 The mysteries of nature—joint embraced
 His kindred joint, the wounded flesh grew up,
 And suddenly the injured man awoke,
 Among their hands, and stood arrayed complete
 In immortality—forgiving scarce
 The insult offered to his clay in death.

That was the hour, long wished for by the good,
 Of universal Jubilee to all
 The sons of bondage; from the oppressor's hand
 The scourge of violence fell; and from his back,
 Heal of its stripes, the burden of the slave.

—From *The Course of Time*.

ARNOLD OF UNDERWALDEN.

A LEGEND OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

From about the commencement of the fourteenth century, that portion of Switzerland anciently distinguished as the Waldstetten had been free from foreign domination. The brilliant and decisive victory achieved at Morgarten a few years after the revolution effected by Tell and his compatriots, had at length taught the house of Austria to respect the independence of the unconquerable freemen of Uri, Schwytz, and Underwald, and for the better part of a century the Austrian invaders had not presumed to disturb them in the enjoyment of their mountains, and valleys, and lakes. Meanwhile, the accession of several of the surrounding districts had given increased power and consequence to the Helvetic League. Lucerne had hastened to become a confederate; Zurich had followed, and Glarus, and Zug, and lastly the powerful canton of Berne. In the lapse of eight years the virtuous and hardy herdsman, and the honest and industrious burgher, still retained their simplicity of character, and had lost nothing of their invincible love of liberty: they were contented, unambitious, and happy; but regularly trained to the use of arms, and prepared at a moment's warning to meet the foe. Some petty fiefs of Austria still existed in several of the districts; and the archduke was ever ready to support his feudatories in their exactions and oppressions. Leopold, a prince in the prime of life, and of a bold and ambitious temper, was surrounded by a nobility warlike, ardent, and rapacious, and, as the vigilant and jealous republicans believed, waited but for a suitable occasion of making the effort to attach Switzerland as an appanage to his house.

Such was the situation of the eight cantons, when, on the afternoon of a fine day in July,

in the year 1385, the inhabitants of the small hamlets scattered over the sides of Mont Pilate, in the district of Lucerne, were assembling at the mansion of old Eberard Oberhulde, situated on the green Alpe of Brundlen. There was a marriage to be solemnized; and among the ancient families of the mountain, affined as they had been in peace and in war, for many ages, no one could think of being absent at such a time from his neighbour's hall. It was, besides, the eve of the festival of one of their saints, an occasion on which the Catholic herdsman, in his piety, never failed to believe that an abstinence from his customary toil was a religious obligation not to be dispensed with lightly. From the pasturages, therefore, above and below the Brundlen Alpe, in every direction, were to be seen the gay and laughing groups, in their holiday dresses, hastening by various romantic pathways to the house of the bride's father.

Old Eberard stood, in the fulness of his glee, under the shade of a venerable and wide-spreading elm before the door, welcoming the several comers, male and female, as became an ancient herdsman, with a hearty shake of the hand or a smack of the lips, that made the rocks around him ring again. At a little distance, protected from the sun by a cluster of walnut-trees, were the happy couple; the bride, who, in the dialect of the country, might be called a *tolle jumpfer*, or pretty girl, was surrounded by her half-demure, half-tittering maids; her hair flowing in two plaited tresses, decorated with ribands down to her feet; her dark stays neatly laced, forming a fine contrast to the snow-white hue of the sleeves of her under garment, which were turned up and fastened at the shoulders. The female guests wore each the glistening yellow birch hat, without crown, set smartly on one side, adorned with flowers, and tied under the chin with ribands. The fashion of their garments was that of the bride's, with this special exception, that their stays, skirts, ribands, laces, and sashes were of various colours—blue, brown, black, red, green, and yellow; so that, when they stood up in double or triple row, with their full blooming faces, they looked like a beautiful bed of tulips. Florent, the happy *loch-ryter*, or bridegroom, stood at a short distance from the bride in his martial equipment, it being indispensable in those days, that, before a youth took upon himself the charge of a family, he should manifest on the wedding-day that he was provided with arms to protect it. He stood erect, therefore, in cap and corselet; his sturdy sword buckled to his thigh, a pike in his hand, and a cross-bow, a battle-axe, and knotted club

leaning against the tree behind him. The friends of the bridegroom, generally of stately and athletic frame, were, in dress, almost as multifarious as the opposite sex, their doublets and hose puffed and striped with every tint of the rainbow, and in some instances the arms, and even the legs, of the same individual of no kindred colour.

There was one, however, among the wedding-guests whose appearance showed him to be of a superior stamp. Clad in the plainest habiliments, the character of his commanding exterior could not be for a moment mistaken. He seemed of middle age, and his countenance, usually grave, at times approached in its expression even to severity. But virtue and high resolve sat on his brow, and his unblenching eye, full of meaning, spoke the language of a soul exclusively engrossed by grand and lofty thoughts. He was of Underwalden, one of those leading spirits to whom, in the hour of need, the everyday people of the world turn for succour and support, and, that hour passed, whom they not unfrequently cast off to "beggarly divorcement." Devotion to his country was his master passion, and while the political storm yet hung in the distance, he employed himself in occasional visits to the several districts of the union, wherever there were gatherings of the people, for the purpose of inciting his countrymen, if that should be necessary, to preparation against its coming fury.

The greetings had been made, and the pleasantries passed, the priest was in attendance, and the ceremony was about to proceed, when a stranger was descried approaching across the plain from the base of the rock in front.

"What guest comes from the Peak?" exclaimed Martin of Hergottswald.

"If I mistake not," said Eberard, "it is one of the strangers who stopped at my door to-day on their way to the Peak; and see," he added, "where his young companion appears high up the rock!"

"Strangers! who are they? whence come they?" inquired the guest from Underwalden.

"Of that I know but little," replied Eberard; "they are courteous and curious, but not equally communicative."

"But do you not remember, father," observed the bride, blushing at the sound of her own voice, "that the younger stranger told us they resided at the castle of Gerisau?"

"At Gerisau!" exclaimed the man of Underwalden, "they are Austrians then! Austrians!" he repeated in a lower voice, as he retired to the shelter of a tree and fixed his eyes earnestly on the approaching stranger.

But scarcely had the person advanced near enough for the group to discover that he was a man of some sixty years of age, and of a frank and easy, and perhaps martial, deportment, when a new and striking object claimed their attention. "The lammer-geyer!" exclaimed several voices at once; "The lammer-geyer!" was echoed by almost every one present, in tones of alarm and apprehension; and that dreadful monster of the air, the *lammer-geyer*, or lamb-vulture, was seen high over the Peak, descending in his gigantic and fearful strength.

A *bouquetin*, or mountain-goat, had been browsing upon the herbage of the lower region of the Peak, having left her young in a cavity above. With the instinct of a mother she perceived the danger that threatened them, and hastened to their rescue. With inconceivable speed she leaped from crag to crag; where two parallel walls of rock arose close to each other, bounding from side to side in an upward course; or, incredible as it may seem, with successive leaps surmounting the naked perpendicular cliff. In a few moments she was with her young, her head, armed with its tremendous horns, guarding the entrance of the cave. The vulture stooped to his intended quarry, but failing to reach the young, fixed his iron talons round the horns of the dam, and, after a short struggle, dragged her half out of her recess. The *bouquetin*, an animal of immense strength, setting her short fore-feet against the protruding rocks, for a time kept up the desperate contest, till the fragment of a rock, hurled by the young stranger from above, struck the vulture, who, enraged, quitted his hold. The new assailant was now in evident danger, but the glitter of his short *couteau-de-chasse*, as the vulture approached, seemed to appal him. Infuriated, he darted off, and as he clove the air in rapid circles towards the plain, with his bearded neck bent downward, he seemed gazing upon the earth, as if desperately intent upon wreaking his vengeance on anything assailable.

In the rear of the *chalet*, and but a short distance off, a girl had been playing among the shrubbery with a young child of about two years of age; but, yielding to her girlish curiosity, she had suffered herself to be attracted toward the crowd, and the child was for the instant forgotten. The scene we have described had occupied but a few moments, nor was the situation of the child remembered till the dreadful vulture was observed to pause in his flight, immediately over the garden. A shriek from the wretched nurse of the child was the first warning of the danger that impended;

but it was too late. Poised for a few seconds on his pinions, the lammer-geyer hung in the air almost motionless, then with a slow and contracted circular movement began his descent, and with a rush of wings like a tempest swooped upon his prey: the next instant he was seen soaring towards the Peak, bearing the infant in his talons. Cross-bows, lances, were seized in haste; but what could human effort avail? Cries, shrieks, spoke the anguish of the parents and the sympathy of their friends. The vulture alighted on a ledge of the rock, some distance below the scene of his former conflict, and, as he bent down his terrible beak, it was thought that he was devouring the child. A mute horror pervaded the company, broken only by the deep, suppressed groans and convulsive sobs of the agonized parents. On a sudden, the animal was seen to toss his head high in the air, his huge wings were expanded, as if in the effort to fly, but dropped again lifeless to his sides, his monstrous frame quivered as in the spasms of death, and the lammer-geyer rolled like a dark lavange down the precipice. At the same moment the figure of the young stranger was discovered standing on the cliff, the child sat on one arm, erect in the form of life, while the other was distinctly perceived to wave a scarf in sign of victory and safety. At the sight, a shout so loud, so wild, went forth from the crowd, that in its reverberation from the mountain, it seemed to shake the solid rock, where the stranger stood on his perilous footing.

While some of the mountaineers ran to drag the feathered monster from his rocky grave, the rest of the company proceeded in frantic joy to meet the gallant victor. The situation of the stranger had indeed been one of extreme hazard. After his first encounter with the vulture, hastening to descend the Peak, he was about to turn round an angle of the rock to the narrow ledge, along which the path led, when he beheld the vulture approaching with his prey, and he couched down behind the crag as the bird alighted at his side. Instinctively he threw himself between the beak of the ravenous monster and his intended victim, and instantly felt himself in his iron grasp. To turn, to stir on the fearful ridge, was almost sure destruction, and the slightest effort of the animal would hurl him down the rock. With the least motion possible, he directed his weapon over his head to the neck of the bird; and, guided by his left hand, just as he felt the beak close around his own neck, thrust the knife, with sure and firm hand, deep into the animal's throat; then clinging with desperate

energy to the rough surface of the rocky path, sustained himself in his perilous situation till the vulture's struggles were over, when his grasp relaxed and his huge carcass slid over the prostrate body of the stranger into the abyss.

The young hero was conducted to the chalet in triumph, with the lammer-geyer borne in state before him; the men envying and the women admiring him. The youth bore his honours with a modest, yet frank and well-bred air; spoke of the achievement as of a lucky accident; and insisted that his slight wounds should not delay the ceremony for a single moment.

Accordingly the priest pronounced the blessing, and Florent and his Marianne were for the time the very happiest couple in the world. Dancing among those primitive people was, at this period, known only on the occasion of a marriage or the confirmation of a nun; when, therefore, the music struck, it may be imagined with what alacrity the young people stood up, at least the girls; for the Swiss peasant, even in the dance, retains a portion of his characteristic gravity, while the females are all spirit and playful vivacity. The bride was led out by the young Austrian, who, in his neat hunter dress, exhibited a form and a grace that were long remembered and talked of by the mountain maidens.

In the repast that followed, it was plainly to be seen that it was honest Eberard's intention things should be done handsomely. The good father had even excelled himself on this occasion; and among the dainties, the ladies were surprised and delighted with the toasts sopped in wine, and nicely powdered with sugar and cinnamon. We have not mentioned milk and cheese, as being things of course; and yet the latter, at least, deserves particular notice, not only because it was excellent in itself, but the rather that it had been made and designed for this special occasion full twenty years before, and, agreeably to the country custom, had the names of the intended man and wife, while they were yet children, carved legibly upon its ample surface. The appearance of the cheese was a *coup-d'éclat*, for, with a laudable policy, the intended bride and bridegroom had been kept in ignorance of the arrangement, and suffered to fall in love in their own way; and Florent had gone through all the gradations of courtship as regulated by Swiss usage; had duly come a-wooing through storm and sun, over hulde and hubel, through tobel and tangel-holtz, until one eventful Saturday night, when every maiden, dressed for company, has

a right to look for a visit from her suitor, Florent climbed manfully up the outside of the house to her chamber-window, and sitting gallantly there, half in and half out, drinking a little kiersiwasser and talking a great deal of love, till the dawn of day, had, in the end, put the final question, in couplets invented for similar purposes by his ancestors, and receiving the favourable poetical response, retired, the joyful bridegroom elect.

While at table the host, encouraged by the curiosity manifested by the strangers, did not fail to dwell at length on the merits of Mont Pilate, which, although he admitted it was not so high as Mont Blanc, he contended was a much finer mountain. "Can you see thirteen lakes from Mont Blanc?" said he, triumphantly. "It has glaciers, it is true," he added, "and we have none to speak of; and no lawines tumbling down upon our houses and our heads; for the snow leaves us in summer, except from under the side of old Esel; but where will ye find such pasturages as the Brundlen on Mont Blanc? And then for curiosities, let Mont Blanc show us a shaking rock like our Knapstein; or a statue of white marble, thirty feet high, fixed in the very bowels of the rock—nobody knows how, or when, or by whom—like our St. Dominic; or, above all, let them show us, in all Switzerland, a fine dismal lake like that hard by in the midst of noble firs and sycamores, where, as our fathers say, Pontius Pilate drowned himself of yore."

"And full of dark spectres," whispered Marianne, shuddering.

"And from whose vapours we get such pelting storms," added Florent: "St. Dominic preserve us from its favours to-night!"

"Our magistrates have forbidden strangers to approach the lake," observed Martin of Hergottwald; "for it is only then that it breeds tempests."

"We know your laws, and have avoided your *mare infernale*," replied the old Austrian, to whom the observation seemed to be addressed.

"Potz tusig!" exclaimed honest Eberard, "that's a fable, I believe, friend Martin, as we of the Brundlen can testify, who have been soundly drenched and not a stranger on the mountain. But tell us, neighbour of Underwalden, you have been a traveller, did you ever see a lammer-geyer killed but on Mont Pilate? Faith, brother, since your ancestor, Sir Struth of Winkelried, destroyed the dragon, there had been no such gallant deed; and dragons, they say, are no longer to be met with."

The person addressed, who, at every opportunity, had been engaged in earnest discourse with the seniors of the company, smiled faintly as he turned to the speaker.

"There may be dragons yet to encounter, brother of Lucerne," he replied, "more dangerous to the land than any my ancestor ever destroyed;" and he glanced at the strangers, the younger of whom was chatting with the bride; the elder, however, noticed the remark, and was for an instant discomposed, but immediately resumed his serenity.

"But come," said the jovial host, "let us to the free air and taste the freshness of the evening. We have the finest echoes in the Eight Cantons," he added, turning to the strangers. "Come, girls—come, lads, tune your voices and let us hear whether the bridal carol will sleep among the rocks. No *ranz-des-vaches* now," cried the merry old man; "let the herds have their holiday, and give us a stirring lay, as ye wish to be brides and grooms yourselves." "And do not forget TELL in your songs," said the guest from Underwalden.

"Away, away," cried Eberard; and the young people sallied gladly out, followed by the rest. But an air of disappointment and uneasiness took place of their hilarity as soon as they gained the open air. "Aha!" said Eberard, looking up, "Pontius is rising in his wrath—we shall have rain." And it happened as the experienced mountaineer predicted. The dense mists, arising slowly from the dismal lake, instead of passing the summits of the rocks and dispersing in the air, lingered around the sides of the seven peaks that surrounded and overlooked the plain. The muttering of thunder began to be heard, accompanied by occasional flashes of lightning, and the guests hastened back into the house, with the exception of the two strangers and the man of Underwalden, who remained behind a few minutes, and until the storm burst upon them. Those who have never witnessed an Alpine tempest cannot form an idea of its sublimity; and where the spectators now stood, in the very centre of its scope and sway, it was truly frightful.

"You have seen what Switzerland is in its wrath," said the man of Underwalden; "let us retire." Not unwillingly they left the spot, and had not yet entered the house, when a tremendous crash was heard immediately behind them, and the gigantic elm-tree, near which they had stood, was shivered into fragments.

The storm continued till the evening was so far advanced, that, when it had subsided, the inmates of the chalet felt no inclination to

resume their festivities; and, the vesper prayer made and the benediction bestowed, the guests were soon locked in profound repose.

At an early hour the next morning every one was stirring; for it was the intention of many of the visitors to join in the pilgrimage duly made on that day to the shrine of *Notre Dame des Bremites*, at the abbey of Einsiedeln, in the adjoining canton of Schwytz, and soon after the matin service and the necessary morning repast, the cavalcade set out, with many cautions from honest Eberard to beware of the falling rocks, which, loosened by the recent rain, rendered the narrow valleys they might pass somewhat exposed to danger.

The man of Underwalden and the strangers, who seemed mutually desirous of knowing more of each other, were together when they reached the brow of the Alps; and before they began to descend, paused at the same moment, in admiration of the magnificent spectacle that met their view. In their front the glorious sun had just begun to show himself above the higher mountains towards the east. More than five thousand feet below them was the most picturesque lake in Switzerland, the Waldstetten See, or Water of the Sylvan States, as it was appropriately called, lying tranquil and serene in its rocky recess, and laving the beautiful shores of the four ancient and free cantons. The tops of the most distant Alps were already tinged with gold, but the mountains that clustered immediately around the lake remained in dark and gloomy grandeur. The eye wandered delighted, over the far-off scene of mountain, and valley, and forest, and stream; or, charmed and enraptured, followed the sinuous outline of the lake below, as it now expanded its broad bosom near Lucerne, or shone a liquid cross, as it branched its waters into the opposite gulfs of Kilsnacht and Alpnach; and now, in a noble sheet, diversified by bay and promontory, stretched to the east between Underwalden and Schwytz, until, approaching the towering Mont Righi, it contracted its surface to a strait, and abruptly turned towards the south into the narrow inlet which waters the wild banks of Uri.

"It is, indeed, a splendid spectacle," exclaimed the younger stranger; "nor do I deem it wonderful that such a land should be beloved, even as ye of Switzerland are said to love it."

"And shall it be a marvel," replied the Swiss, "if it be defended, even as we have sworn to defend it? Shall it be reserved for a modern ravager to violate a sanctuary which the Roman and the Hun respected; where

neither Cæsar in his pride, nor Attila in his wrath, ever dared to enter?"

"How if neither Cæsar nor Attila knew of the existence of yonder valley?" asked the elder stranger.

"Scorn us, if you will," answered the Swiss, calmly, "but touch us not: disdain the land at a distance; and leave us in our simplicity, rude, perhaps, and rugged as our rocks. Yonder you behold the cradle of Helvetic liberty: it may become its tomb, but first it will be the grave of every free Helvetian. Look farther north, beyond yon lake of Zug, and you may perceive the hills of Morgarten, at whose base, by the marshy lake of Eggeri, some seventy years ago, our fathers met their Austrian invaders, in force one to fifteen, and sealed the liberties of Switzerland."

"Let us move on," said the elder, a little impatiently.

"Our mountain air is often found too keen for strangers," observed the Swiss, as he sedately followed.

Descending the mountain through forests of oak and elm, over fertile pasturages or barren rocks, and by the side of precipices covered with pine or the mountain-ash, the scene every moment assuming a new aspect and varied tints, they reached Brienz, where they resumed their horses, and through several other villages, at length arrived at Lucerne. Passing the fine old town, with its towers, and battlements, and open bridges, and richly ornamented balconies, they were preparing to embark in their respective boats, when the Swiss suddenly broke the silence which for a time had been preserved.

"We may soon enough be enemies," said he; "at present let us deal frankly one with another. I am Arnold of Winkelried, a poor knight of Underwalden, who love my country, and would destroy her foes, fairly, in the field."

"And we," replied the elder, catching his blunt tone and manner, "are the young Eyloff of Enns and old John of Hasenberg, knights, and true liegemen to Leopold of Austria; ready to serve him as his soldiers in any country, but his spies in none."

"Then we understand each other," said Arnold, "and I shall not inquire why you are in Switzerland."

"You shall not need," replied John of Hasenberg; "I have old friends and companions in arms in Switzerland, and this young knight, my relative, has leisure and curiosity. We are, at present, guests of the Lord of Gerisau; but, ere we quit your mountains, may visit the Baron of Thornberg, or even attend the annual

festival of the Lord of Interlaken, at his castle on the Lake of Thun."

"The last is a gallant and true knight," remarked Arnold; "but tell Peter of Thornberg that the people of his barony of Enthalbuch are growing weary of his tyranny; and it might beseem the Lord of Gerisau if he were reminded that he is too weak to oppose the Lion League, although he has not yet joined it."

"Gerisau is a fief of Austria," was the only reply made by De Hasenberg, as they embarked.

Leaving Lucerne, they were quickly conveyed through the various curves of the lake between its noble and diversified shores, until nearly fronting Gerisau. The romantic residence of Arnold was seen on the opposite side of the lake, peeping from its elevated recess: Arnold even thought he could perceive the handkerchief waving his welcome from the balcony. "It is my daughter Bertha," said he: then turning to the Austrians, he added, "Our countries are not yet at war, and ye are honourable knights. Yonder is my habitation, and should your curiosity lead you to explore the shores of Underwalden, do not, in your way to Stantz, pass, unentered, the door of Arnold of Winkelried."

Eyloff, in his youthful feeling, was about to promise; but the tranquil John of Hasenberg prevented it by the usual acknowledgments, made in the most approved manner of the Austrian court; and they separated, if not friends, at least with no hostile feelings towards each other. Turning their prow to different points, the boats soon bore them to their several destinations, the one to the bosom of his happy family, and the other to the little castle of the petty Lord of Gerisau. But Eyloff was not content to waste the rest of the day in the monotony of the castle; and, leaving his more aged companion and their host fighting their former battles over their wine of Alsace, he engaged the boatmen, for a few florins, to proceed farther up the lake. Shooting through the narrow passage leading towards Mont Righi, and following the sudden turn to the right, the young knight passed between the memorable village and meadow pointed out by Arnold in the morning, through a stupendous mountain portal, worthy of being the entrance to a lake, at once the most classical and most magnificent in Switzerland. In breathless admiration, with feelings such as he had seldom before experienced, he glided over the silent and gloomy Lake of Uri, as it reposed in its dark and glassy stillness, closely confined between banks of almost terrific grandeur. On either

side the rocks rose to a fearful height, now thrown into the wildest and most fantastic forms, now shooting up in perpendicular masses of granite, bare and bald, or shagged and bristled with dark forests of fir, or beech, or pine, down to the water's edge; and now hanging their beetling cliffs over the passing voyager, their wildest features rendered yet more savage by the fearful contrast offered, here and there, in the green or golden patch of cultivation, and rude cabin of the adventurous peasant, suspended amidst the crags.

Having reached the Rock of Tell, Eyloff, yielding to the advice of the boatmen, abandoned the design of proceeding so far as Altorf. The bay of Fluelen, they said, was sometimes dangerous in the evenings, and the day was fast wearing away; they even thought that already the golden day-streaks that crossed the dazzling white of the glaciers of the Sureen Alps were beginning to assume the rich purple hue lent by the declining sun. "The winds are going up the mountains," said one of the boatmen, as they headed homewards, "to bring down the rain upon us; there will be *Änderwetter* yet;" and they stretched manfully to their oars. But in despite of their speed they had scarcely arrived opposite the perilous bay of Brunnen when the sun disappeared behind Mont Pilate.

"Potz tusig!" exclaimed the man who had before spoken, as he looked toward the west, "Pontius has put his black cap on; we shall have a *blascht* from that quarter too; it's well if we get out of the Uri See, where there's no landing left us, before it comes down." "Cannot we run into Brunnen?" asked the other boatman; "Or Gerisau?" inquired Eyloff. "Neither," replied the first, bluntly: "Pull round yonder promontory, and make for the first smooth spot of Underwalden, it's all that's left us." The wind began now to be evidently felt by the quiet lake, and they had barely weathered the point when the tempest burst over them in all its violence. The blast, like a thing of life, came rushing and raging over the waters; the clouds sent down their torrents with irresistible force and fury; the thunders clashed, and lightnings shot madly around them, while the winds and waters, in whirls and eddies from the numerous bluffs and rocky hollows of the shore, threatened every moment their destruction.

"Make for yon inlet," cried the boatman, as a protracted gleam of lightning showed the place of Arnold's residence.

Casting his eyes in the direction pointed out, Eyloff discovered a light skiff, struggling like

their own to gain the shore; she was nearer the land, but her peril seemed extreme, and as they approached the frail bark the flashes of light discovered a female seated in the stern, her long loose tresses streaming in the storm. Her delicate form was sustained with difficulty, while with one hand she clung to the side of the boat, and with the other grasped the helm. Meantime a well-grown lad, her companion, plied his oars with a steady and strong nerve. They were now but a short distance from the shore; lights blazing on the beach and at the house directed their course, and Eyloff almost felt assured of the female's safety, when a gust suddenly coming round from the point below, bearing the waters high before it, struck the light bark on the side and instantly upset her. The generous boy held by the boat, only to cast his look around to discover where he might succour his sister, but Eyloff had already plunged in, and at the risk of his own life rescued the lady just as she was about to sink beneath the waves. With the assistance of the boatmen they were all safely conveyed to the beach, where the distracted mother stood screaming in her despair. Her daughter was yet insensible, but when borne up the winding path that led to her dwelling, and it became certain that she yet lived, who can depict the transport of the happy parent over her restored child!

The return of Arnold, who had hastened towards home from his business abroad on the first indications of the approaching storm, was now announced, and he entered as the grateful matron, after seeing her daughter properly attended to, was pouring out her acknowledgments before the young knight; and when informed of the extent of their obligations to him, the pressure of the hand, the tear that swelled into his manly eye, spoke the fond father's feelings.

An early separation and retirement being expedient, Eyloff was conducted to his chamber, where refreshments were provided him. But he felt, for the first time, perhaps, after a day of such exertion, but little inclined either to eat or sleep, and he lay listening to the roar of the tempest without, and thinking over the last interesting incident. He still seemed to enfold in his arms the youthful beauty he had rescued, and to gaze upon her as if he would infuse, through his eyes, a portion of his own fire into her cold and inanimate form. He asked himself why a little Swiss girl, scarcely seen, should thus produce sensations which the beauties of the Austrian court had failed to excite, and he could not answer; but he could not but remember her mild blue eyes, as,

awakening from the sleep of temporary death, they turned upon her deliverer, and thought following thought, he still lay drawing beautiful pictures of the future, and it was not until nature became exhausted that his spirit grew calm and he sank to rest, lulled by the low and monotonous moaning of the subsiding storm.

Is love, then, a mere passion—an excitement? Is it not rather a mystic affinity existing in kindred hearts, latent, perhaps, till circumstances bring them within the sphere of its mysterious agency? Is the beautiful apologue all fable, that the souls of those individuals of either sex, intended for each other, receive, at their formation, the impress of their destiny, and, however widely separated at their birth, know and recognize each other when they meet? If sympathy be a mere word among mortals, how is it that one shall wander among the beautiful and polished, the pure and unsophisticated of foreign lands, surrounded by all that can excite the senses or satisfy the taste, and yet return to find a kindred soul in the ordinary circle of home; while another shall leave behind, unregarded, those whom association, whom similarity of habits, tastes, opinions, even prejudices, might render objects of preference, to seek, in some distant corner of the universe, his mystic partner in a stranger, an alien in language, manners, opinions; in a word, in all but love?

Eyloff, for one so young, had seen much in the world, and his education and breeding had been suitable to his station, among the highest in Austria. Bertha was not unused to society; she had accompanied her parents in many of their visits to the gentry of the neighbouring districts, and her father's mansion was the seat of hospitality. It was not, therefore, rustic bashfulness that, when Eyloff and Bertha met at breakfast, threw over their deportment the air of reserve and embarrassment. Was it not that the mystic powers had met and commingled? Were not two kindred souls at length about to fulfil their destiny? "I am devoted to adore this maiden," humbly breathed the spirit of Eyloff; "but oh! dare I hope to gain so rich a prize? let me not offend her by the arrogance of even a too ardent gaze." "Behold," whispered the throbbing heart of Bertha, "here is the youth I am fated to love; yet ah! will he regard the poor Swiss girl?"

It was a lovely morning. The sun was rising bright and beautiful over the enchanting scene around them, and the repast of the little family was taken, with their guest, on a green terrace before the house, commanding the most interesting prospect. Yet Eyloff had never

been less attentive to the sublime and beautiful of inanimate nature. When they arose from table, however, and he followed the happy family through the romantic grounds, he could not but admire the rich and varied landscape, as it was spread out before him, of mountain, and lake, and valley, and wood; the eminences covered with vines, crowned with majestic firs, or dark with pines; while the sunny slopes were glowing with golden grain, the orchards smiled, and the pomegranate and mulberry, the fig and almond, blossomed: nor is it probable that the jessamine, the lilac, and the eglantine received the less attention from Eyloff, because he was told they had been planted by Bertha.

"No," exclaimed Eyloff, involuntarily, as they were returning towards the house, "war must not blight such scenes." The effects of the expression were immediate; the fair lids of the maiden fell pensively over her eyes as she bent them to the ground, while the chest of the boy, her brother, swelled, his eyes flashed fire, and his hand seemed already to grasp the sword. The meek matron only looked at her husband, but with one of those looks which, at such moments, she often cast upon him; looks, in which might be traced the fond mother and the devoted wife; and all of woman and something of angel. Arnold paused for a space, while a fearful sternness settled on his brow, and he stood in his family as Junius Brutus might have stood, when all was to be sacrificed for country. The young knight hastened to dispel the cloud his allusion had called down, and he was at length successful.

When Eyloff's visit closed—and it was protracted to the extreme verge of decorum—need it be said that the youth and maid separated mutually pleased and interested?

Eyloff not unfrequently was called upon to attend his relative De Hasenberg in his excursions, but on the summit of the Righi, with an amphitheatre of a hundred leagues around him, crowded with magnificence and loveliness, it was the little antique mansion of Underwalden, distinguished from its gaudy neighbours only by its simplicity—it was the humble spot where Bertha dwelt that alone attracted and enchained his observance. And when required to exercise his knightly skill in the tournament at the castle on the Lake of Thun, the multitude shouted in vain, and the hands of beauty placed a joyless chaplet on his head: it was not until at the feet of Bertha he laid his laurels and received her smile, that he felt himself a victor.

Arnold was much engaged abroad on public affairs, and, when at home, was usually occupied by the duties of his farm, or abstracted in serious reflection. He could not, however, avoid perceiving the growing intimacy of Eyloff and Bertha, but he observed it without uneasiness; the young knight had won his entire confidence; and his daughter, he knew, was incapable of an act of imprudence. The good mother, too, partook of her husband's feelings; and as she plied her domestic cares, smiled in the innocence of her heart on the tender friendship of the amiable children.

And thus the time sped away in the sweet intercourse of two young and virtuous hearts. Sometimes, seated in the social circle, Eyloff would entertain his auditors with descriptions of the country he had left, venturing more than once to hint to the blushing Bertha that the brilliant court of Austria might yet receive an added grace from the wilds of Switzerland. But more frequently the lovers enjoyed the interchange of sentiment without even the maternal eye to observe them: wandering at times through the romantic walks of the neighbouring hills and groves, soothed by the soft notes of the Alpine warbler, as the green or spotted woodpecker flew by them from branch to branch, and the busy nut-cracker was heard in his employment over their heads; while the tawny owl sat in his wisdom high up the shady sycamore, or the hermit-crow looked out grave and solemn from the recess of his piny cell: at other times in the light skiff, coasting the beautiful shore of the lake, and exploring each shady nook for new wonders, and scaring the falcon of the rock from his perch, and the silver inhabitant of the water from his cool and transparent retreat.

One mild and tranquil evening, Eyloff and his Bertha were straying on the quiet shore. He had declared his love: her eyes, that had been downcast at the avowal, were now turned up to his with ineffable affection, as, pressed to his bosom, she listened to his eloquent strain of tenderness. At this moment a boat shot rapidly across from Gerisau, and a messenger in the Austrian costume, leaping on the strand, approached respectfully and handed a letter to the knight. Eyloff grew pale as he scanned its superscription, for he knew it to be Leopold's. It was, indeed, a missive from his sovereign rebuking him for his protracted absence, and commanding his instant return to court. Old John of Hasenberg, who had so long yielded to his young friend's wish to remain, had received a like command: he was already prepared to set out, and Eyloff was

even then expected. The resolution of the lover was taken ere he had finished the letter. Instructing the messenger to await his return, he led the trembling, almost fainting Bertha toward her father's house. Arnold had just then returned with his son from attending the celebration of the anniversary of Morgarten.

"Arnold of Winkelried," said Eyloff, "I depart from Switzerland this moment. I know not why my sovereign is thus imperative, but as a loyal subject I have but to obey. It is now no time for slow and solemn ceremony. Behold this maiden. I love her, I am beloved; will you that I take her as my bride to Austria?"

The sinking girl clung for support to her lover, like the graceful ivy round the stately oak. Arnold for an instant hesitated, but it was only for an instant. "Young knight," he replied, "you have gained the love of this maiden and the esteem of her parents, yet cannot she now be your wife. Austria is about to be the enemy of Switzerland. Would you that she should abjure her country and her father, or could you be content to share her divided heart? Let Leopold of Austria be just: let the storm that hangs over this land be dispelled by him who raised it, or be broken and dispersed on the peaks of yonder Alps, before an Austrian claims as his bride a daughter of Helvetia."

The decisions of Arnold of Winkelried were known to be irrevocable; yet love emboldened Eyloff. "Leopold is my friend," he said; "let me present Bertha before him as my wife, in the power of her beauty and her innocence: let the virtues of your daughter plead for her country."

"The daughter of Arnold must not be a suppliant at a tyrant's feet," replied the Swiss.

"Give me your promise then," resumed the youth, "if my plea prevail with Leopold, and war is averted from your happy vales, that Bertha shall be my reward: and let her be betrothed to me here in the sight of yonder glorious heaven."

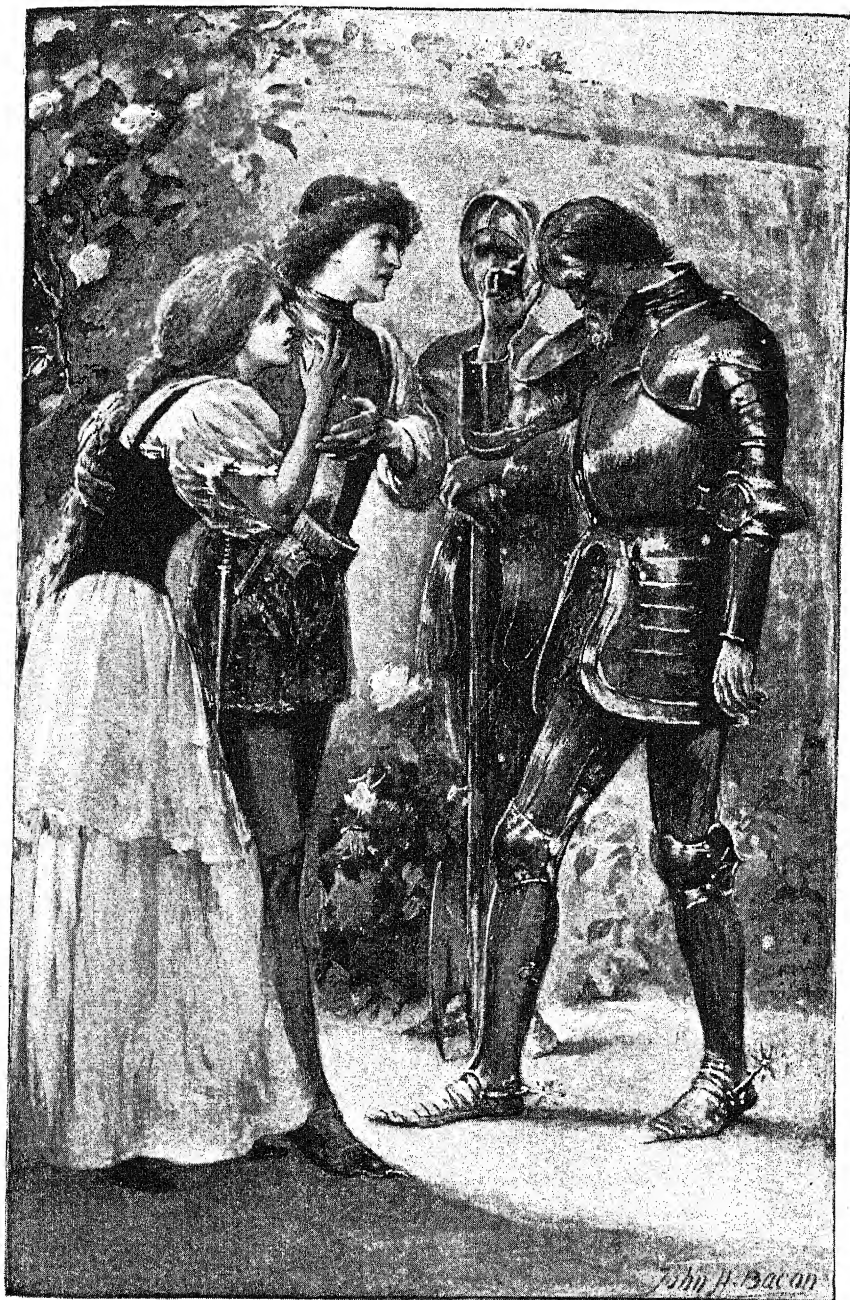
"Return the friend of free Helvetia and she is yours," replied Arnold; and, kneeling on the verdant carpet, as the sun poured his last beams over the magnificent temple of nature, the lovers were affianced and blessed beneath the blue and smiling sky. "If not before the snow fills your valleys," said Eyloff to Bertha, as they stood on the margin of the lake, "when the first flower of spring appears, expect me."

"Our roses bloom in March, sometimes," whispered Bertha with a faint smile, as they separated.

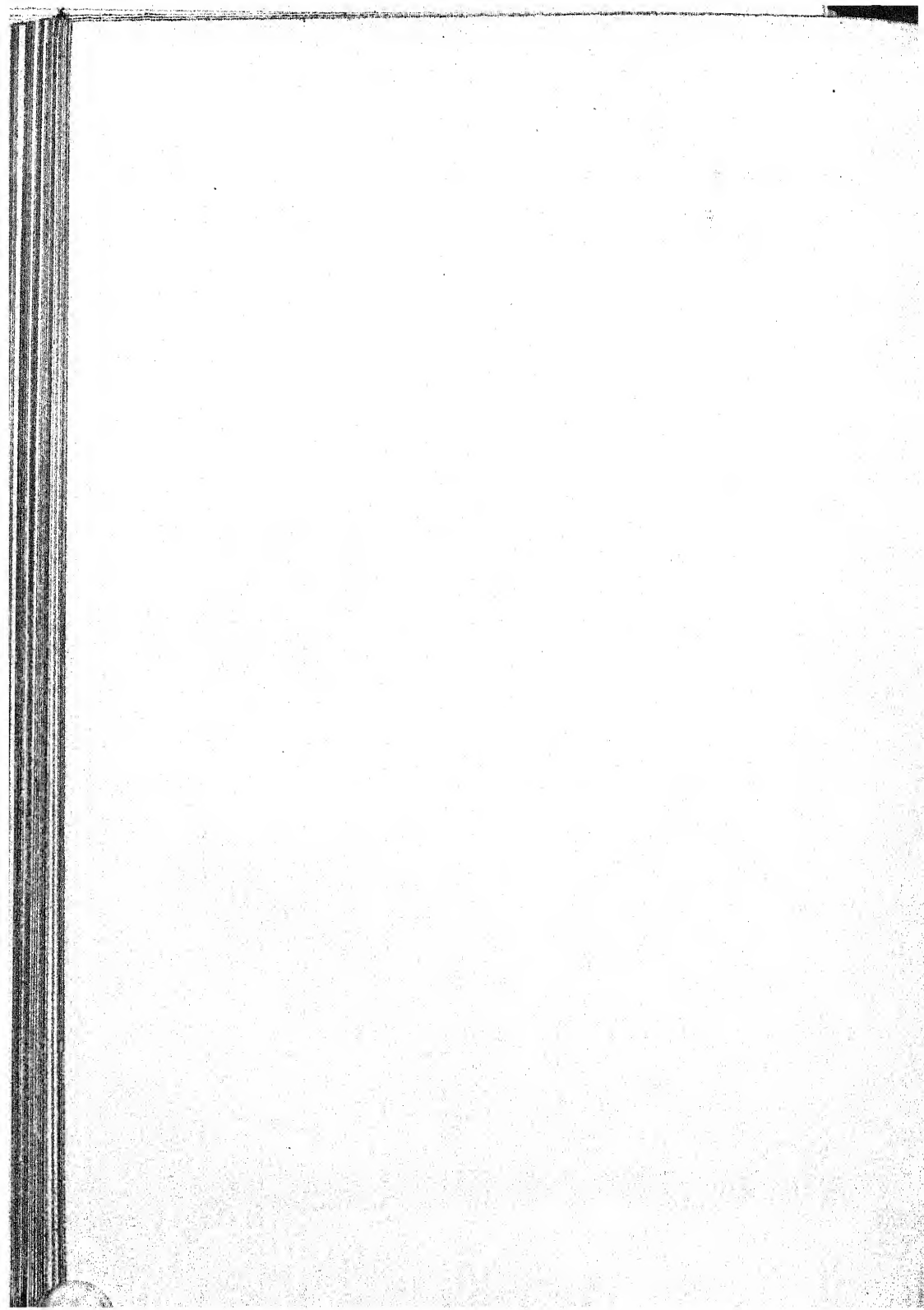
The winter came on, and the snow lay on the hills and filled the valleys. Nature reposed in her icy fastness, and even the rumours of war were no longer heard.

But at length the snows melted from the sloping hills. The higher mountains, bellowing in their inmost cells, began to be rocked by loud and tremendous shocks, as the glaciers opened their clefts, fearful, yet beautiful, in purple and emerald hues; while, forced by the pent-up winds, showers of ice were hurled far through the air. The freed mountain torrents rushed into the vales, and the dreaded lavange came thundering down. Everything in nature told that the genial season had arrived and was fast passing onward; yet Eyloff came not: the perils of travelling were over, for the pines had shaken from their branches the last dust of snow; yet still he came not: the first flower of spring, how anxiously expected—how fondly welcomed—how dearly cherished, had budded, and bloomed, and withered on its stem; and yet the maiden pined in her loneliness.

In the meantime the political agitations of the Waldstetten were revived, and everything seemed tending to a sanguinary crisis. The people of the district of Ethlibuch, oppressed past sufferance by the tyrant Thornberg, the vassal of Austria, had, in the month of March, thrown themselves on the protection of Lucerne; and the haughty baron had dared to seize and inflict an ignominious death upon the negotiators of the treaty on the part of Ethlibuch. Leopold was already stationed at Kybourg, in the canton of Zurich, ready to support with his troops the tyranny of his bailiffs and his vassals; and it was at length made evident that the hereditary patron and protector of the Waldstetten contemplated no less than its entire subjugation. Undismayed, the stern republicans prepared for the conflict. In the several cantons of the Confederation the general assembly, or Landsgemeind, was summoned, where, in the April following, the knights and burghers appeared in their arms, and declared open war against Thornberg and his adherents. It was but a short time before this period that more than fifty imperial towns in Swabia and Franconia had solicited admission into the Helvetic League; yet now, so terrible was held the enmity of Leopold and his ferocious followers, that the petty towns and states around became eager to be the foremost in manifesting their hostility to devoted Switzerland. The roads from Wirtemberg and Schaffhausen were crowded with their messengers; declarations and defiance poured in upon the Landsgemeind faster than they could be



JOHN H. BACON.



read; and within a few days the Eight Cantons numbered among the auxiliaries of their foe more than two hundred states, princes, and bishops. The four ancient cantons of the lake took the field without delay, under the avoyer or mayor of Lucerne, the supreme military authority in Switzerland being always exercised by the chief officer of the state; and while the inferior nobles of the Lion League kept in check the powerful barons along the course of the Rhine, assailed, and carried, and destroyed the feudal strongholds of their most immediate and dangerous enemies.

It was at this eventful point of time, when Leopold might hourly be expected on his march from Kybourg, and the matrons and maidens of the land sat solitary in their deserted dwellings. The night was far spent, yet Bertha and her mother still remained gazing anxiously out upon the darkness, when suddenly a small dark object moved swiftly towards them, across the silent lake. It was a boat! Can it be Arnold returned from Zurich? That is impossible; for the army is there; and there also must be Arnold. The bosom of Bertha swelled almost to bursting; she spoke not; she scarcely breathed. This was the anniversary of her first meeting with Eyloff, and a thousand undefined hopes and wishes rushed to her heart. And now the figure of a man throws itself from the boat almost before it touches the shore—he flies up the pathway, and in an instant, Eyloff is at the feet of Bertha.

For a time they were mute and motionless: at length Bertha spoke as she disengaged herself from his arms, and sank pale and exhausted into her chair—

“Eyloff,” she said, “come you not till you bring war and desolation with you? Alas! Eyloff, the flowers of spring are all withered, even like the hopes of our love.”

“Beloved Bertha,” Eyloff answered, “it is true my efforts to avert the calamity have had no other effect than to draw upon myself my sovereign’s displeasure. But even his commands alone could not have kept me from you; and until he summoned his knights to the field, I was deprived of my personal liberty; he is now in march through Zurich; and, behold, I am here.”

“O, Eyloff!” exclaimed Bertha, at once awakening to the perils that environed both the person of her lover and his reputation as a knight, “why, why are you here? Know you not the dangers that encompass you?”

“I know them, Bertha; but to be restored to the confidence of my affianced bride, what would I not encounter!”

“Alas!” said the maiden, “call me not by that title, Eyloff, since the condition of our union can never be fulfilled.”

“Never shall woman but you, Bertha, hear that title from the lips of Eyloff: and may we not yet cherish hope, dear Bertha? Should your worst fears be confirmed, and Leopold’s arms prove successful, may not your Eyloff still have the glory of shielding the house of Winkelried?”

“And think you that Arnold of Winkelried will survive his country’s death? And think you that his daughter—the daughter of a martyred patriot—could ever—O Heaven!” she cried, and paused in convulsive agony at the picture her imagination drew.

“My wife, my beloved Bertha,” cried the youth, on his knees before her, clasping her cold hands in his, “hear me and believe me: on the honour of a knight I swear, that if Eyloff goes into the fight it shall be but to protect, to save your father.”

“I have a son, too, in arms,” observed the matron, who had not before spoken, as her fixed and noble countenance became slightly convulsed.

“Is the brave boy too there?” asked Eyloff. “Madam,” he added, ardently seizing her hand, “mother of my Bertha, thy son shall be my brother.”

At this moment a light appeared upon the most distant mountain towards the north; rapidly it increased in size, and soon blazed a bright and portentous beacon. “They have fired the beacon at the *hohe wacht*,” said the wife of Arnold; “the foe approaches,” she added, with the firmness of a Roman matron.

In a few moments, in whatever direction the eye was turned, the signal fires were seen to blaze from the summits of the mountains that inclosed the lakes; the horn sounded loud and shrill from every hill and valley, and the quick beat of the alarm-bell, from town and village, came fearfully on the gale.

“The Landsturm is summoned; the country will be up in mass,” said the matron; “each pass and defile will be guarded; and your return will become impossible.”

The terrified Bertha joined her mother in urging the knight’s departure; but it was in vain, until, interrupting him in his torrent of prayers and protestations, the tender maiden blessed him with a full assurance of her unbroken love and confidence: it was then Eyloff wrapped his Swiss disguise more closely around his body and disappeared.

The morning dawned on the most eventful day that Switzerland had known for nearly a

century. Leopold had passed the walls of Zurich, where the confederates had hastened to meet him; and, directing his march on Lucerne, halted before the town of Sempach, which lay in his route, intending first to chastise the rebels of that place. The young knights, among whom a descendant of the tyrant Gesler was conspicuous, as they pranced gaily around the walls, taunted the honest burghers in the levity of their hearts, exhibiting, with bitter jests, the fetters meant for their magistrates. And as the serfs and followers of the army were laying waste the fields of grain about the town, the youthful De Reinach called to the avoyer to send the reapers their breakfast.

"The confederates are preparing it," replied the calm avoyer.

In was in effect as the avoyer said. The Swiss force, penetrating the Austrian's design, and leaving Zurich to be defended by its own citizens against the troops detached by Leopold, had by a different route and a rapid march, and joined by additional numbers, already gained the spot, and now occupied a station in a forest near the Lake of Sempach.

Leopold, in the pride of power and youth, appeared at the head of a gendarmerie of full four thousand knights of approved valour, each attended by his esquire, and clad in complete steel, gorgeous and glittering in the panoply of war, and mounted on chargers of blood and fire; the host of burghers, of vassals, and of mercenaries followed on foot their respective avoyers, or barons, or chieftains, to the field.

Opposed to this formidable array were but little more than a thousand Helvetians, from Uri and Underwalden, Schwytz and Lucerne, with trifling contingents from Glarus and Zug. Their weapons were chiefly the short sword, and halbert, and massy club studded with iron. Some wielded the espadron or heavy two-handed sword, others the battle-axe or ancient cross-bow. Not a few of the weapons had been used at the field of Morgarten, and the descendants of the heroes of that fight, who now bore them, felt themselves invincible. The shield of the Helvetians was simply a board fastened to the left arm, but some had corselet and cap, and even cuisse, the spoils and trophies of former victories. Each canton followed its peculiar leader and banneret, the avoyer of Lucerne commanding in chief. But the banner of Berne was not at Sempach. Her troops were stationed, as a corps of observation, two leagues from the field, towards Lucerne. When, in justification of her neutrality, Berne pleaded her truce with Austria, she could not

have recollected that, in her utmost need, the Waldstetten had formerly sent their soldiers to her rescue, and enabled the immortal Rodolph d'Erlach to achieve the victory of Laupen. But has not retributive justice visited Berne? More than four hundred years after this event, when Laupen was again the post of danger, and Berne was in peril, and a descendant of the same Rodolph again defended her, those same Waldstetters held themselves aloof, as a *corps of observation*. Berne fell before the ferocious Gaul, and the gallant but unfortunate D'Erlach may have sighed as he remembered that the banner of Berne was not at Sempach.

It was now near the hour of noon of a hot and sultry day in July; the young nobles, sweltering in their armour, became impatient for the onset, and the counsel of old John de Hasenberg, to wait till the corps came up from Zurich, was treated with scorn and scurrile jests.

"We have waited too long, old heart-of-hare," said they. "Give but the word," they added, to the duke, "and you shall see your knights alone exterminate yon ragged host of rebels."

"Be it as you say," replied the duke; "dis-mount, form, and prepare for the charge."

In a moment the steel of the knights rang as they vaulted to the ground; their esquires led their chargers to the rear; and a phalanx of knights was formed, armed with pikes, whose length enabled them, even from the fourth rank, to prove effective. Such was the order of their front. A few archers formed on each wing; and the rest of the troops, with their heavy arquebuses and battering engines, intended for sieges, took post in the rear.

And now the confederates, debouching from the forest, saw, from the hill they occupied, that they no longer had to apprehend the dangerous charge of cavalry, and resolved to take immediate advantage of the ill-advised movement of their enemy. But first proclamation was made at the head of each detachment, bidding every soldier who felt himself unable to cope with four adversaries, to depart without censure. None leaving the ranks, the troops next fell upon their knees, in conformity to ancient usage, and uttered a short but fervent prayer to Heaven; while Leopold was dubbing knights upon the field, and the nobles cut off the long, turned-up points of their cavalry boots, and locked their helms, and fixed down their visors.

Firm and compact, with no part of their bodies assailable, the Austrians now moved on, to the music of their own clashing armour,

an irresistible iron mass, bristling with spears. The confederates, formed in the shape of a wedge, with small corps of bowmen thrown out in advance of their flanks, and directing their attack with intent to pierce the enemy's centre, came down the hill with loud shouts.

Amidst a flight of arrows from the several wings, the two armies met midway on the rise of the hill with a tremendous shock. The gallant Gundelinguén, the avoyer of Lucerne, who with the banneret led the advance, in vain endeavoured to break the Austrian front; in vain were many of the lances of the knights shivered by the Helvetians' massy clubs, they were instantly supplied from the ranks in the rear, and the battalia remained unshaken. After the most obstinate and deadly conflict, the Swiss began to give ground, while the Austrian gendarmerie, with their iron heels trampling over the bodies of the brave avoyer and more than a hundred of his companions, who had fallen at their posts, moved on steadily and unbroken. The banner of Lucerne was in their hands; they had forced the confederates back to the plain, and now fought on equal ground: the foremost Swiss were everywhere falling, pierced by their lances, without the possibility of reaching their assailants, while each moment the Austrian reserve from Zurich might be expected in their rear. All seemed lost; the fate of Switzerland hung on the issue of a few short moments. At this instant a voice was heard in the republican ranks: "Open," it cried, "open, confederates, and give me way."

A leader of the contingent of Underwalden rushed to the front; no weapon was in his hands, nor shield upon his arm; he had torn the corselet from his breast, and the fire of the devoted patriot flamed in his eye.

"Comrades," he cried, "I go to open your way to the enemy—protect my wife and children."

Alone he rushed towards the presented lances, extending wide his arms, then, with herculean strength, closing them again around as many as he could grasp, he directed their united points into his body. With a shout like thunder the confederates poured through the temporary breaches he had effected and over the prostrate body of their compatriot. The tide of battle was instantly turned. The Austrian knights, cased in heavy steel, were unable to turn, and fell before the fury of the athletic and unencumbered mountaineers, who, with their axes and maces, clove and battered their crowned crests, on right and left, till they had hewn their way into the centre of the unwieldy

phalanx. Havoc raged in every quarter. Many of the nobles met an ignoble fate, and died without a blow, overthrown and trampled to death in the mêlée, or suffocated in their armour. With others, the severed casque, the wide-gaping cuirass or habergeon, and the crushed helmet, bespoke the deadly force with which the Swiss weapons were wielded. The flower of the Austrian nobility lay extended on the field; the mercenaries and vassals in the rear had mounted and fled; yet still the gallant few sustained the fight. Twice had the ducal banner of Austria stooped, as its devoted bearers fell. Leopold, disdaining to survive the ruin of the day, seized the standard of his house, and, as he received his death wound, waved it over his head and sunk in death, enshrouded in its folds. The conflict was at an end. The pious confederates knelt on the bloody field, in devout thanksgiving to Him who gave the victory, and returned to their respective cantons laden with spoil, and fifteen captured banners of their enemy. The remains of the ill-fated Leopold were taken from beneath the pile of devoted knights who had perished in defending his corse from insult, and conveyed with the bodies of many of his nobles to the abbey of Koenigsfelden, where their warlike effigies still frown along the walls. The brave avoyer and his gallant townsmen, who had fallen at his side, sleep in the chapel raised over them in their native Lucerne, where are still to be seen, together with the coat of mail that Leopold wore, the iron collar intended by the invader for the neck of the avoyer, and the banner of the town, stained with the pure blood of that heroic citizen.

Such was the battle of Sempach, so glorious to Helvetia, so disastrous to her invader; in which were extinguished many of the noblest houses of Austria—in which were crushed for ever her hopes of conquest, and that secured for four hundred years the independence of Switzerland.

Is it asked, where in the fray fought Arnold of Winkelried? Is he not already recognized in the immortal martyr of his country's freedom? And where was the husband of Bertha, the gay and gallant Eyloff! Alas! his place was with the Austrian warriors, in the front of the fight, and at the moment when he would have perished for the father of his bride, his lance pierced that father's heart. Nor did the horror of the scene close here; the son of Arnold was the first to follow his brave father, and the husband of Bertha fell by her brother's hand.

The abbey of Eghelberg hid for ever from

the world the sorrows of the heart-stricken widow and daughter of the knight of Underwalden; but, in the male line, his noble strain was long manifested; and, in the sixteenth century, at the field of Marignano, called by distinction, even at that day, the Battle of the Giants, it was an Arnold of Winkelried who led the small Swiss advance against the fifty thousand French, under the young hero Francis I.

The Swiss of the Waldstetten are not an enthusiastic people; nor, as simple and stern republicans, have they felt willing to make gods of their heroic citizens; and when, in the fervour of revolutionary feeling, a distinguished foreigner asked permission to erect a monument to William Tell, the magistrates of Uri answered, "No; we need not monuments to remind us of our ancestors." Yet Tell has his chapel in Uri, as Arnold in Underwalden. Every spot associated with their actions is hallowed in the remembrance of the Helvetians. Their virtues and heroism are their theme and their example. They live in the hearts of their grateful countrymen, and, without statues or gorgeous monuments, are still venerated and distinguished by a nation of heroes—by a people of whom it has been said, that, for five hundred years there has not been known among them an individual instance of cowardice or treason.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY THOMAS AIRD.

O rise and sit in soft attire!
Wait but to know my soul's desire!
I'd call thee back to earthly days,
To cheer thee in a thousand ways!
Ask but this heart for monument,
And mine shall be a large content.

A crown of brightest stars to thee!
How did thy spirit wait for me,
And nurse thy waning light, in faith
That I would stand 'twixt thee and death!
Then tarry on thy bowing shore,
Till I have ask'd thy sorrows o'er.

I came not, and I cry to save
Thy life from the forgetful grave
One day, that I may well declare
How I have thought of all thy care,
And love thee more than I have done;
And make thy day with gladness run.

I'd tell thee where my youth has been,
Of perils past—of glories seen:

I'd tell thee all my youth has done—
And ask of things to choose and shun;
And smile at all thy needless fears,
But bow before thy solemn tears.

Come, walk with me, and see fair earth,
And men's glad ways, and join their mirth!
Ah me! is this a bitter jest?
What right have I to break thy rest?
Well hast thou done thy worldly task,
Nothing hast thou of me to ask!

Men wonder till I pass away,
They think not but of useless clay:
Alas! for Age, that this should be!
But I have other thoughts of thee;
And I would wade thy dusty grave,
To kiss the head I cannot save.

O for life's power! that I might see
Thy visage swelling to be free!
Come near, O burst that earthly cloud,
And meet me, meet me, lowly bow'd.
Alas!—in corded stiffness pent,
Darkly I guess thy lineament.

I might have lived, and thou on earth,
And been to thee like stranger's birth,
Mother; but now that thou art gone,
I feel as in the world alone:
The wind which lifts the streaming tree—
The skies seem cold and strange to me.

I feel a hand untwist the chain
Of all thy love, with shivering pain,
From round my heart: This bosom's bare
And less than wonted life is there.—
Ay, well indeed it may be so!
And well for thee my tears may flow!

Because that I of thee was part,
Made of the blood-drops of thy heart:
My birth I from thy body drew,
And I upon thy bosom grew:
Thy life was set my life upon;
And I was thine, and not my own.

Because I know there is not one
To think of me, as thou hast done
From morn, till star-light, year by year:—
For me thy smile repaid thy tear:
And fears for me,—and no reproof,
When once I dared to stand aloof.

My punishment—that I was far
When God unloosed thy weary star:
My name was in thy faintest breath,
And I was in thy dream of death:
And well I know what raised thy head,
When came the mourner's muffled tread.

Alas! I cannot tell thee now,
I could not come to hold thy brow:
And wealth is late, nor ought I've won,
Were worth to hear thee call thy son,
In that dark hour when bands remove,
And none are named but names of love.

Alas, for me! I missed that hour;
My hands, for this, shall miss their power!
For thee, the sun, and dew, and rain,
Shall ne'er unbind thy grave again,
Nor let thee up the light to see,
Nor let thee up to be with me!

Yet, sweet thy rest from care and strife,
And many pains that hurt thy life!—
Turn to thy God—and blame thy son—
To give thee more than I have done.
Thou God, with joy beyond all years,
Fill up the channels of her tears.—

Thou carest not now for soft attire,
Yet wilt thou hear my soul's desire;
To earth I dare not call thee more,
But speak from off thy awful shore:
O ask this heart for monument,
And mine shall be a large content!

A DUTIFUL NEPHEW.

BY ASCANIO MORI DA GENO.

There once dwelt in our good city of Mantua a certain Messer Maffeo Strada, an elderly gentleman of very unobjectionable manners, and well to do in the world. But, though extremely active and vigilant in his affairs, he was not forgetful of his social duties, inasmuch as having lost his own wife and family, he took into his charge an orphan nephew, for the purpose of supplying the place of his parents, and educating him in a manner befitting his birth. When he found that the boy discovered little turn for letters, his kind uncle very properly took him away from school, with the intention of devoting him to mercantile affairs until he should be able to enter upon his own concerns. And such was the young man's prudence and discretion that he quickly imbibed the habits of business practised by his patron, insomuch as to excite the admiration and surprise of all his friends and acquaintance. On this account he daily gained ground in the good graces of his uncle, who began to regard him with as much pride and

pleasure as if he had been his own son. On the other hand the young man always showed his uncle the respect due to a father; and so great was his mercantile proficiency, that when the old gentleman was seized with a series of tertian ague-fits, he was absolutely competent to take upon himself the charge of the office.

Still his uncle's fits were a source of great disquietude to him, and he spared no pains and expense to restore him to his usual excellent state of health. The care of young Federigo, therefore, for by this name he had been christened, soon placed old Messer Matteo on his legs again, which were directly employed to bring him down as fast as possible to his counting-house, where his nephew received him at the head of all the clerks with three commercial cheers, evincing the greatest satisfaction in the world, while the news diffused a placid joy over the countenances of all the jobbers in the city. He was still, however, advised by his doctors to adhere for a period to his gentle soporific and perspiring draughts, in order, as they assured him, to carry off the dregs of his disease, under which discipline he remained somewhat weak and querulous.

His careful nephew, unacquainted with this last prescription, one morning went into his room to consult him on some affairs, and was surprised to find him buried under an enormous load of bed-clothes, just as he was beginning to promote the medicinal warmth. He had closed his eyes, and lay perfectly quiet, invoking the moisture to appear, with all a patient's anxiety and fervency of feeling, which cannot endure the least interference with the grand object he has in view. The careful nephew approached on tip-toe, fearful of rousing his good uncle too suddenly, and was concerned to behold him lying apparently in so piteous a plight. Anxious lest he had met with a relapse, he began to accuse himself of not having been sufficiently careful in preventing him from resuming business too soon. The old gentleman at first laughed a little on hearing his over-scrupulous observations; then he became rather uneasy at his repeated inquiries and lamentations over him; and lastly, he was afraid that this untimely interruption might check the course of the fluids, without in the least benefiting the solids, respecting both of which he had lately become very particular. In fact he began to fear that the necessary perspiration would be stopped, which, next to the stopping of the firm, was the thing he most dreaded in the world. When his careful nephew, therefore, again began to hint his precautions that he should not enter too soon

into the office, the patient said in a somewhat angry tone:

"Get you gone; your lamentations make me quite sick; I tell you I am only taking a sweat."

"But I am sorry to think you have got a relapse; what can be the occasion of it? Do let me consult the doctor about it, for it were better to take it in time;" and so saying, he was hastening out of the room. No longer able to control his temper, and too impatient to explain, yet dreading to rise in a state of incipient perspiration, the old merchant raised his voice as loud as he dared, crying,

"Don't go to the doctor, I say, and a plague upon you; only go out of the room."

Upon this the young man, approaching nearer, and marking his uncle's rising colour, who at the same time bestowed the most abusive epithets upon him, began to think he was a little touched in the head, and that there was the greater occasion for a sharp leech the more he asserted the contrary. As he stood in a thoughtful posture, with his eyes fixed on the inflamed countenance of his uncle, the calmness of his manner, and his fixed resolution of calling a physician, so incensed the latter, that he suddenly burst into a violent rage, threatening not only to cut him off without a farthing, but to knock his brains out instantly if he ventured to provoke him more; for which purpose he would rise though he was in a beautiful perspiration.

These words now confirmed the young gentleman's suspicions that something was wrong in his uncle's upper regions, being quite unlike himself, and he began to lament his situation louder than ever, ending with prayers and ejaculations for a physician. The uncle upon this put his threats into execution, leaping suddenly from his bed, while Federigo, on the other hand, believing him to be seized with a delirious paroxysm, ran towards him to keep him down, lest he should commit some horrible mischief. Escaping, however, from his hands, the enraged patient endeavoured to seize a large cudgel which he kept in the room, a design against which the young gentleman exerted himself to the utmost of his power.

A sharp contest for the possession of the stick now took place, sometimes inclining to one side, sometimes to the other; though the youth, believing his uncle endowed with the supernatural strength of a lunatic, was frequently on the point of being overcome. His great object was to secure the patient before he succeeded in obtaining the cudgel, and inflicting the severe castigation which he threat-

ened; and, gathering strength from his despair, he began to press Messer Maffeo very hard, who, engaging in his night-cap and gown, certainly fought at a great disadvantage. His breath began to grow short and his strength to fail, and no longer able to utter a word, he fairly yielded to his adversary. The latter not venturing to let a madman loose, held him firmly down, pinioning his hands behind him, and fixing his knees upon his stomach. When he had at length bound him, hand and foot, the careful nephew again commenced his lamentations over him, regretting that so sensible a man should have run mad so suddenly. On this his uncle beginning to grin and show his teeth, he very calmly buried him under a heap of bed-clothes, and locking him up fast in the chamber, went to consult a physician. The doctor, being just on the point of visiting one of the young princes at the court, had only time to advise the careful nephew to apply a couple of sharp blisters upon his uncle's shoulders, and he would endeavour to call upon him in the evening. He would then, if necessary, order him something of a still more caustic nature, and bleed the patient copiously. For there was nothing, he said, like meeting the evil in the beginning, and applying the remedies while the patient had strength to bear them.

The anxious Federigo accordingly hastened to the surgeon's house, and finding him, unluckily for his uncle, at home, he took him, armed with lancet and blisters, along with him. Proceeding with all haste, they soon arrived at the patient's residence, the young man relating by the way the whole of his late engagement, as a clear proof of the patient's lunacy. The ancient housekeeper met them at the door, crossing herself devoutly, and shedding tears, as she repeated further instances of the insanity of her poor master, who had never ceased to bite and kick, and roar most outrageously, since his nephew had left the house.

By the time the dutiful nephew and surgeon approached the chamber the violence of the old gentleman's proceedings certainly afforded strong presumptive evidence against him; and when they appeared in his presence he grew more furious than before—shouting, swearing, imploring, and laughing by turns.

"What, in heaven's name, must we do?" cried his nephew.

"Let us stay till he has worn himself out, and the paroxysm is somewhat abated," said the barbarous leech; "we can then apply our caustics without fear of risk."

"No, I think we had better begin now," replied the careful nephew; "let us lose no time; for he will do himself some injury if we permit him to go on thus. Follow me, and do not be afraid; for I think I shall manage him better this time," continued Federigo with the utmost coolness; "and when once I have pinned down his arms you may seize him by the legs."

"But he is mad, quite mad," cried the surgeon, "let him alone, I say: when the frenzy subsides you will find he will go to sleep, and we can seize him then."

Such in fact was shortly the case, for, wearied with his violent efforts and exertions, the poor man, soon after they retired, fell into a sound sleep. But he was not long permitted to enjoy it; for the wily leech then addressing his nephew, said, "Now is the time: he is in a deep slumber, and what we have to do let us do quickly."

"Softly, softly," said the careful Federigo, as he laid hands upon the poor merchant, "there, I have him now; bring the blisters and a basin for the blood before he is well awake."

"Murder! help, help! for heaven's sake, help!" cried the patient, suddenly awakening, and beholding the fell surgeon approaching with the lancet and basin in hand; but vain were his cries; vain all his efforts to extricate himself from his impending fate. The more he struggled the more did Federigo think it his duty to use prompt remedies, and Messer Maffeo shortly lay as helpless as a new-born child. The surgeon, however, in securing his legs, had already received several severe contusions in the face; for which he was proceeding to take ample revenge in the blood of his enemy. At first, indeed, he thought of running away, but the young man encouraged him to do his duty, while the patient on his side exhibited symptoms of extreme rage and terror at his approach. The phlebotomist again advanced, and again drew back, like a spider that has got a wasp in his toils, holding his treacherous blade in his hand, nor was it until he was offered a double fee that he flew at him, and, in spite of all his shrieks and struggles, fixed a deadly blister upon either shoulder. He next attempted to draw blood, the careful nephew holding the arm, while the surgeon, with the same caution, proceeded to pierce the vein; and having accomplished this, and applied some hot cataplasms to the soles of his feet, the man of blood departed.

The patient now lay exposed to the rising pangs of the caustics, bound hand and foot.

Growing hotter and hotter, they at length became so intolerable that he declared he felt them eating his flesh away and drinking his blood: that gout and colic were a mere jest to them; and that he would give up the whole of the business and all he was possessed of in the world if his cruel nephew would consent to release him. The latter, however, only thought it a further sign of madness, and proposed to adopt still stronger applications, saying to the servant in the presence of the wretched patient, "Run quick, as far as the surgeon's; bring a large blister for the head, and I will shave him myself."

Bitterly, now, did the poor merchant rue the hour when he admitted his careful nephew into his house, nor was it until he found all threats and imprecations vain, and after the blisters had done their work, that he succeeded, by dint of quiet reason and argument, in convincing the hopeful youth of the real state of the case, and that he had required nothing beyond a gentle sudorific. The dutiful nephew was forgiven, and the uncle was cured of his ague-fits.

From the Italian.

AUTUMN: A DIRGE.

The warm sun is falling, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying;
And the Year
On the earth her deathbed, in a shroud of leaves dead,
Is lying.

Come, Months, come away,
From November to May,
In your saddest array;
Follow the bier
Of the dead cold Year,
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the nipped worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling
For the Year;
The blythe swallows are flown, and the lizards each
gone

To his dwelling.
Come, Months, come away;
Put on white, black, and gray;
Let your light sisters play—
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead cold Year,
And make her grave green with tear on tear.

SHELLEY.

THE REIGN OF SUMMER.

[James Montgomery, born in Irvine, Ayrshire, 4th November, 1771; died in Sheffield, 30th April, 1854. He spent ten years at school in Fulneck in training for the Moravian ministry; but not caring to devote himself to that profession, he was apprenticed to a chandler. Soon afterwards he made his way to London with a bundle of verses in MS. The publisher to whom he applied gave him employment as a clerk, but would not print his poems. He proceeded to Sheffield in 1792, and became assistant to the proprietor of the *Sheffield Register*. On account of an article in the paper offensive to the government the proprietor was obliged to leave England, and Montgomery became editor and publisher of the *Register*, the name of which he altered to that of the *Iris*. He was twice fined and imprisoned—1794-5—for printing matter disagreeable to the authorities, but he continued to conduct the journal successfully, and, in the end, numbered amongst his best friends many who had been formerly opposed to him in politics. His chief poetical works are:—*Prison Amusements*; *The Wanderer in Switzerland*; *The World before the Flood*; *Songs of Zion*; *The Pelican Island*, &c. Professor Wilson wrote in *Blackwood*:—"James Montgomery, of all the poets of this age, is in his poetry—and, we believe, also out of it—the most religious man. All his thoughts, sentiments, and feelings are moulded and coloured by religion. A spirit of invocation, prayer, and praise pervades all his poetry, and it is as sincere as it is beautiful. The elements of air, earth, fire, and water are to him all sanctified, not by poetry alone, but by piety."]

The hurricanes are fled! the rains,
That plough'd the mountains, wreck'd the plains,
Have pass'd away before the wind,
And left a wilderness behind,
As if an ocean had been there
Exhaled, and left its channels bare.
But, with a new and sudden birth,
Nature replenishes the earth;
Plants, flowers, and shrubs o'er all the land
So promptly rise, so thickly stand,
As if they heard a voice,—and came,
Each at the calling of its name.
The tree, by tempest stript and rent,
Expands its verdure like a tent,
Beneath whose shade, in weary length,
The enormous lion rests his strength,
For blood, in dreams of hunting, burns,
Or, chased himself, to fight returns;
Growls in his sleep, a dreary sound,
Grinds his wedged teeth, and spurns the ground;
While monkeys, in grotesque amaze,
Down from their bending perches gaze,
But when he lifts his eye of fire,
Quick to the topmost boughs retire.

Loud o'er the mountains bleat the flocks;
The goat is bounding on the rocks;
Far in the valleys range the herds;
The welkin gleams with flitting birds,
Whose plumes such gorgeous tints adorn,

They seem the offspring of the morn.
From nectar'd flowers and groves of spice,
Earth breathes the air of Paradise;
Her mines their hidden wealth betray,
Treasures of darkness burst to day;
O'er golden sands the rivers glide,
And pearls and amber track the tide.
Of every sensual bliss possess'd,
Man riots here;—but is he blest?
And would he choose, for ever bright,
This Summer-day without a night?
For here hath Summer fix'd her throne,
Intent to reign,—and reign alone.

Daily the sun, in his career,
Hotter and higher, climbs the sphere,
Till from the zenith, in his rays,
Without a cloud or shadow, blaze
The realms beneath him:—in his march,
On the blue key-stone of heaven's arch,
He stands;—air, earth, and ocean lie
Within the presence of his eye,
The wheel of Nature seems to rest,
Nor rolls him onward to the west,
Till thrice three days of noon unchanged,
That torrid clime have so deranged,
Nine years may not the wrong repair;
But Summer checks the ravage there;
Yet still enjoins the sun to steer
By the stern Dog-star round the year,
With dire extremes of day and night,
Tartarean gloom, celestial light.

In vain the gaudy season shines,
Her beauty fades, her power declines:
Then first her bosom felt a care;
—No healing breeze embalm'd the air,
No mist the mountain-tops bedew'd,
Nor shower the arid vale renew'd;
The herbage shrunk; the ploughman's toil
Scatter'd to dust the crumbling soil;
Blossoms were shed; the umbrageous wood,
Laden with sapless foliage, stood;
The streams, impoverish'd day by day,
Lessen'd insensibly away;
Where cattle sought, with piteous moans,
The vanish'd lymph, midst burning stones,
And tufts of wither'd reeds, that fill
The wonted channel of the rill;
Till, stung with hornets, mad with thirst,
In sudden rout, away they burst,
Nor rest, till where some channel deep
Gleams in small pools, whose waters sleep;
There with huge draught and eager eye
Drink for existence,—drink and die!

But direr evils soon arose,
Hopeless, unmitigable woes:
Man proves the shock; through all his veins
The frenzy of the season reigns;
With pride, lust, rage, ambition blind,
He burns in every fire of mind,
Which kindles from insane desire,
Or fellest hatred can inspire;

Reckless whatever ill befall,
He dares to do and suffer all
That heart can think, that arm can deal,
Or out of hell a fury feel.

There stood in that romantic clime,
A mountain awfully sublime;
O'er many a league the basement spread,
It tower'd in many an airy head,
Height over height,—now gay, now wild,
The peak with ice eternal piled;
Pure in mid heaven, that crystal cone
A diadem of glory shone,
Reflecting, in the night-fall'n sky,
The beams of day's departed eye;
Or holding, ere the dawn begun,
Communion with the unrisen sun.
The cultured sides were clothed with woods,
Vineyards, and fields; or track'd with floods,
Whose glacier-fountains, hid on high,
Sent down their rivers from the sky.
O'er plains, that mark'd its gradual scale,
On sunny slope, in shelter'd vale,
Earth's universal tenant—he,
Who lives wherever life may be,
Sole, social, fix'd, or free to roam,
Always and everywhere at home,
Man pitch'd his tents, adorn'd his bowers,
Built temples, palaces, and towers,
And made that Alpine world his own,
—The miniature of every zone,
From brown savannahs parch'd below,
To ridges of cerulean snow.

Those highlands form'd a last retreat
From rabid Summer's fatal heat:
Though not unfelt her fervours there,
Vernal and cool the middle air;
While from the icy pyramid
Streams of unfailing freshness slid,
That long had slaked the thirsty land,
Till Avarice, with insatiate hand,
Their currents check'd; in sunless caves,
And rock-bound dells, engulf'd the waves,
And thence in scanty measures doled,
Or turn'd Heaven's bounty into gold.
Ere long the dwellers on the plain
Murmur'd; their murmurs were in vain;
Petition'd,—but their prayers were spurn'd;
Threaten'd,—defiance was return'd;
Then rang both regions with alarms;
Blood-kindling trumpets blew to arms;
The maddening drum and deafening fife
Marshall'd the elements of strife:
Sternly the mountaineers maintain
Their rights against the insurgent plain;
The plain's indignant myriads rose
To wrest the mountain from their foes,
Resolved its blessings to enjoy
By dint of valour,—or destroy.

The legions met in war-array;
The mountaineers brook'd no delay,
Aside their missile weapons threw,

From holds impregnable withdrew,
And, rashly brave, with sword and shield,
Rush'd headlong to the open field.
Their foes the auspicious omen took,
And raised a battle-shout that shook
The campaign;—stanch and keen for blood,
Front threatening front, the columns stood;
But, while like thunder-clouds they frown,
In tropic haste the sun went down;
Night o'er both armies stretch'd her tent,
The star-bespangled firmament,
Whose placid host, revolving slow,
Smile on the impatient hordes below,
That chafe and fret the hours away,
Curse the dull gloom, and long for day,
Though destined by their own decree
No other day nor night to see.

—That night is past, that day begun;
Swift as he sunk ascends the sun,
And from the red horizon springs
Upward, as borne on eagle-wings:
Aslant each army's lengthen'd lines,
O'er shields and helms he proudly shines,
While spears that catch his lightnings keen
Flash them athwart the space between.
Before the battle-shock, when breath
And pulse are still,—awaiting death;
In that cold pause, which seems to be
The prelude to eternity,
When fear, ere yet a blow is dealt,
Betray'd by none, by all is felt;
While, moved beneath their feet, the tomb
Widens her lap to make them room;
—Till, in the onset of the fray,
Fear, feeling, thought, are cast away,
And foaming, raging, mingling foes,
Like billows dash'd in conflict, close,
Charge, strike, repel, wound; struggle, fly,
Gloriously win, unconquer'd die:
Hear, in dread silence, while they stand,
Each with a death-stroke in his hand,
His eye fix'd forward, and his ear
Tingling the signal blast to hear,
The trumpet sounds;—one note,—no more;
The field, the fight, the war is o'er;
An earthquake rent the void between,
A moment show'd, and shut, the scene;
Men, chariots, steeds,—of either host
The flower, the pride, the strength were lost:
A solitude remains;—the dead
Are buried there,—the living fled.

Nor yet the reign of Summer closed;
—At night in their own homes reposed
The fugitives, on either side,
Who 'scaped the death their comrades died;
When—lo! with many a giddy shock
The mountain-cliffs began to rock,
And deep below the hollow ground
Ran a strange mystery of sound,
As if, in chains and torments there,
Spirits were venting their despair.

That sound, those shocks, the sleepers woke;
 In trembling consternation, broke
 Forth from their dwellings young and old;
 —Nothing abroad their eyes behold
 But darkness so intensely wrought,
 'Twas blindness in themselves they thought.

Anon, aloof, with sudden rays,
 Issued so fierce, so broad a blaze,
 That darkness started into light,
 And every eye restored to sight,
 Gazed on the glittering crest of snows,
 Whence the bright conflagration rose,
 Whose flames condensed at once aspire,
 —A pillar of celestial fire,
 Alone amidst infernal shade,
 In glorious majesty display'd:
 Beneath, from rifted caverns, broke
 Volumes of suffocating smoke,
 That roll'd in surges, like a flood;
 By the red radiance turn'd to blood;
 Morn look'd aghast upon the scene,
 Nor could a sunbeam pierce between
 The panoply of vapours, spread
 Above, around the mountain's head.

In distant fields, with drought consumed,
 Joy swell'd all hearts, all eyes illumed,
 When from that peak, through lowering skies,
 Thick curling clouds were seen to rise,
 And hang o'er all the darken'd plain,
 The presage of descending rain.
 The exulting cattle bound along;
 The tuneless birds attempt a song;
 The swain, amidst his sterile lands,
 With outstretch'd arms of rapture stands.
 But fraught with plague and curses came
 The insidious progeny of flame;
 Ah! then,—for fertilizing showers,
 The pledge of herbage, fruits, and flowers,—
 Words cannot paint, how every eye
 (Bloodshot and dim with agony)
 Was glazed, as by a palsy spell,
 When light sulphureous ashes fell,
 Dazzling, and eddying to and fro,
 Like wildering sleet or feathery snow:
 Strewn with gray pumice Nature lies,
 At every motion quick to rise,
 Tainting with livid fumes the air;
 —Then hope lies down in prone despair,
 And man and beast, with misery dumb,
 Sullenly brood on woes to come.

The mountain now, like living earth,
 Pregnant with some stupendous birth,
 Heaved, in the anguish of its throes,
 Sheer from its crest the incumbent snows;
 And where of old they chill'd the sky,
 Beneath the sun's meridian eye,
 Or, purpling in the golden west,
 Appear'd his evening throne of rest,
 There, black and bottomless and wide,
 A cauldron, rent from side to side,
 Simmer'd and hiss'd with huge turmoil;

Earth's disembowell'd minerals boil,
 And thence in molten torrents rush:
 —Water and fire, like sisters, gush
 From the same source; the double stream
 Meets, battles, and explodes in steam;
 Then fire prevails; and broad and deep
 Red lava roars from steep to steep;
 While rocks unseated, woods upriven,
 Are headlong down the current driven;
 Columnar flames are rapp'd aloof,
 In whirlwind forms, to heaven's high roof,
 And there, amidst transcendent gloom,
 Image the wrath beyond the tomb.

The mountaineers, in wild afright,
 Too late for safety, urge their flight;
 Women, made childless in the fray;
 Women, made mothers yesterday;
 The sick, the aged, and the blind;
 —None but the dead are left behind.
 Painful their journey, toilsome, slow,
 Beneath their feet quick embers glow,
 And hurtle round in dreadful hail;
 Their limbs, their hearts, their senses fail,
 While many a victim, by the way,
 Buried alive in ashes lay,
 Or perish'd by the lightning's stroke,
 Before the slower thunder broke.
 A few the open field explore:
 The throng seek refuge on the shore,
 Between two burning rivers hemm'd,
 Whose rage nor mounds nor hollows stemm'd;
 Driven like a herd of deer, they reach
 The lonely, dark, and silent beach,
 Where, calm as innocence in sleep,
 Expanded lies the unconscious deep.
 Awhile the fugitives respire,
 And watch those cataracts of fire
 (That bar escape on either hand)
 Rush on the ocean from the strand;
 Back from the onset rolls the tide,
 But instant clouds the conflict hide;
 The lavas plunge to gulfs unknown,
 And, as they plunge, collapse to stone.
 Meanwhile the mad volcano grew
 Tenfold more terrible to view;
 And thunders, such as shall be hurl'd
 At the death-sentence of the world;
 And lightnings, such as shall consume
 Creation, and creation's tomb,
 Nor leave, amidst the eternal void,
 One trembling atom undestroy'd;
 Such thunders crash'd, such lightnings glared:
 —Another fate those outcasts shared,
 When, with one desolating sweep,
 An earthquake seem'd to engulf the deep,
 Then threw it back, and from its bed
 Hung a whole ocean overhead;
 The victims shriek'd beneath the wave,
 And in a moment found one grave;
 Down to the abyss the flood returned—
 Alone, unseen, the mountain burn'd.

UNCLE'S WILL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Mr. Heimal, an old rich miser, and an odd fellow, felt that his hour was come, and therefore wrote to Adolphus, a very poor nephew, whom he always before neglected, to ask him to visit him, promising to make him heir to all his possessions. Adolphus lost no time, but travelled night and day, and reaching the little village, the residence of his uncle, early on the fifth morning, went to the Violet, the only inn of the place, in order to dress himself better, and to make inquiries about his uncle. The landlord answered, shrugging up his shoulders:—

"According to all appearances Mr. Heimal was near his end. Since Wednesday he was sensible only for a few hours each day, and is likely, says Mr. Schneidab, the village barber and physician, to depart this evening. Since the peace, instead of the better times we hoped for, a pestilence rages here, which even destroys the child in the mother's womb. My cousin, the smith, who was so strong that he might have been used like a beam to force open the church door, is gone to God yesterday evening; and Schneidab, who is not easily frightened, begins to lose courage. He believes it to be a *radical* pestilence, intended only for the benefit of the sexton, who, like an enchanted executioner, sees three dead bodies before him instead of one, and cannot heave in and out fast enough."

Adolphus asked more particulars of his uncle. "You will find with your uncle a faithful old housekeeper, and Albertina, an orphan, who lost her left eye by a ball entering the window in a skirmish, but who continues to set both young and old in a flame with the right, as if it were a burning-glass, and this without wishing it, for *Tinchen* is a perfect example."

With a heart beating so that it might be heard, Adolphus entered his uncle's house, and met Albertina. Her noble form, and her remaining burning-glass, made the loss of the other be overlooked. The gentle goodness of her spirit played about her face, and seemed independent of its form, though in truth it was, with the exception of the eye, beautiful. "Mr. Adolphus," repeated Albertina, as he named himself, "I will announce you immediately; you are expected impatiently, and will be heartily welcome."

"Thank Heaven," said the deserving heir to himself. To her he said some flattering

words as she disappeared, and then prayed that his uncle's heart might be favourably disposed towards him. Albertina opened the door and bid him enter. In a moment he was at the bedside.

Old Heimal was perfectly sensible: he thanked Adolphus in a friendly way; praised his blooming appearance; assured him he had inquired after him, and heard nothing of him but what was good, and therefore had made him his heir. Adolphus stammered forth his earnest thanks.

"Not too soon, not too soon," said the other; "it is with conditions: hear them first. I am to be buried in the churchyard here, and you will receive the interest of eighty thousand thalers if you promise the magistrate to repeat piously the Lord's Prayer once a day over my grave till the end of your life. If you fail once the informer is to receive a fourth part of the inheritance, and the remainder is to go to the hospital, the guardian of which will keep a good look-out that you perform your vow. Nothing but a serious disease, testified by two surgeons, is to excuse you from this duty. The testament lies ready with the magistrate; take time, therefore, to think, for every condition is early or late a clog on the enjoyment of that good with which it is combined. 'Why did my uncle curse me,' you will say, 'with this condition? Why did he poison to me the wine he was no longer able to drink himself?' I answer, justice demands that my property should be expended for the benefit of the town in which I gained it—in which I went to school and grew up to manhood. On the boundary of the dominion of death you shall be at least reminded once a day to raise your thoughts to the Giver of all good; and I wish to save the soul of my heir from the rock of worldly perdition. Go, my son; I am weak."

Albertina had remained in the room by the command of the old man, and now accompanied Adolphus to the door. In the confusion of his feelings he seized her hand and asked what she advised. She blushed, and answered:—

"I cannot believe that you will be guided in so important a matter by the advice of an ignorant girl."

"O yes!" answered he; "your situation here makes you a friend, and the good sense of your answer belies your pretended ignorance. The powers of fate announce their decrees with pleasure by the mouth of innocent maidens."

She replied, "Turn to our Father in heaven; prayer brings power and knowledge, and we

then select, as if by inspiration, that which is best."

Adolphus left her with a grateful squeeze of the hand. He was disposed to follow her advice, but his wishes were earthly.

"Eighty thousand thalers," said he, "or rather the interest of this sum, is in truth a key to earth's heaven; but what is the price? The condition separates me for ever from all which can sweeten life or render it lovely. Suppose I might with swift horses reach the capital for a moment to strengthen my mind in the circle of beauty and intelligence, it can only be for a moment, and like a solitary moonbeam through the darkness of a wintry night; and I lose all if any accident happens to me on the road. Is there a bitterer cup than this eternal monotony—this seeing always the same faces, part expressing vulgarity, part signifying a mixture of rudeness and knowledge even more intolerable than vulgarity? Can anything be worse than to live with people who spy out every morning what I mean to nourish my body with at mid-day, and who treat every deviation from their own customs worse than the Inquisition treats heretics? Yet even here I may find friends, hearts allied to mine, though different in age, situation, and habits. But how soon is conversation exhausted! How does the daily return of the same materials diminish the charms of society! Whatever happens to the town falls on me as part of it. The inheritance makes me like one of its towers; and when I fall sick Mr. Schneidab, the village barber, will hasten, as accoucheur sent by the fates, to deliver me into another world."

In this manner, till late in the evening, did Adolphus weigh his situation; and as he was going to bed, Albertina came to announce the sudden death of his uncle. This news made him pass a sleepless night, and at times to be almost out of his senses. He imagined that the amiable Albertina glided into his chamber and begged earnestly of him to be pleased with the little town, that she delighted him very much, that she made his staying there the condition of obtaining her favour, and that she offered him her sweet mouth to seal the contract with a kiss. He then imagined himself, with her assistance, counting heaps of ducats, and he was full of gratitude for the golden shower and for the lovely bride. He embraced her with one arm and lifted a sack of thalers in the other. A cry of fire awoke him—the warm living image was fled, and the landlady burst into the room to save her wardrobe, which was safely stowed in the best

chamber used for guests. The cry of fire ran through the house, for not one who could breathe but joined in the alarm.

Adolphus sprang out of bed, descended to the street, and saw the house of his departed uncle in flames. He reached it just as Albertina, with a box of valuables, came out, which she gave him as his property, and then hastened back to secure her own, and came not again. Adolphus felt how much he was indebted to her, and pressing through the burning house, found her in a courtyard clinging to a tree, which protected her for a moment from the flames.

"I am lost," said she; "save yourself."

He, however, sprang to her, the flames, as it were, following him, and making his retreat impossible. The hot air already made it difficult to breathe, when he discovered that, by climbing the tree, he might escape over the wall. With the arm of love, strengthened by fear, he dragged the maiden up the stem and along one of the overhanging branches, and then dropped her safely on the opposite side of the wall and jumped after her. Here they stood in a neighbouring garden, and first thanked God for their escape. Albertina then extinguished the sparks on his waistcoat; he kissed her as he had done in his dream, and then led her to a place of safety.

When the fire was extinguished, which did not take place till the house was consumed, Adolphus returned to bed and slept nearly as sound as his uncle, whose corporal part had been reduced by fire to a heap of ashes. Albertina had found it, and had secretly conveyed it away. In the morning his body was sought, for the will made it necessary to have it buried; but all in vain; not a bone was to be discovered. Albertina, however, sent in secret a casket to Adolphus, and wrote with it:—

"If the accompanying casket serves, as I hope, to free my noble assistant from the heavy conditions which our departed friend imposed upon his heir, this latter will then only pray with more fervour over the ashes of his benefactor, which now lie in his hands."

Adolphus blessed in his heart her ingenuity, then went to the magistrate, who was full of thought, and knew not whom he could bury in Heimal's place—for a grave they must have, to fulfil the conditions of his will. Adolphus, however, said:—

"You undoubtedly know beforehand what I mean to say to your worship. You know that a nonentity cannot be buried, and that I cannot be bound to pray over a grave where

my uncle is not entombed; and, at the same time, his testament, making me his heir, remains perfectly valid. A process would evidently last longer than your life, and probably not be finished before the day of judgment. Far be it from me, however, to wish to injure this esteemed pleasant town, the cradle of my good fortune. I therefore resign in favour of its hospital a third part of the property left by my uncle. For this, however, you will give me permission to send your good wife some of the newest fashions from the city, where I mean to take up my residence."

Seldom has a treaty been sooner ratified than this was; and the heir got away with difficulty from the gratitude of the magistrate, to seek out Albertina. She struggled against the embraces with which, in his joy, he overwhelmed her: they might be the mode in the city—here they were quite unheard of; but Adolphus spoke with a seducing tongue, and on a subject not usually ungrateful to a maiden's ear. She pretended, indeed, not to believe him, as if she regarded it as impossible, with the failure of her eye, to please a man who was so entirely without fault, and she concealed her wishes with maidenlike excuses. The gay people of the little town, however, were soon afterwards invited to Adolphus' marriage-feast. He placed, without the knowledge of the bride, the casket with the ashes of the now blessed uncle under the marriage-bed, and was thus enabled to offer the promised prayers daily with the greatest convenience.

THE MINER.

Down 'mid the tangled roots of things
That coil about the central fire,
I seek for that which giveth wings
To stoop, not soar, to my desire.

Sometimes I hear, as 'twere a sigh,
The sea's deep yearning far above,
"Thou hast the secret not," I cry,
"In deeper depths is hid my Love."

They think I burrow from the sun,
In darkness, all alone, and weak;
Such loss were gain if He were won,
For 'tis the sun's own Sun I seek.

"The earth," they murmur, "is the tomb
That vainly sought his life to prison;
Why grovel longer in the gloom?
He is not here; he hath arisen."

More life for me where he hath lain
Hidden while ye believed him dead,
Than in cathedrals cold and vain,
Built on loose sands of *It is said*.

My search is for the living gold;
Him I desire who dwells recluse,
And not his image worn and old,
Day-servant of our sordid use.

If him I find not, yet I find
The ancient joy of cell and church,
The glimpse, the surety undefined,
The unquenched ardour of the search.

Happier to chase a flying goal
Than to sit counting laurelled gains,
To guess the Soul within the soul
Than to be lord of what remains.

Hide still, best Good, in subtle wise,
Beyond my nature's utmost scope;
Be ever absent from mine eyes
To be twice present in my hope!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

LOVE'S HUE AND CRY.

In Love's name you are charged hereby
To make a speedy hue and cry,
After a face who, t'other day,
Came and stole my heart away;
For your directions in brief
These are best marks to know the thief:
Her hair a net of beams would prove,
Strong enough to captive Jove,
Playing the eagle; her clear brow
Is a comely field of snow.
A sparkling eye, so pure a gray
As when it shines it needs no day.
Ivory dwelleth on her nose;
Lilies, married to the rose,
Have made her cheek the nuptial bed;
Her lips betray their virgin red,
As they only blushed for this,
That they one another kiss;
But observe, beside the rest,
You shall know this felon best
By her tongue; for if your ear
Shall once a heavenly music hear,
Such as neither gods nor men
But from that voice shall hear again,
That, that is she, oh, take her t'ye,
None can rock heaven asleep but she.

JAMES SHIRLEY (1628).

PERSUASION.

[Jane Austen, born at Steventon, Hampshire, 16th December, 1775; died at Winchester, 24th July, 1817. Her novels still hold their place as the highest models of English domestic fiction. *Sense and Sensibility*; *Pride and Prejudice*; *Mansfield Park*; and *Emma*, were published during her lifetime, but anonymously; *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion* did not appear until the year after her death, although the former is said to have been her earliest work. It was purchased by a publisher, who kept it in manuscript until her other works had established the author's reputation. Scott said of Miss Austen:—She "had a talent for describing the involvements, feelings, and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big bow-wow I can do myself like any one going; but the exquisite touch which renders commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description, and the sentiment, is denied to me. What a pity so gifted a creature died so early!" Archbishop Whately, in the *Quarterly Review*, wrote:—"Miss Austen has the merit (in our judgment most essential) of being evidently a Christian writer: a merit which is much enhanced, both on the score of good taste and of practical utility, by her religion being not at all obtrusive."

Persuasion chiefly relates to the fortunes of Anne Elliot and her lover Captain Wentworth, who have been separated on account of his poverty. Anne is the daughter of Sir Walter Elliot, a proud, vain man, whose extravagant tastes outrun his income. He is obliged to rent his family mansion, Kellynch Hall, to Admiral Crofts, and to remove to Bath with his eldest daughter Elizabeth, who is of much the same character as her father. Anne goes to visit her younger sister Mary, who is married to the son of Squire Musgrove, and who thinks she has conferred the greatest honour upon that family by the alliance.]

Uppercross was a moderate-sized village, which a few years back had been completely in the old English style, containing only two houses superior in appearance to those of the yeomen and labourers: the mansion of the squire, with its high walls, great gates, and old trees, substantial and unmodernized; and the compact, tight parsonage, inclosed in its own neat garden, with a vine and a pear-tree trained round its casements; but upon the marriage of the young squire it had received the improvement of a farm-house, elevated into a cottage, for his residence, and Uppercross Cottage, with its verandah, French windows, and other prettinesses, was quite as likely to catch the traveller's eye as the more consistent and considerable aspect and premises of the Great House, about a quarter of a mile farther on.

Here Anne had often been staying. She knew the ways of Uppercross as well as those of Kellynch. The two families were so con-

tinually meeting, so much in the habit of running in and out of each other's house at all hours, that it was rather a surprise to her to find Mary alone; but being alone, her being unwell and out of spirits was almost a matter of course. Though better endowed than the elder sister, Mary had not Anne's understanding nor temper. While well and happy, and properly attended to, she had great good humour and excellent spirits; but any indisposition sunk her completely. She had no resources for solitude; and, inheriting a considerable share of the Elliot self-importance, was very prone to add to every other distress that of fancying herself neglected and ill-used. In person, she was inferior to both sisters, and had, even in her bloom, only reached the dignity of being "a fine girl." She was now lying on the faded sofa of the pretty little drawing-room, the once elegant furniture of which had been gradually growing shabby under the influence of four summers and two children; and, on Anne's appearing, greeted her with—

"So you are come at last! I began to think I should never see you. I am so ill I can hardly speak. I have not seen a creature the whole morning!"

"I am sorry to find you unwell," replied Anne. "You sent me such a good account of yourself on Thursday."

"Yes, I made the best of it; I always do: but I was very far from well at the time; and I do not think I ever was so ill in my life as I have been all this morning: very unfit to be left alone, I am sure. Suppose I were to be seized of a sudden in some dreadful way, and not able to ring the bell! So Lady Russell would not get out. I do not think she has been in this house three times this summer."

Anne said what was proper, and inquired after her husband. "Oh! Charles is out shooting. I have not seen him since seven o'clock. He would go, though I told him how ill I was. He said he should not stay out long; but he has never come back, and now it is almost one. I assure you I have not seen a soul this whole long morning."

"You have had your little boys with you?"

"Yes, as long as I could bear their noise; but they are so unmanageable that they do me more harm than good. Little Charles does not mind a word I say, and Walter is growing quite as bad."

"Well, you will soon be better now," replied Anne, cheerfully. "You know I always cure you when I come. How are your neighbours at the Great House?"

"I can give you no account of them. I

have not seen one of them to-day, except Mr. Musgrove, who just stopped and spoke through the window, but without getting off his horse; and though I told him how ill I was, not one of them have been near me. It did not happen to suit the Miss Musgroves, I suppose, and they never put themselves out of their way."

"You will see them yet, perhaps, before the morning is gone. It is early."

"I never want them, I assure you. They talk and laugh a great deal too much for me. Oh! Anne, I am so very unwell. It was quite unkind of you not to come on Thursday."

"My dear Mary, recollect what a comfortable account you sent me of yourself! You wrote in the cheerfullest manner, and said you were perfectly well, and in no hurry for me; and that being the case, you must be aware that my wish would be to remain with Lady Russell to the last: and besides what I felt on her account, I have really been so busy, have had so much to do, that I could not very conveniently have left Kellynch sooner."

"Dear me! what can *you* possibly have had to do?"

"A great many things, I assure you. More than I can recollect in a moment; but I can tell you some. I have been making a duplicate of the catalogue of my father's books and pictures. I have been several times in the garden with Mackenzie, trying to understand, and make him understand, which of Elizabeth's plants are for Lady Russell. I have had all my own little concerns to arrange, books and music to divide, and all my trunks to repack, from not having understood in time what was intended as to the waggons: and one thing I have had to do, Mary, of a more trying nature: going to almost every house in the parish, as a sort of take-leave. I was told that they wished it; but all these things took up a great deal of time."

"Oh, well!" and after a moment's pause, "but you have never asked me one word about our dinner at the Pooles' yesterday."

"Did you go, then? I have made no inquiries, because I concluded you must have been obliged to give up the party."

"Oh yes! I went. I was very well yesterday: nothing at all the matter with me till this morning. It would have been strange if I had not gone."

"I am very glad you were well enough, and I hope you had a pleasant party."

"Nothing remarkable. One always knows beforehand what the dinner will be, and who will be there; and it is so very uncomfortable not having a carriage of one's own. Mr. and

Mrs. Musgrove took me, and we were so crowded! They are both so very large, and take up so much room; and Mr. Musgrove always sits forward. So there was I crowded into the back seat with Henrietta and Louisa; and I think it very likely that my illness to-day may be owing to it."

A little farther perseverance in patience and forced cheerfulness on Anne's side produced nearly a cure on Mary's. She could soon sit upright on the sofa, and began to hope she might be able to leave it by dinner-time. Then, forgetting to think of it, she was at the other end of the room, beautifying a nosegay: then she ate her cold meat; and then she was well enough to propose a little walk.

"Where shall we go?" said she when they were ready. "I suppose you will not like to call at the Great House before they have been to see you?"

"I have not the smallest objection on that account," replied Anne. "I should never think of standing on such ceremony with people I know so well as Mrs. and the Miss Musgroves."

"Oh! but they ought to call upon you as soon as possible. They ought to feel what is due to you as *my* sister. However, we may as well go and sit with them a little while, and when we have got that over we can enjoy our walk."

Anne had always thought such a style of intercourse highly imprudent; but she had ceased to endeavour to check it, from believing that, though there were on each side continual subjects of offence, neither family could now do without it. To the Great House accordingly they went, to sit the full half hour in the old-fashioned square parlour, with a small carpet and shining floor, to which the present daughters of the house were gradually giving the proper air of confusion by a grand piano-forte and a harp, flower-stands, and little tables placed in every direction. Oh! could the originals of the portraits against the wainscot, could the gentlemen in brown velvet and the ladies in blue satin have seen what was going on, have been conscious of such an overthrow of all order and neatness! The portraits themselves seemed to be staring in astonishment.

The Musgroves, like their houses, were in a state of alteration, perhaps of improvement. The father and mother were in the old English style, and the young people in the new. Mr. and Mrs. Musgrove were a very good sort of people; friendly and hospitable, not much educated, and not at all elegant. Their child-

ren had more modern minds and manners. There was a numerous family; but the only two grown up, excepting Charles, were Henrietta and Louisa, young ladies of nineteen and twenty, who had brought from a school at Exeter all the usual stock of accomplishments, and were now, like thousands of other young ladies, living to be fashionable, happy, and merry. Their dress had every advantage, their faces were rather pretty, their spirits extremely good, their manners unembarrassed and pleasant; they were of consequence at home, and favourites abroad. Anne always contemplated them as some of the happiest creatures of her acquaintance: but still, saved as we all are, by some comfortable feeling of superiority from wishing for the possibility of exchange, she would not have given up her own more elegant and cultivated mind for all their enjoyments; and envied them nothing but that seemingly perfect good understanding and agreement together, that good-humoured mutual affection, of which she had known so little herself with either of her sisters.

They were received with great cordiality. Nothing seemed amiss on the side of the Great House family, which was generally, as Anne very well knew, the last to blame. The half hour was chatted away pleasantly enough; and she was not at all surprised, at the end of it, to have their walking party joined by both the Miss Musgroves, at Mary's particular invitation.

Anne had not wanted this visit to Uppercross to learn that a removal from one set of people to another, though at a distance of only three miles, will often include a total change of conversation, opinion, and idea. She had never been staying there before without being struck by it, or without wishing that other Elliots could have her advantage in seeing how unknown, or unconsidered there, were the affairs which at Kellynch Hall were treated as of such general publicity and pervading interest; yet, with all this experience, she believed she must now submit to feel that another lesson in the art of knowing our own nothingness beyond our own circle, was become necessary for her; for certainly, coming as she did, with a heart full of the subject which had been completely occupying both houses in Kellynch for many weeks, she had expected rather more curiosity and sympathy than she found in the separate but very similar remarks of Mr. and Mrs. Musgrove: "So, Miss Anne, Sir Walter and your sister are gone; what part of Bath do you think they will settle in?" and this without much waiting for an answer; or

in the young ladies' addition of, "I hope we shall be in Bath in the winter; but remember, papa, if we do go, we must be in a good situation: none of your Queen Squares for us!" or in the anxious supplement from Mary, of—"Upon my word, I shall be pretty well off, when you are all gone away to be happy at Bath!"

She could only resolve to avoid such self-delusion in future, and think with heightened gratitude of the extraordinary blessing of having one such truly sympathizing friend as Lady Russell.

The Mr. Musgroves had their own game to guard and to destroy, their own horses, dogs, and newspapers to engage them, and the females were fully occupied in all the other common subjects of housekeeping, neighbours, dress, dancing, and music. She acknowledged it to be very fitting that every little social commonwealth should dictate its own matters of discourse; and hoped, ere long, to become a not unworthy member of the one she was now transplanted into. With the prospect of spending at least two months at Uppercross, it was highly incumbent on her to clothe her imagination, her memory, and all her ideas in as much of Uppercross as possible.

She had no dread of these two months. Mary was not so repulsive and unsisterly as Elizabeth, nor so inaccessible to all influence of hers; neither was there anything among the other component parts of the cottage inimical to comfort. She was always on friendly terms with her brother-in-law; and in the children, who loved her nearly as well, and respected her a great deal more than their mother, she had an object of interest, amusement, and wholesome exertion.

Charles Musgrove was civil and agreeable; in sense and temper he was undoubtedly superior to his wife, but not of powers, or conversation, or grace to make the past, as they were connected together, at all a dangerous contemplation; though, at the same time, Anne could believe, with Lady Russell, that a more equal match might have greatly improved him; and that a woman of real understanding might have given more consequence to his character, and more usefulness, rationality, and elegance to his habits and pursuits. As it was, he did nothing with much zeal, but sport; and his time was otherwise trifled away, without benefit from books or anything else. He had very good spirits, which never seemed much affected by his wife's occasional lowness, bore with her unreasonableness sometimes to Anne's admiration, and upon the whole, though

there was very often a little disagreement (in which she had sometimes more share than she wished, being appealed to by both parties), they might pass for a happy couple. They were always perfectly agreed in the want of more money, and a strong inclination for a handsome present from his father; but here, as on most topics, he had the superiority, for while Mary thought it a great shame that such a present was not made, he always contended for his father's having many other uses for his money, and a right to spend it as he liked.

As to the management of their children, his theory was much better than his wife's, and his practice not so bad. "I could manage them very well, if it were not for Mary's interference," was what Anne often heard him say, and had a good deal of faith in; but when listening in turn to Mary's reproach of, "Charles spoils the children so that I cannot get them into any order," she never had the smallest temptation to say, "Very true."

One of the least agreeable circumstances of her residence there was her being treated with too much confidence by all parties, and being too much in the secret of the complaints of each house. Known to have some influence with her sister, she was continually requested, or at least receiving hints to exert it, beyond what was practicable. "I wish you could persuade Mary not to be always fancying herself ill," was Charles' language; and, in an unhappy mood, thus spoke Mary: "I do believe if Charles were to see me dying, he would not think there was anything the matter with me. I am sure, Anne, if you would, you might persuade him that I really am very ill—a great deal worse than I ever own."

Mary's declaration was, "I hate sending the children to the Great House, though their grandmamma is always wanting to see them, for she humours and indulges them to such a degree, and gives them so much trash and sweet things, that they are sure to come back sick and cross for the rest of the day." And Mrs. Musgrove took the first opportunity of being alone with Anne to say, "Oh! Miss Anne, I cannot help wishing Mrs. Charles had a little of your method with those children. They are quite different creatures with you! But to be sure, in general, they are so spoiled! It is a pity you cannot put your sister in the way of managing them. They are as fine healthy children as ever were seen, poor little dears! without partiality; but Mrs. Charles knows no more how they should be treated—! Bless me! how troublesome they are sometimes.

I assure you, Miss Anne, it prevents my wishing to see them at our house so often as I otherwise should. I believe Mrs. Charles is not quite pleased with my not inviting them oftener; but you know it is very bad to have children with one that one is obliged to be checking every moment; 'don't do this,' and 'don't do that;' or that one can only keep in tolerable order by more cake than is good for them."

She had this communication, moreover, from Mary:—"Mrs. Musgrove thinks all her servants so steady, that it would be high treason to call it in question; but I am sure, without exaggeration, that her upper housemaid and laundrymaid, instead of being in their business, are gadding about the village all day long. I meet them wherever I go; and I declare I never go twice into my nursery without seeing something of them. If Jemima were not the trustiest, steadiest creature in the world, it would be enough to spoil her; for she tells me they are always tempting her to take a walk with them." And on Mrs. Musgrove's side it was, "I make a rule of never interfering in any of my daughter-in-law's concerns, for I know it would not do; but I shall tell *you*, Miss Anne, because you may be able to set things to rights, that I have no very good opinion of Mrs. Charles' nursery-maid: I hear strange stories of her; she is always upon the gad; and from my own knowledge I can declare, she is such a fine-dressing lady, that she is enough to ruin any servants she comes near. Mrs. Charles quite swears by her, I know; but I just give you this hint, that you may be upon the watch; because if you see anything amiss, you need not be afraid of mentioning it."

Again, it was Mary's complaint that Mrs. Musgrove was very apt not to give her the precedence that was her due, when they dined at the Great House with other families, and she did not see any reason why she was to be considered so much at home as to lose her place. And one day, when Anne was walking with only the Miss Musgroves, one of them, after talking of rank, people of rank, and jealousy of rank, said, "I have no scruple of observing to you how nonsensical some persons are about their place, because all the world knows how easy and indifferent you are about it; but I wish anybody would give Mary a hint that it would be a great deal better if she were not so very tenacious, especially if she would not be always putting herself forward to take place of mamma. Nobody doubts her right to have precedence of mamma, but it would

be more becoming in her not to be always insisting on it. It is not that mamma cares about it the least in the world, but I know it is taken notice of by many persons."

How was Anne to set all these matters to rights? She could do little more than listen patiently, soften every grievance, and excuse each to the other; give them all hints of the forbearance necessary between such near neighbours, and make those hints broadest which were meant for her sister's benefit.

In all other respects her visit began and proceeded very well. Her own spirits improved by change of place and subject, by being removed three miles from Kellynch; Mary's ailments lessened by having a constant companion, and their daily intercourse with the other family, since there was neither superior affection, confidence, nor employment in the cottage to be interrupted by it, was rather an advantage. It was certainly carried nearly as far as possible, for they met every morning, and hardly ever spent an evening asunder; but she believed they should not have done so well without the sight of Mr. and Mrs. Musgrove's respectable forms in the usual places, or without the talking, laughing, and singing of their daughters.

She played a great deal better than either of the Miss Musgroves, but having no voice, no knowledge of the harp, and no fond parents, to sit by and fancy themselves delighted, her performance was little thought of, only out of civility, or to refresh the others, as she was well aware. She knew that when she played she was giving pleasure only to herself; but this was no new sensation. Excepting one short period of her life, she had never, since the age of fourteen, never since the loss of her dear mother, known the happiness of being listened to, or encouraged by any just appreciation or real taste. In music she had been always used to feel alone in the world; and Mr. and Mrs. Musgrove's fond partiality for their own daughters' performance, and total indifference to any other person's, gave her much more pleasure for their sakes, than mortification for her own.

The party at the Great House was sometimes increased by other company. The neighbourhood was not large, but the Musgroves were visited by everybody, and had more dinner-parties, and more callers, more visitors by invitation and by chance, than any other family. They were more completely popular.

The girls were wild for dancing; and the evenings ended, occasionally, in an unpremeditated little ball. There was a family of cousins

within a walk of Uppercross, in less affluent circumstances, who depended on the Musgroves for all their pleasures: they would come at any time, or help to play at anything, or dance anywhere; and Anne, very much preferring the office of musician to a more active post, played country-dances to them by the hour together; a kindness which always recommended her musical powers to the notice of Mr. and Mrs. Musgrove more than anything else, and often drew this compliment,—“Well done, Miss Anne! very well done, indeed! Lord bless me! how those little fingers of yours fly about!” . . .

[Captain Wentworth prospered, and during Anne's visit to Uppercross he comes to visit his brother-in-law Admiral Crofts. Then there is a game at cross-purposes between the lovers; he thinks she is to marry a wealthy cousin, and she thinks he is to ask Louisa Musgrove to be his wife. But Louisa is suddenly announced as the betrothed of Captain Benwick, a sentimental gentleman, who in this way consoles himself for the death of Miss Harville, the lady to whom he had been formerly engaged, and the misunderstandings are brought right in this way.]

Captain Harville (the brother of Benwick's old love) moved to a window, and Anne, seeming to watch him, though it was from thorough absence of mind, became gradually sensible that he was inviting her to join him where he stood. He looked at her with a smile, and a little motion of the head, which expressed, “Come to me, I have something to say;” and the unaffected, easy kindness of manner which denoted the feelings of an older acquaintance than he really was, strongly enforced the invitation. She roused herself and went to him. The window at which he stood was at the other end of the room from where the two ladies were sitting, and though nearer to Captain Wentworth's table, not very near. As she joined him, Captain Harville's countenance reassumed the serious, thoughtful expression which seemed its natural character.

“Look here,” said he, unfolding a parcel in his hand, and displaying a small miniature painting: “do you know who that is?”

“Certainly: Captain Benwick.”

“Yes, and you may guess who it is for. But,” in a deep tone, “it was not done for her. Miss Elliot, do you remember our walking together at Lyme, and grieving for him? I little thought then—but no matter. This was drawn at the Cape. He met with a clever young German artist at the Cape, and in compliance with a promise to my poor sister, sat

to him, and was bringing it home for her; and I have now the charge of getting it properly set for another! It was a commission to me! But who else was there to employ? I hope I can allow for him. I am not sorry, indeed, to make it over to another. He undertakes it;" looking towards Captain Wentworth, "he is writing about it now." And with a quivering lip he wound up the whole by adding, "Poor Fanny! she would not have forgotten him so soon."

"No," replied Anne, in a feeling voice, "that I can easily believe."

"It was not in her nature. She doted on him."

"It would not be the nature of any woman who truly loved."

Captain Harville smiled, as much as to say, "Do you claim that for your sex?" and she answered the question, smiling also, "Yes. We certainly do not forget you so soon as you forget us. It is, perhaps, our fate rather than our merit. We cannot help ourselves. We live at home, quiet, confined, and our feelings prey upon us. You are forced on exertion. You have always business of some sort or other to take you back into the world immediately, and continual occupation and change soon weaken impressions."

"Granting your assertion that the world does all this so soon for men (which, however, I do not think I shall grant), it does not apply to Benwick. He has not been forced upon any exertion. The peace turned him on shore at the very moment, and he has been living with us in our little family circle ever since."

"True," said Anne, "very true; I did not recollect; but what shall we say now, Captain Harville? If the change be not from outward circumstances, it must be from within; it must be nature, man's nature, which has done the business for Captain Benwick."

"No, no, it is not man's nature. I will not allow it to be more man's nature than woman's to be inconstant and forget those they do love or have loved. I believe the reverse. I believe in a true analogy between our bodily frames and our mental; and that as our bodies are the strongest so are our feelings; capable of bearing most rough usage, and riding out the heaviest weather."

"Your feelings may be the strongest," replied Anne, "but the same spirit of analogy will authorize me to assert that ours are the most tender. Man is more robust than woman, but he is not longer lived, which exactly explains my view of the nature of their attachments. Nay, it would be too hard upon you

if it were otherwise. You have difficulties, and privations, and dangers enough to struggle with. You are always labouring and toiling, exposed to every risk and hardship, for your home, country, friends, all united. Neither time, nor health, nor life to be called your own. It would be too hard indeed" (with a faltering voice) "if woman's feelings were to be added to all this."

"We shall never agree upon this question," Captain Harville was beginning to say, when a slight noise called their attention to Captain Wentworth's hitherto perfectly quiet division of the room. It was nothing more than that his pen had fallen down; but Anne was startled at finding him nearer than she had supposed, and half inclined to suspect that the pen had only fallen because he had been occupied by them, striving to catch sounds which yet she did not think he could have caught.

"Have you finished your letter?" said Captain Harville.

"Not quite; a few lines more. I shall have done in five minutes."

"There is no hurry on my side. I am only ready whenever you are. I am in very good anchorage here," smiling at Anne, "well supplied, and want for nothing. No hurry for a signal at all. Well, Miss Elliot," lowering his voice, "as I was saying, we shall never agree, I suppose, upon this point. No man and woman would probably. But let me observe that all histories are against you—all stories, prose and verse. If I had such a memory as Benwick I could bring you fifty quotations in a moment on my side of the argument, and I do not think I ever opened a book in my life which had not something to say upon woman's inconstancy. Songs and proverbs all talk of woman's fickleness. But perhaps you will say these were all written by men."

"Perhaps I shall. Yes, yes, if you please, no reference to examples in books. Men have had every advantage of us in telling their own story. Education has been theirs in so much higher a degree; the pen has been in their hands. I will not allow books to prove anything."

"But how shall we prove anything?"

"We never shall. We never can expect to prove anything upon such a point. It is a difference of opinion which does not admit of proof. We each begin, probably, with a little bias towards our own sex, and upon that bias build every circumstance in favour of it which has occurred within our own circle, many of which (perhaps those very cases which strike us the most) may be precisely such as cannot

be brought forward without betraying a confidence, or in some respect saying what should not be said."

"Ah!" cried Captain Harville, in a tone of strong feeling, "if I could but make you comprehend what a man suffers when he takes a last look at his wife and children, and watches the boat that he has sent them off in, as long as it is in sight, and then turns away and says, 'God knows whether we shall ever meet again!' And then if I could convey to you the glow of his soul when he does see them again when, coming back after a twelvemonth's absence perhaps, and obliged to put into another port, he calculates how soon it may be possible to get them there, pretending to deceive himself, and saying, 'They cannot be here till such a day,' but all the while hoping for them twelve hours sooner, and seeing them arrive at last, as if Heaven had given them wings, by many hours sooner still! If I could explain to you all this, and all that a man can bear and do, and glories to do, for the sake of these treasures of his existence! I speak, you know, only of such men as have hearts!" pressing his own with emotion.

"Oh!" cried Anne, eagerly, "I hope I do justice to all that is felt by you, and by those who resemble you. God forbid that I should undervalue the warm and faithful feelings of any of my fellow-creatures! I should deserve utter contempt if I dared to suppose that true attachment and constancy were known only by woman. No; I believe you capable of everything great and good in your married lives. I believe you equal to every important exertion, and to every domestic forbearance, so long as—if I may be allowed the expression—so long as you have an object. I mean, while the woman you love lives, and lives for you. All the privilege I claim for my own sex (it is not a very enviable one: you need not covet it) is that of loving longest when existence or when hope is gone."

She could not immediately have uttered another sentence; her heart was too full, her breath too much oppressed.

"You are a good soul," cried Captain Harville, putting his hand on her arm, quite affectionately. "There is no quarrelling with you. And when I think of Benwick my tongue is tied."

Their attention was called towards the others. Mrs. Croft was taking leave.

"Here, Frederick, you and I part company, I believe," said she. "I am going home, and you have an engagement with your friend. To-night we may have the pleasure of all

meeting again at your party," turning to Anne. "We had your sister's card yesterday, and I understood Frederick had a card too, though I did not see it; and you are disengaged, Frederick, are you not, as well as ourselves?"

Captain Wentworth was folding up a letter in great haste, and either could not or would not answer fully.

"Yes," said he, "very true; here we separate, but Harville and I shall soon be after you—that is, Harville, if you are ready; I am in half a minute. I know you will not be sorry to be off."

Mrs. Croft left them, and Captain Wentworth, having sealed his letter with great rapidity, was indeed ready, and had even a hurried, agitated air, which showed impatience to be gone. Anne knew not how to understand it. She had the kindest "Good morning, God bless you!" from Captain Harville, but from him not a word, nor a look. He had passed out of the room without a look.

She had only time, however, to move closer to the table where he had been writing when footsteps were heard returning; the door opened; it was himself. He begged their pardon, but he had forgotten his gloves, and instantly crossing the room to the writing-table, and standing with his back towards Mrs. Musgrove, he drew out a letter from under the scattered paper, placed it before Anne with eyes of glowing entreaty fixed on her, and hastily collecting his gloves, was again out of the room almost before Mrs. Musgrove was aware of his being in it—the work of an instant.

The revolution which one instant had made in Anne was almost beyond expression. The letter, with a direction hardly legible, to "Miss A. E—," was evidently the one which he had been folding so hastily. While supposed to be writing only to Captain Benwick he had been also addressing her. On the contents of that letter depended all which this world could do for her. Anything was possible, anything might be defied rather than suspense. Mrs. Musgrove had little arrangements of her own at her own table; to their protection she must trust, and, sinking into the chair which he had occupied, succeeding to the very spot where he had leaned and written, her eyes devoured the following words:—

"I can listen no longer in silence. I must speak to you by such means as are within my reach. You pierce my soul. I am half agony, half hope. Tell me not that I am too late, that such precious feelings are gone for ever. I offer myself to you again with a heart even

more your own than when you almost broke it eight years and a half ago. Dare not say that man forgets sooner than woman, that his love has an earlier death. I have loved none but you. Unjust I may have been, weak and resentful I have been, but never inconstant. You alone have brought me to Bath. For you alone I think and plan. Have you not seen this? Can you fail to have understood my wishes? I had not waited even these ten days could I have read your feelings, as I think you must have penetrated mine. I can hardly write. I am every instant hearing something which overpowers me. You sink your voice, but I can distinguish the tones of that voice when they would be lost on others. Too good, too excellent creature! You do us justice, indeed. You do believe that there is true attachment and constancy among men. Believe it to be most fervent, most undeviating in

F. W.

"I must go, uncertain of my fate; but I shall return hither, or follow your party, as soon as possible. A word, a look, will be enough to decide whether I enter your father's house this evening or never."

Such a letter was not to be soon recovered from. Half an hour's solitude and reflection might have tranquillized her; but the ten minutes only which now passed before she was interrupted, with all the restraints of her situation, could do nothing towards tranquillity. Every moment rather brought fresh agitation. It was an overpowering happiness. And before she was beyond the first stage of full sensation, Charles, Mary, and Henrietta all came in.

The absolute necessity of seeming like herself produced then an immediate struggle; but after a while she could do no more. She began not to understand a word they said, and was obliged to plead indisposition and excuse herself. They could then see that she looked very ill, were shocked and concerned, and would not stir without her for the world. This was dreadful. Would they only have gone away and left her in the quiet possession of that room it would have been her cure; but to have them all standing or waiting around her was distracting, and in desperation she said she would go home.

"By all means, my dear," cried Mrs. Musgrove, "go home directly, and take care of yourself, that you may be fit for the evening. I wish Sarah was here to doctor you, but I am no doctor myself. Charles, ring and order a chair. She must not walk."

But the chair would never do. Worse than all. To lose the possibility of speaking two

words to Captain Wentworth in the course of her quiet, solitary progress up the town (and she felt almost certain of meeting him) could not be borne. The chair was earnestly protested against, and Mrs. Musgrove, who thought only of one sort of illness, having assured herself with some anxiety that there had been no fall in the case, that Anne had not at any time lately slipped down and got a blow on her head, that she was perfectly convinced of having had no fall, could part with her cheerfully, and depend on finding her better at night.

Another momentary vexation occurred. Charles, in his real concern and good nature, would go home with her; there was no preventing him. This was almost cruel. But she could not be long ungrateful; he was sacrificing an engagement at a gunsmith's to be of use to her; and she set off with him, with no feeling but gratitude apparent.

They were in Union Street, when a quicker step behind, a something of familiar sound, gave her two moments' preparation for the sight of Captain Wentworth. He joined them; but, as if irresolute whether to join or to pass on, said nothing, only looked. Anne could command herself enough to receive that look, and not repulsively. The cheeks which had been pale now glowed, and the movements which had hesitated were decided. He walked by her side. Presently, struck by a sudden thought, Charles said—

"Captain Wentworth, which way are you going? Only to Gay Street, or farther up the town?"

"I hardly know," replied Captain Wentworth, surprised.

"Are you going as high as Belmont? Are you going near Camden Place? Because, if you are, I shall have no scruple in asking you to take my place, and give Anne your arm to her father's door. She is rather done for this morning, and must not go so far without help, and I ought to be at that fellow's in the Market Place. He promised me the sight of a capital gun he is just going to send off; said he would keep it unpacked to the last possible moment, that I might see it; and if I do not turn back now, I have no chance. By his description it is a good deal like the second sized double-barrel of mine which you shot with one day round Winthrop."

There could not be an objection. There could be only a most proper alacrity, a most obliging compliance for public view; and smiles reined in and spirits dancing in private rapture. In half a minute Charles was at the bottom of Union Street again, and the other two proceed-

ing together; and soon words enough had passed between them to decide their direction towards the comparatively quiet and retired gravel walk, where the power of conversation would make the present hour a blessing indeed, and prepare it for all the immortality which the happiest recollections of their own future lives could bestow. There they exchanged again those feelings and those promises which had once before seemed to secure everything, but which had been followed by so many, many years of division and estrangement. There they returned again into the past, more exquisitely happy, perhaps, in their reunion than when it had been first projected; more tender, more tried, more fixed in a knowledge of each other's character, truth, and attachment; more equal to act, more justified in acting. And there, as they slowly paced the gradual ascent, heedless of every group around them, seeing neither sauntering politicians, bustling housekeepers, flirting girls, nor nursery-maids and children, they could indulge in those retrospections and acknowledgments, and especially in those explanations of what had directly preceded the present moment, which were so poignant and so ceaseless in interest. All the little variations of the last week were gone through; and of yesterday and to-day there could scarcely be an end.

Who can be in doubt of what followed? When any two young people take it into their heads to marry, they are pretty sure by perseverance to carry their point, be they ever so poor, or ever so imprudent, or ever so little likely to be necessary to each other's ultimate comfort. This may be bad morality to conclude with, but I believe it to be truth; and if such parties succeed, how should a Captain Wentworth and an Anne Elliot, with the advantage of maturity of mind, consciousness of right, and one independent fortune between them, fail of bearing down every opposition? They might, in fact, have borne down a great deal more than they met with, for there was little to distress them beyond the want of graciousness and warmth. Sir Walter made no objection, and Elizabeth did nothing worse than look cold and unconcerned. Captain Wentworth, with five-and-twenty thousand pounds, and as high in his profession as merit and activity could place him, was no longer nobody. He was now esteemed quite worthy to address the daughter of a foolish, spend-thrift baronet, who had not had principle or sense enough to maintain himself in the situation in which Providence had placed him, and who could give his daughter at present but a

small part of the share of ten thousand pounds which must be hers hereafter.

Sir Walter, indeed, though he had no affection for Anne, and no vanity flattered, to make him really happy on the occasion, was very far from thinking it a bad match for her. On the contrary, when he saw more of Captain Wentworth, saw him repeatedly by daylight, and eyed him well, he was very much struck by his personal claims, and felt that his superiority of appearance might be not unfairly balanced against her superiority of rank; and all this, assisted by his well-sounding name, enabled Sir Walter at last to prepare his pen, with a very good grace, for the insertion of the marriage in the volume of honour.

Of all the family, Mary was probably the one most immediately gratified by the circumstance. It was creditable to have a sister married, and she might flatter herself with having been greatly instrumental to the connection by keeping Anne with her in the autumn; and as her own sister must be better than her husband's sisters, it was very agreeable that Captain Wentworth should be a richer man than either Captain Benwick or Charles Hayter. She had something to suffer, perhaps, when they came into contact again, in seeing Anne restored to the rights of seniority, and the mistress of a very pretty landaulette; but she had a future to look forward to of powerful consolation. Anne had no Uppercross Hall before her, no landed estate, no headship of a family; and if they could but keep Captain Wentworth from being made a baronet, she would not change situations with Anne.

TO CELIA.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

BEN JONSON.

THE FIRST FROST OF AUTUMN.

[Samuel Griswold Goodrich, born at Ridgefield, Connecticut, 19th August, 1793; died in New York, 9th May, 1860. Although few will recognize this name, every one will know the author as "Peter Parley," a pseudonym which he assumed early in his career, and which became familiar in every home in Europe and America. He wrote and edited about one hundred and seventy volumes, consisting chiefly of works for the young, and comprising poems, tales, historical and scientific manuals, and school-books. It should be observed that the name "Peter Parley" was often unfairly used on the title-pages of books with which Mr. Goodrich had nothing to do. In his *Recollections of a Lifetime, or Men and Things I have Seen* (New York, 1855), he presented an interesting catalogue of his own works and of the "spurious Parley books." Of his poetry one critic says, "His style is simple and unaffected; the flow of his verse melodious; and his subjects generally such as he is capable of treating most successfully."]]

At evening it rose in the hollow glade,
Where wild flowers blushed 'mid silence and shade;
Where, hid from the gaze of the garish noon,
They were silly wooed by the trembling moon.
It rose—for the guardian zephyrs had flown,
And left the valley that night alone.
No sigh was borne from the leafy hill,
No murmur came from the lapsing rill;
The boughs of the willow in silence wept,
And the aspen leaves in that sabbath slept.
The valley dreamed, and the fairy lute
Of the whispering reed by the brook was mute.
The slender rush o'er the glassy rill,
As a marble shaft, was erect and still,
And no airy sylph on the mirror wave,
A dimpling trace of its footstep gave.
The moon shone down, but the shadows deep
Of the pensile flowers were hushed in sleep.
The pulse was still in that vale of bloom,
And the Spirit rose from its marshy tomb.
It rose o'er the breast of a silver spring,
Where the mist at morn shook its snowy wing,
And robed like the dew, when it woos the flowers,
It stole away to their secret bowers.

With a lover's sigh, and a zephyr's breath,
It whispered bliss, but its work was death:
It kissed the lip of a rose asleep,
And left it there on its stem to weep:
It froze the drop on a lily's leaf,
And the shivering blossom was bowed in grief.
O'er the gentian it breathed, and the withered flower
Fell blackened and scathed in its lonely bower:
It stooped to the asters all blooming around,
And kissed the buds as they slept on the ground.
They slept, but no morrow could waken their bloom,
And shrouded by moonlight, they lay in their tomb.

The Frost Spirit went, like the lover light,
In search of fresh beauty and bloom that night.

Its wing was plumed by the moon's cold ray,
And noiseless it flew o'er the hills away.
It flew, yet its dallying fingers played,
With a thrilling touch, through the maple's shade;
It toyed with the leaves of the sturdy oak,
It sighed o'er the aspen, and whispering spoke
To the bending sumach, that stooped to throw
Its chequering shade o'er a brook below.
It kissed the leaves of the beech, and breathed
O'er the arching elm, with its ivy wreathed:
It climbed to the ash on the mountain's height—
It flew to the meadow, and hovering light
O'er leafy forest and fragrant dell,
It bound them all in its silvery spell.
Each spreading bough heard the whispered bliss,
And gave its cheek to the gallant's kiss—
Though giving, the leaves disdainingly shook,
As if refusing the boon they took.

Who dreamed that the morning's light would speak,
And show that kiss on the blushing cheek?
For in silence the fairy work went through—
And no croning owl of the scandal knew:
No watch-dog broke from his slumbers light,
To tell the tale to the listening night.
But that which in secret is darkly done,
Is oft displayed by the morrow's sun;
And thus the leaves in the light revealed
With their glowing hues what the night concealed.
The sweet, frail flowers that once welcomed the morn,
Now drooped in their bowers, all shrivelled and lorn;
While the hardier trees shook their leaves in the
blast—

Though tell-tale colours were over them cast.
The maple blushed deep as a maiden's cheek,
And the oak confessed what it would not speak.
The beech stood mute, but a purple hue
O'er its glossy robe was a witness true.
The elm and the ivy with varying dyes,
Protesting their innocence, looked to the skies:
And the sumach rouged deeper, as stooping to look,
It glanced at the colours that flared in the brook.
The delicate aspen grew nervous and pale,
As the tittering forest seemed full of the tale;
And the lofty ash, though it tossed up its bough,
With a puritan air on the mountain's brow,
Bore a purple tinge o'er its leafy fold,
And the hidden revel was gaily told!

VIRTUE.

The triumphs that on vice attend
Shall ever in confusion end;
The good man suffers but to gain,
And every virtue springs from pain:

As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But crushed, or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SCOTTISH WIT AND HUMOUR.

[The Very Rev. Edward Bannerman Ramsay, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.E., born 31st January, 1793; died at Edinburgh, 27th December, 1872. He graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge; was some time curate of Rodden-cum-Buckland, Somersetshire; removed to Edinburgh in 1824, and six years later he became incumbent of St. John's. In 1841 he was made Dean of Edinburgh, and in that office he remained for more than thirty years, doing good work for the church and for society. He thrice refused a bishopric; but the church had no honours to confer upon him equal to those which his own genius and benevolence won for him. One of his early, and not least important, labours was the foundation of the Church Society, for the benefit of the poorer rural clergymen; and the Free Kirk found in this society a model for its sustentation fund. Whilst zealously occupied with the affairs of his diocese and with numerous philanthropical schemes, he also gave much attention to literature, and, besides many sermons and miscellaneous pamphlets, published *A Memoir of Sir J. E. Smith*, with a notice of his botanical works; *A Manual of Catechetical Instruction*; *Lectures on the Genius and Works of Handel*; *On the Social Influence of Railways*; *A Memoir of Dr. Chalmers*; ¹ *On the Canon Law of the Church*; *The Christian Life, its Origin, Progress, and Perfection*; *Pulpit Table-Talk*, &c. &c. But foremost amongst all his literary labours is the *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, which has gone through many editions. This work has done more than anything since Scott wrote to sustain an interest in Scottish folk and dialect; and it possesses a high historical value in its photographs of national characteristics, many of which have entirely disappeared, whilst others are fast disappearing. The varieties of Scottish life have never been painted by a kindlier or a more faithful hand.]

My readers need not be afraid that they are to be led through a labyrinth of metaphysical distinctions between wit and humour. I have read Dr. Campbell's dissertation on the difference in his *Philosophy of Rhetoric*; I have read Sydney Smith's two lectures; but I confess I am not much the wiser. Professors of rhetoric, no doubt, must have such discussions, but when you wish to be amused by the thing itself, it is somewhat disappointing to be presented with metaphysical analysis: It is like instituting an examination of the glass and cork of a champagne bottle, and a chemical testing of the wine. In the very process the volatile and sparkling draught which was to delight the palate, has become like ditch-water, vapid and dead. What I mean is, that, call it wit or humour, or what you please, there is a school of Scottish pleasantry, amusing and

characteristic beyond all other. Don't think of *analyzing* its nature, or the qualities of which it is composed; enjoy its quaint and amusing flow of oddity and fun; as we may, for instance, suppose it to have flowed on that eventful night so joyously described by Burns:—

"The souter tauld his queerest stories,
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus."

Or we may think of the delight it gave the good Mr. Balwhidder, when he tells, in his *Annals of the Parish*, of some such story, that it was a "jocosity that was just a kittle to hear." When I speak of changes in such Scottish humour which have taken place, I refer to a particular sort of humour, and I speak of the sort of feeling that belongs to Scottish pleasantry,—which is sly, and cheery, and pawky. It is undoubtedly a humour that depends a good deal upon the vehicle in which the story is conveyed. If, as we have said, our quaint dialect is passing away, and our national eccentric points of character, we must expect to find much of the peculiar humour allied with them to have passed away also. In other departments of wit and repartee, and acute hits at men and things, Scotchmen (whatever Sydney Smith may have said to the contrary) are equal to their neighbours, and, so far as I know, may have gained rather than lost. But this peculiar humour of which I now speak has not, in our day, the scope and development which were permitted to it by the former generation. Where the tendency exists, the exercise of it is kept down by the usages and feelings of society. For examples of it (in its full force at any rate) we must go back to a race who are departed. One remark, however, has occurred to me in regard to the specimens we have of this kind of humour—viz., that they do not always proceed from the wit or the cleverness of any of the individuals concerned in them. The amusement comes from the circumstances, from the concurrence or combination of the ideas, and in many cases from the mere expressions which describe the facts. The humour of the narrative is unquestionable, and yet no one has tried to be humorous. In short, it is the *Scottishness* that gives the zest. The same ideas differently expounded might have no point at all. There is, for example, something highly original in the notions of celestial mechanics entertained by an honest Scottish Fife lass regarding the theory of comets. Having occasion to go out after dark, and having observed the brilliant comet then visible (1853), she ran in with breathless haste to the house, calling on her fellow-servants to

¹ It was Dean Ramsay who inspired the movement for the erection of a monument to Dr. Chalmers; and the first meeting for that object was held in the dean's house, 30th November, 1869.

"Come oot and see a new star that hasna got its tail cuttit aff yet!" Exquisite astronomical speculation! Stars, like puppies, are born with tails, and in due time have them docked. Take an example of a story where there is no display of any one's wit or humour, and yet it is a good story, and one can't exactly say why:—An English traveller had gone on a fine Highland road so long, without having seen an indication of fellow-travellers, that he became astonished at the solitude of the country; and no doubt before the Highlands were so much frequented as they are in our time, the roads had a very striking aspect of solitariness. Our traveller at last coming up to an old man breaking stones, he asked him if there was any traffic on this road—was it at *all* frequented? "Ay," he said, "it's no ill at that; there was a cadger body yestreen, and there's yoursell the day." No English version of the story could have half such amusement, or have so quaint a character. An answer, even still more characteristic, is recorded to have been given by a countryman to a traveller. Being doubtful of his way, he inquired if he were on the right road to Dunkeld. With some of his national inquisitiveness about strangers, the countryman asked his inquirer where he came from. Offended at the liberty, as he considered it, he sharply reminded the man that where he came from was nothing to him; but all the answer he got was the quiet rejoinder, "Indeed, it's just as little to me whar ye're gaen." A friend has told me of an answer highly characteristic of this dry and unconcerned quality which he heard given to a fellow-traveller. A gentleman sitting opposite to him in the stage-coach at Berwick, complained bitterly that the cushion on which he sat was quite wet. On looking up to the roof he saw a hole through which the rain descended copiously, and at once accounted for the mischief. He called for the coachman, and in great wrath reproached him with the evil under which he suffered, and pointed to the hole which was the cause of it. All the satisfaction, however, that he got was the quiet unmoved reply, "Ay, mony a ane has complained o' that hole." Another anecdote I heard from a gentleman who vouched for the truth, which is just a case where the narrative has its humour, not from the wit which is displayed, but from that dry matter-of-fact view of things peculiar to some of our countrymen. The friend of my informant was walking in a street of Perth, when, to his horror, he saw a workman fall from a roof where he was mending slates, right upon the pavement. By extra-

ordinary good fortune he was not killed, and on the gentleman going up to his assistance, and exclaiming, with much excitement, "God bless me, are you much hurt?" all the answer he got was the cool rejoinder, "On the contrary, sir." A similar matter-of-fact answer was made by one of the old race of Montrose humourists. He was coming out of church, and, in the press of the kirk *skailing*, a young man thoughtlessly trod on the old gentleman's toe, which was tender with corns. He hastened to apologize, saying, "I am very sorry, sir; I beg your pardon." The only acknowledgment of which was the dry answer, "And ye've as muckle need, sir."

One of the best specimens of cool Scottish matter-of-fact view of things has been supplied by a kind correspondent, who narrates it from his own personal recollection.

The back windows of the house where he was brought up looked upon the Greyfriars' Church that was burned down. On the Sunday morning in which that event took place, as they were all preparing to go to church, the flames began to burst forth; the young people screamed from the back part of the house, "A fire! a fire!" and all was in a state of confusion and alarm. The housemaid was not at home, it being her turn for the Sunday "out." Kitty, the cook, was taking her place, and performing her duties. The old woman was always very particular on the subject of her responsibility on such occasions, and came panting and hobbling upstairs from the lower regions, and exclaimed, "O what is't, what is't!" "Oh, Kitty, look here, the Greyfriars' Church is on fire!" "Is that a', miss? What a fricht ye geed me! I thought ye said the parlour fire was out."

From a first-rate *Highland* authority I have been supplied with the following clever and crushing reply to what was intended as a sarcastic compliment and a smart saying:—

About the beginning of the present century, the then Campbell, of Combie, on Loch Awe side, in Argyleshire, was a man of extraordinary character, and of great physical strength, and such swiftness of foot that it is said he could "catch the best *tup* on the hill." He also looked upon himself as a "pretty man," though in this he was singular; also, it was more than whispered that the laird was not remarkable for his principles of honesty. There also lived in the same district a Miss MacNabb of Bar-a'-Chastril, a lady who, before she had passed the zenith of life, had never been remarkable for her beauty—the contrary even had passed into a proverb, while

she was in her teens; but, to counterbalance this defect in external qualities, nature had endowed her with great benevolence, while she was renowned for her probity. One day the Laird of Combie, who piqued himself on his *bon-mots*, was, as frequently happened, a guest of Miss MacNabb's, and after dinner several toasts had gone round as usual, Combie addressed his hostess, and requested an especial bumper, insisting on all the guests to fill to the brim. He then rose, and said, addressing himself to Miss MacNabb, "I propose the old Scottish toast of 'Honest men and *bonnie* lassies,'" and bowing to the hostess, he resumed his seat. The lady returned his bow with her usual amiable smile, and taking up her glass, replied, "Weel, Combie, I am sure *we* may drink that, for it will neither apply to *you* nor *me*."

An amusing example of a quiet cool view of a pecuniary transaction happened to my father whilst doing the business of the rent-day. He was receiving sums of money from the tenants in succession. After looking over a bundle of notes which he had just received from one of them, a well-known character, he said in banter, "James, the notes are not correct." To which the farmer, who was much of a humourist, dryly answered, "I dinna ken what they may be *noo*; but they were a' richt afore ye had your fingers in amang 'em." An English farmer would hardly have spoken thus to his landlord. The Duke of Buccleuch told me an answer very quaintly Scotch, given to his grandmother by a farmer of the old school. A dinner was given to some tenantry of the vast estates of the family in the time of Duke Henry. His duchess (the last descendant of the Dukes of Montague) always appeared at table on such occasions, and did the honours with that mixture of dignity and of affable kindness for which she was so remarkable. Abundant hospitality was shown to all the guests. The duchess, having observed one of the tenants supplied with boiled beef from a noble round, proposed that he should add a supply of cabbage; on his declining, the duchess good-humouredly remarked, "Why, boiled beef and greens seem so naturally to go together, I wonder you don't take it." To which the honest farmer objected, "Ah, but your grace maun allow it's a vary *windy* vegetable," in delicate allusion to the flatulent quality of the esculent. Similar to this was the naïve answer of a farmer on the occasion of a rent-day. The lady of the house asked him if he would take some *rhubarb* tart: "Mony thanks, mem, I dinna need it."

Amongst the lower orders, humour is found, occasionally, very rich in mere children, and I recollect a remarkable illustration of this early native humour occurring in a family in Forfarshire, where I used, in former days, to be very intimate. A wretched woman, who used to traverse the country as a beggar or tramp, left a poor, half-starved little girl by the road-side, near the house of my friends. Always ready to assist the unfortunate, they took charge of the child, and as she grew a little older, they began to give her some education, and taught her to read. She soon made some progress in reading the Bible, and the native odd humour, of which we speak, began soon to show itself. On reading the passage, which began, "Then David rose," &c., the child stopped, and looking up knowingly, to say, "I ken wha that was," and, on being asked what she could mean, she confidently said, "That's David Rowse the pleuchman." And again reading the passage where the words occur, "He took Paul's girdle," the child said, with much confidence, "I ken what he took that for," and on being asked to explain, replied at once, "To bake's bannocks on;" "girdle" being, in the north, the name for the iron plate hung over the fire, for making oat cakes or bannocks.

To a distinguished member of the Church of Scotland I am indebted for an excellent story of quaint child-humour, which he had from the lips of an old woman who related the story of herself.—When a girl of eight years of age, she was taken by her grandmother to church. The parish minister was not only a long preacher, but, as the custom was, delivered two sermons on the Sabbath-day without any interval, and thus saved the parishioners the two journeys to church. Elizabeth was sufficiently wearied before the close of the first discourse; but when, after singing and prayer, the good minister opened the Bible, read a second text, and prepared to give a second sermon, the young girl, being both tired and hungry, lost all patience, and cried out to her grandmother, to the no small amusement of those who were so near as to hear her, "Come awa, granny, and gang hame; this is a lang grace, and nae meat."

A most amusing account of child-humour used to be narrated by an old Mr. Campbell of Jura, who told the story of his own son. It seems the boy was much spoiled by indulgence. In fact, the parents were scarce able to refuse him anything he demanded. He was in the drawing-room on one occasion when dinner was announced, and on being ordered up to the nursery, he insisted on going down to

dinner with the company. His mother was for refusal, but the child persevered, and kept saying, "If I dinna gang, I'll tell thon." His father then, for peace sake, let him go, so he went and sat at table by his mother. When he found every one getting soup and himself omitted, he demanded soup, and repeated, "If I dinna get it, I'll tell thon." Well, soup was given, and various other things yielded to his importunities, to which he always added the usual threat of "telling thon." At last, when it came to wine, his mother stood firm, and positively refused, as "a bad thing for little boys," and so on. He then became more vociferous than ever about "telling thon;" and as still he was refused, he declared, "Now I will tell thon," and at last roared out, "*Ma new breeks were made oot o' the auld curtains!*"

A facetious and acute friend who rather leans to the Sydney Smith view of Scottish wit, declares that all our humorous stories are about lairds, and about lairds who are drunk. Of such stories there are certainly not a few; one of the best belonging to my part of the country, and to many persons I should perhaps apologize for introducing it at all. The story has been told of various parties and localities, but no doubt the genuine laird was a Laird of Balmamoon (pronounced in the country Bonny-moon), and that the locality was a wild tract of land, not far from his place, called Munrimmon Moor. Balmamoon had been dining out in the neighbourhood, where, by mistake, they had put down to him after dinner cherry-brandy, instead of port wine, his usual beverage. The rich flavour and strength so pleased him, that having tasted it, he would have nothing else. On rising from the table, therefore, the laird would be more affected by his drink than if he had taken his ordinary allowance of port. His servant Harry, or Hairy, was to drive him home in a gig or whisky, as it was called, the usual open carriage of the time. On crossing the moor, however, whether from greater exposure to the blast, or from the laird's unsteadiness of head, his hat and wig came off and fell upon the ground. Harry got out to pick them up and restore them to his master. The laird was satisfied with the hat, but demurred at the wig. "It's no my wig, Hairy, lad; it's no my wig," and refused to have anything to do with it. Hairy lost his patience, and, anxious to get home, remonstrated with his master, "Ye'd better tak it, sir, for there's nae waile o' wigs on Munrimmon Moor." The humour of the argument is exquisite, putting to the laird, in his unreasonable objection, the sly insinuation that in such a locality, if he did not take *this*

wig, he was not likely to find another. Then, what a rich expression, "waile o' wigs." In English what is it? "A choice of perukes;" which is nothing comparable to the "waile o' wigs." I ought to mention also an amusing sequel to the story, viz., in what happened after the affair of the wig had been settled, and the laird had consented to return home. When the whisky drove up to the door, Hairy, sitting in front, told the servant who came to "tak out the laird." No laird was to be seen; and it appeared that he had fallen out on the moor without Hairy observing it. Of course, they went back, and, picking him up, brought him safe home. A neighbouring laird having called a few days after, and having referred to the accident, Balmamoon quietly added, "Indeed, I maun hae a lume¹ that'll *had in*."

The Laird of Balmamoon was a truly eccentric character. He joined with his drinking propensities a great zeal for the Episcopal Church, the service of which he read to his own family with much solemnity and earnestness of manner. Two gentlemen, one of them a stranger to the country, having called pretty early one Sunday morning, Balmamoon invited them to dinner, and as they accepted the invitation, they remained and joined in the forenoon devotional exercises conducted by Balmamoon himself. The stranger was much impressed with the laird's performance of the service, and during a walk which they took before dinner, mentioned to his friend how highly he esteemed the religious deportment of their host. The gentleman said nothing, but smiled to himself at the scene which he anticipated was to follow. After dinner Balmamoon set himself, according to the custom of old hospitable Scottish hosts, to make his guests as drunk as possible. The result was, that the party spent the evening in a riotous debauch, and were carried to bed by the servants at a late hour. Next day, when they had taken leave and left the house, the gentleman who had introduced his friend asked him what he thought of their entertainer—"Why, really," he replied, with evident astonishment, "sic a speat o' praying, and sic a speat o' drinking, I never knew in the whole course of my life."

Lady Dalhousie, mother, I mean, of the late distinguished Marquis of Dalhousie, used to tell a characteristic anecdote of her day. But here, on mention of the name Christian, Countess of Dalhousie, may I pause a moment to recal the memory of one who was a very remarkable person. She was, for many years, to me and mine, a sincere, and true, and

¹ A vessel.

valuable friend. By an awful dispensation of God's providence, her death happened *instantaneously* under my roof in 1839. Lady Dalhousie was eminently distinguished for a fund of the most varied knowledge, for a clear and powerful judgment, for acute observation, a kind heart, a brilliant wit. Her story was thus:—A Scottish judge, somewhat in the predicament of the Laird of Balnamoon, had dined at Coalstoun with her father, Charles Brown, an advocate, and son of George Brown, who sat in the Supreme Court as a judge with the title of Lord Coalstoun. The party had been convivial, as we know parties of the highest legal characters often were in those days. When breaking up and going to the drawing-room, one of them, not seeing his way very clearly, stepped out of the dining-room window, which was open to the summer air. The ground at Coalstoun sloping off from the house behind, the worthy judge got a great fall, and rolled down the bank. He contrived, however, as tipsy men generally do, to regain his legs, and was able to reach the drawing-room. The first remark he made was an innocent remonstrance with his friend the host, "Od, Charlie Brown, what gars ye hae sic lang steps to your *front* door?"

On Deeside, where many original stories had their origin, I recollect hearing several of an excellent and worthy, but very simple-minded man, the Laird of Craigmyle. On one occasion, when the beautiful and clever Jane, Duchess of Gordon, was scouring through the country, intent upon some of those electioneering schemes which often occupied her fertile imagination and active energies, she came to call at Craigmyle, and having heard that the laird was making bricks on the property, for the purpose of building a new garden wall, with her usual tact she opened the subject and kindly asked, "Well, Mr. Gordon, and how do your bricks come on?" Good Craigmyle's thoughts were much occupied with a new leather portion of his dress, which had been lately constructed, so, looking down on his nether garments, he said, in pure Aberdeen dialect, "Muckle obleeged to yer grace, the breeks war sum ticht at first, but they are deeing weel enouch noo." The last Laird of Macnab, before the clan finally broke up and emigrated to Canada, was a well-known character in the country, and being poor, used to ride about on a most wretched horse, which gave occasion to many jibes at his expense. The laird was in the constant habit of riding up from the country to attend the Musselburgh races. A young wit, by way of playing him off on the race-course, asked

him, in a contemptuous tone, "Is that the same horse you had last year, laird?" "Na," said the laird, brandishing his whip in the interrogator's face in so emphatic a manner as to preclude further questioning, "Na; but it's the same *whup*." In those days, as might be expected, people were not nice in expressions of their dislike of persons and measures. If there be not more charity in society than of old, there is certainly more courtesy. I have, from a friend, an anecdote illustrative of this remark, in regard to feelings exercised towards an unpopular laird. In the neighbourhood of Banff, in Forfarshire, the seat of a very ancient branch of the Ramsays, lived a proprietor who bore the appellation of Corb, from the name of his estate. The family has passed away, and its property merged in Banff. This laird was intensely disliked in the neighbourhood. Sir George Ramsay was, on the other hand, universally popular and respected. On one occasion Sir George, in passing a morass in his own neighbourhood, had missed the road and fallen into a bog to an alarming depth. To his great relief, he saw a passenger coming along the path, which was at no great distance. He called loudly for his help, but the man took no notice. Poor Sir George felt himself sinking, and redoubled his cries for assistance; all at once the passenger rushed forward, carefully extricated him from his perilous position, and politely apologized for his first neglect of his appeal, adding, as his reason, "Indeed, Sir George, I thought it was Corb!" evidently meaning that *had* it been Corb, he must have taken his chance for him.

In Lanarkshire, there lived a sma' sma' laird named Hamilton, who was noted for his eccentricity. On one occasion, a neighbour waited on him and requested his name as an accommodation to a bit bill for twenty pounds at three months' date, which led to the following characteristic and truly Scottish colloquy:—"Na, na, I canna do that." "What for no, laird? ye hae dune the same thing for ither." "Aye, aye, Tammas, but there's wheels within wheels ye ken naething about; I canna do't." "It's a sma' affair to refuse me, laird." "Weel, ye see, Tammas, if I was to pit my name till't, ye wad get the siller frae the bank, and when the time came round, ye wadna be ready and I wad hae to pay't; sae then you and me wad quarrel; sae we mae just as weel quarrel *the noo* as lang's the siller's in ma pouch." On one occasion Hamilton having business with the late Duke of Hamilton at Hamilton Palace, the duke politely asked him to lunch. A liveried servant waited upon

them, and was most assiduous in his attentions to the duke and his guest. At last our eccentric friend lost patience, and looking at the servant, addressed him thus, "What the deil for are ye dance, dancing, about the room that gait; can ye no draw in your chair and sit down? I'm sure there's *plenty on the table for three*."

Of another laird whom I heard often spoken of in old times, an anecdote was told strongly Scotch. Our friend had much difficulty (as many worthy lairds have had) in meeting the claims of those two woful periods of the year, called with us in Scotland the "tarmes." He had been employing for some time as workman a stranger from the south on some house repairs, of the not uncommon name in England of Christmas. His servant early one morning called out at the laird's door in great excitement that "Christmas had run away, and nobody knew where he had gone." He turned in his bed with the earnest ejaculation, "I only wish he had taken Whitsunday and Martinmas along with him." I do not know a better illustration of quiet, shrewd, and acute Scottish humour than the following little story, which an esteemed correspondent mentions having heard from his father when a boy, relating to a former Duke of Athole, who had *no family of his own*, and whom he mentions as having remembered very well:—He met one morning one of his cottars or gardeners, whose wife he knew to be in the *hopeful way*. Asking him "how Marget was the day," the man replied, that she had that morning given him twins. Upon which the duke said,—"Weel, Donald; ye ken the Almighty never sends bairns without the meat." "That may be, your grace," said Donald; "but whiles I think that Providence maks a mistak in thae matters, and sends the bairns to ae hoose and the meat to anither!" The duke took the hint, and sent him a cow with calf the following morning.

I have heard of an amusing scene between a laird celebrated for his saving propensities and a wandering sort of Edie Ochiltree, a well-known itinerant who lived by his wits and what he could pick up in his rounds amongst the houses of lairds and farmers. One thrifty laird having seen him sit down near his own gate to examine the contents of his poke or wallet, conjectured that he had come from the house, and so he drew near to see what he had carried off. As he was keenly investigating the mendicant's spoils, his quick eye detected some bones on which there remained more meat than should have been allowed to leave his kitchen. Accordingly he pounced upon the bones, and declared he had been robbed, and

insisted on his returning to the house and giving back the spoil. The beggar was, however, prepared for the attack, and sturdily defended his property, boldly asserting, "Na, na, laird, thae are no Todbrae banes; thae are Inchbyre banes, and nane o' your honour's,"—meaning that he had received these bones at the house of a neighbour of a more liberal character. But the beggar's professional discrimination between the bones of the two mansions, and his pertinacious defence of his own property, would have been most amusing to a by-stander.

I have, however, a reverse story, in which the beggar is quietly silenced by the proprietor. A noble lord, some generations back, well known for his frugal habits, had just picked up a small copper coin in his own avenue, and had been observed by one of the itinerating mendicant race, who, grudging the transfer of the piece into the peer's pocket, exclaimed, "O, gie't to me, my lord;" to which the quiet answer was, "Na, na; fin' a fardin for yersell, puir body."

There are always pointed anecdotes against houses wanting in a liberal and hospitable expenditure in Scotland. Thus, we have heard of a master leaving such a mansion, and taxing his servant with being drunk, which he had too often been after country visits. On this occasion, however, he was innocent of the charge, for he had not the *opportunity* to transgress. So, when his master asserted, "Jemmy, you are drunk!" Jemmy very quietly answered, "Indeed, sir, I wish I wur." At another mansion, notorious for scanty fare, a gentleman was inquiring of the gardener about a dog which some time ago he had given to the laird. The gardener showed him a lank grayhound, on which the gentleman said, "No, no; the dog I gave your master was a mastiff, not a grayhound;" to which the gardener quietly answered, "Indeed, ony dog nicht sune become a grayhound by stopping here."

OF SOLITUDE.

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye plebeian underwood!
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
Pay with their grateful voice.

Hail, the poor Muse's richest manor-seat!
Ye country-houses and retreat,
Which all the happy gods so love,

That for you oft they quit their bright and great
Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
Nature! the wisest architect,
Who those fond artists does despise
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the sunbeams here and there.
On whose enamell'd bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile,
And hear how prettily they talk.

Ah! wretched, and too solitary he
Who loves not his own company!
He'll feel the weight of 't many a day,
Unless he call in sin or vanity
To help to bear't away.

COWLEY.

CONJUGAL CONTENT.

Away! let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors,
With pompous titles grace our blood;
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And, to be noble, we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke,
And all the great ones they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty,
No mighty treasures we possess;
We'll find within our pittance, plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only way to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung;
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.

And when with envy, Time, transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

GEORGE STEVENS.

THE GOBLIN BARBER.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

[Johann August Musäus, born at Jena, 1735; died 28th October, 1787. Although his name is little known now except to scholars, he enjoyed considerable reputation during his lifetime as a genial satirist and industrious collector of his native folk-lore. He was educated for the church, but failing to obtain an appointment he began his literary career by a satire upon Samuel Richardson's *Sir Charles Grandison*. After seven years' work as a tutor, he obtained a professorship in the gymnasium of Weimar. He next produced a satire upon Lavater's physiognomical theories, entitled *Physiognomical Travels*; then his *Popular Traditional Tales*; followed by *Friend Hein's Apparitions*—a series of tales in which death is personified under the name of Friend Hein. He began another series, *Ostrich Feathers*, but only lived to complete the first volume. His *Remains*, edited by Kotzebue, appeared in 1791. The following extract is from his tale of *Dumb Love*. The sudden death of his father leaves Franz Melcherson in possession of a large fortune, which he speedily dissipates, and finds himself, like other spendthrifts, without friends as well as money. He takes a poor lodging, and falls in love with a humble girl, Meta. But he cannot tell his love, and when he learns that Meta's mother wishes her to marry a well-to-do old burgher, Franz resolves to make an effort to win fortune for her sake. He travels to Antwerp in the hope of recovering several considerable sums which were due to him. He fails, and is journeying homeward, disconsolate and penniless as when he set forth. At an inn, shelter is refused to him, and he mutters some bitter curses upon the landlord's inhospitable nature. The landlord, determined to punish Franz, calls him back, and offers him a lodging in the old castle.]

The castle lay hard by the hamlet, on a steep rock, right opposite the inn, from which it was divided merely by the highway and a little gurgling brook. The situation being so agreeable, the edifice was still kept in repair, and well provided with all sorts of house-gear; for it served the owner as a hunting-lodge, where he frequently caroused all day; and so soon as the stars began to twinkle in the sky, retired with his whole retinue, to escape the mischief of the ghost, who rioted about in it the whole night over, but by day gave no disturbance. Unpleasant as the owner felt this spoiling of his mansion by a bugbear, the nocturnal sprite was not without advantages, for

the great security it gave from thieves. The count could have appointed no trustier or more watchful keeper over the castle than this same spectre, for the rashest troop of robbers never ventured to approach its station. Accordingly he knew of no safer place for laying up his valuables than this old tower in the hamlet of Rummelsburg, near Rheinberg.

The sunshine had sunk, the dark night was coming heavily on, when Franz, with a lantern in his hand, proceeded to the castle-gate, under the guidance of mine host, who carried in his hand a basket of victuals, with a flask of wine, which he said should not be marked against him. He had also taken along with him a pair of candlesticks and two wax-lights; for in the whole castle there was neither lamp nor taper, as no one ever stayed in it after twilight. In the way, Franz noticed the creaking, heavy-laden basket, and the wax-lights, which he thought he should not need, and yet must pay for. Therefore he said: "What is this superfluity and waste, as at a banquet? The light in the lantern is enough to see with till I go to bed; and when I awake the sun will be high enough, for I am tired completely, and shall sleep with both eyes."

"I will not hide from you," replied the landlord, "that a story runs of there being mischief in the castle, and a goblin that frequents it. You, however, need not let the thing disturb you; we are near enough, you see, for you to call us, should you meet with aught unnatural; I and my folks will be at your hand in a twinkling to assist you. Down in the house there we keep astir all night through, some one is always moving. I have lived here these thirty years, yet I cannot say that I have ever seen aught. If there be now and then a little hurly-burly at nights, it is nothing but cats and martens rummaging about the granary. As a precaution I have provided you with candles: the night is no friend of man; and the tapers are consecrated, so that sprites, if there be such in the castle, will avoid their shine."

It was no lying in mine host to say that he had never seen anything of spectres in the castle; for by night he had taken special care not once to set foot in it; and by day, the goblin did not come to sight. In the present case, too, the traitor would not risk himself across the border. After opening the door he handed Franz the basket, directed him what way to go, and wished him good-night. Franz entered the lobby without anxiety or fear, believing the ghost story to be empty tattle, or a distorted tradition of some real occurrence in the place, which idle fancy had shaped into an

unnatural adventure. He remembered the stout Ritter Eberhard Bronkhorst, from whose heavy arm he had apprehended such maltreatment, and with whom, notwithstanding, he had found so hospitable a reception. On this ground he had laid it down as a rule deduced from his travelling experiences, when he heard any common rumour, to believe exactly the reverse, and left the grain of truth which, in the opinion of the wise knight, always lies in such reports, entirely out of sight.

Pursuant to mine host's direction, he ascended the winding stone stair; and reached a bolted door, which he opened with his key. A long dark gallery, where his footsteps resounded, led him into a large hall, and from this, a side-door, into a suite of apartments, richly provided with all furniture for decoration or convenience. Out of these he chose the room which had the friendliest aspect, where he found a well-pillowed bed, and from the window could look right down upon the inn, and catch every loud word that was spoken there. He lit his wax-tapers, furnished his table, and feasted with the commodiousness and relish of an Otaheitean noble. The big-bellied flask was an antidote to thirst. So long as his teeth were in full occupation, he had no time to think of the reported devilry in the castle. If aught now and then made a stir in the distance, and Fear called to him, "Hark! hark! There comes the goblin;" Courage answered: "Stuff! it is cats and martens bickering and caterwauling." But in the digestive half-hour after meat, when the sixth sense, that of hunger and thirst, no longer occupied the soul, she directed her attention from the other five exclusively upon the sense of hearing; and already fear was whispering three timid thoughts into the listener's ear, before courage had time to answer once.

As the first resource, he locked the door, and bolted it; made his retreat to the walled seat in the vault of the window. He opened this, and to dissipate his thoughts a little, looked out on the spangled sky, gazed at the corroded moon, and counted how often the stars snuffed themselves. On the road beneath him all was void; and in spite of the pretended nightly bustle in the inn, the doors were shut, the lights out, and everything as still as in a sepulchre. On the other hand, the watchman blew his horn, making his "List, gentlemen!" sound over all the hamlet; and for the composure of the timorous astronomer, who still kept feasting his eyes on the splendour of the stars, uplifted a rusty evening-hymn right under his window; so that Franz might easily

have carried on a conversation with him, which, for the sake of company, he would willingly have done, had he in the least expected that the watchman would make answer to him.

In a populous city, in the middle of a numerous household, where there is a hubbub equal to that of a bee-hive, it may form a pleasant entertainment for the thinker to philosophize on solitude, to decorate her as the loveliest playmate of the human spirit, to view her under all her advantageous aspects, and long for her enjoyment as for hidden treasure. But in scenes where she is no exotic, in the isle of Juan Fernandez, where a solitary eremite, escaped from shipwreck, lives with her through long years; or in the dreary night-time, in a deep wood, or in an old uninhabited castle, where empty walls and vaults awaken horror, and nothing breathes of life but the moping owl in the ruinous turret; there, in good sooth, she is not the most agreeable companion for the timid anchorite that has to pass his time in her abode, especially if he is every moment looking for the entrance of a spectre to augment the party. In such a case it may easily chance that a window conversation with the watchman shall afford a richer entertainment for the spirit and the heart, than a reading of the most attractive eulogy on solitude. If Ritter Zimmerman had been in Franz's place, in the castle of Rummelsburg, on the Westphalian marches, he would doubtless in this position have struck out the fundamental topics of as interesting a treatise on *Society*, as, inspired to all appearance by the irksomeness of some ceremonious assembly, he has poured out from the fulness of his heart in praise of *Solitude*.

Midnight is the hour at which the world of spirits acquires activity and life, when hebetated animal nature lies entombed in deep slumber. Franz inclined getting through this critical hour in sleep rather than awake; so he closed his window, went the rounds of his room once more, spying every nook and crevice, to see whether all was safe and earthly; snuffed the lights to make them burn clearer; and without undressing or delaying, threw himself upon his bed, with which his wearied person felt unusual satisfaction. Yet he could not get asleep so fast as he wished. A slight palpitation at the heart, which he ascribed to a tumult in the blood, arising from the sultriness of the day, kept him waking for a while; and he failed not to employ this respite in offering up such a pithy evening prayer as he had not prayed for many years. This produced the usual effect, that he softly fell asleep while saying it.

After about an hour, as he supposed, he

started up with a sudden terror; a thing not at all surprising when there is tumult in the blood. He was broad awake: he listened whether all was quiet, and heard nothing but the clock strike twelve; a piece of news which the watchman forthwith communicated to the hamlet in doleful recitative. Franz listened for a while, turned on the other side, and was again about to sleep, when he caught, as it were, the sound of a door grating in the distance, and immediately it shut with a stifled bang. "Alack! alack!" bawled Fear into his ear; "this is the ghost in very deed!" "'Tis nothing but the wind," said Courage manfully. But quickly it came nearer, nearer, like the sound of heavy footsteps. Clink here, clink there, as if a criminal were rattling his irons, or as if the porter were walking about the castle with his bunch of keys. Alas, here was no wind business! Courage held his peace; and quaking Fear drove all the blood to the heart, and made it thump like a smith's fore-hammer.

The thing was now beyond jesting. If Fear would still have let Courage get a word, the latter would have put the terror-struck watcher in mind of his subsidiary treaty with mine host, and incited him to claim the stipulated assistance loudly from the window; but for this there was a want of proper resolution. The quaking Franz had recourse to the bed-clothes, the last fortress of the timorous, and drew them close over his ears, as bird ostrich sticks his head in the grass when he can no longer escape the huntsman. Outside it came along, door up, door to, with hideous uproar; and at last it reached the bed-room. It jerked sharply at the lock, tried several keys till it found the right one; yet the bar still held the door, till a bounce like a thunderclap made bolt and rivet start, and threw it wide open. Now stalked in a long lean man, with a black beard, in ancient garb, and with a gloomy countenance, his eyebrows hanging down in deep earnestness from his brow. Over his right shoulder he had a scarlet cloak, and on his head he wore a peaked hat. With a heavy step he walked thrice in silence up and down the chamber; looked at the consecrated tapers, and snuffed them that they might burn brighter. Then he threw aside his cloak, girded on a scissor-pouch which he had under it, produced a set of shaving-tackle, and immediately began to whet a sharp razor on the broad strap which he wore at his girdle.

Franz perspired in mortal agony under his coverlet; recommended himself to the keeping of the Virgin; and anxiously speculated on the

object of this manoeuvre, not knowing whether it was meant for his throat or his beard. To his comfort, the goblin poured some water from a silver flask into a basin of silver, and with his skinny hand lathered the soap into a light foam; then set a chair, and beckoned with a solemn look to the quaking looker-on to come forth from his recess.

Against so pertinent a sign remonstrance was as bootless as it is against the rigorous commands of the Grand Turk when he transmits an exiled vizier to the angel of death, the Capichi Bashi with the silken cord, to take delivery of his head. The most rational procedure that can be adopted in this critical case is to comply with necessity, put a good face on a bad business, and with stoical composure let one's throat be noosed. Franz honoured the spectre's order; the coverlet began to move, he sprang sharply from his couch, and took the place pointed out to him on the seat. However strange this quick transition from the uttermost terror to the boldest resolution may appear, I doubt not but Moritz in his *Psychological Journal* could explain the matter till it seemed quite natural.

Immediately the goblin barber tied the towel about his shivering customer, seized the comb and scissors, and clipped off his hair and beard. Then he soaped him scientifically, first the beard, next the eyebrows, at last the temples and the hind-head; and shaved him from throat to nape, as smooth and bald as a death's-head. This operation finished, he washed his head, dried it clean, made his bow, and buttoned up his scissor-pouch, wrapped himself in his scarlet mantle, and made for departing. The consecrated tapers had burned with an exquisite brightness through the whole transaction; and Franz, by the light of them, perceived in the mirror that the shaver had changed him into a Chinese pagoda. In secret he heartily deplored the loss of his fair brown locks; yet now took fresh breath as he observed that with this sacrifice the account was settled, and the ghost had no more power over him.

So it was in fact; Redelouk went towards the door, silently as he had entered, without salutation or good-bye, and seemed entirely the contrast of his talkative guild-brethren. But scarcely was he gone three steps when he paused, looked round with a mournful expression at his well-served customer, and stroked the flat of his hand over his black bushy beard. He did the same a second time, and again just as he was in the act of stepping out at the door. A thought struck Franz that the spectre wanted something, and a rapid combination of ideas

suggested that perhaps he was expecting the very service he himself had just performed.

As the ghost, notwithstanding his rueful look, seemed more disposed for banter than for seriousness, and had played his guest a scurvy trick, not done him any real injury, the panic of the latter had now almost subsided. So he ventured the experiment, and beckoned to the ghost to take the seat from which he had himself just risen. The goblin instantly obeyed, threw off his coat, laid his barber tackle on the table, and placed himself in the chair, in the posture of a man that wishes to be shaved. Franz carefully observed the same procedure which the spectre had observed to him, clipped his beard with the scissors, cropped away his hair, lathered his whole scalp, and the ghost all the while sat steady as a wig-block. The awkward journeyman came ill at handling the razor; he had never had another in his hand, and he shored the beard right against the hair, whereat the goblin made as strange grimaces as Erasmus's ape when imitating its master's shaving. Nor was the unpractised bungler himself well at ease, and he thought more than once of the sage aphorism, "What is not thy trade make not thy business;" yet he struggled through the task the best way he could, and scraped the ghost as bald as he himself was.

Hitherto the scene between the spectre and the traveller had been played pantomimically; the action now became dramatic. "Stranger," said the ghost, "accept my thanks for the service thou hast done me. By thee I am delivered from the long imprisonment which has chained me for three hundred years within these walls, to which my departed soul was doomed, till a mortal hand should consent to retaliate on me what I practised on others in my lifetime.

"Know that of old a reckless scorner dwelt within this tower, who took his sport on priests as well as laics. Count Hardman, such his name, was no philanthropist, acknowledged no superior and no law, but practised vain caprice and waggery, regarding not the sacredness of hospitable rights: the wanderer who came beneath his roof, the needy man who asked a charitable alms of him, he never sent away unvisited by wicked joke. I was his castle barber, still a willing instrument, and did whatever pleased him. Many a pious pilgrim, journeying past us, I allured with friendly speeches to the hall; prepared the bath for him, and when he thought to take good comfort, shaved him smooth and bald, and packed him out of doors. Then would Count Hardman, looking from the window, see with pleasure

how the foxes' whelps of children gathered from the hamlet to assail the outcast, And to cry, as once their fellows to Elijah: 'Baldhead! Bald-head!' In this the scoffer took his pleasure, laughing with a devilish joy till he would hold his pot-paunch, and his eyes ran down with water.

"Once came a saintly man from foreign lands; he carried, like a penitent, a heavy cross upon his shoulder, and had stamped five nail-marks on his hands and feet and side; upon his head there was a ring of hair like to the crown of thorns. He called upon us here, requesting water for his feet and a small crust of bread. Immediately I took him to the bath to serve him in my common way; respected not the sacred ring, but shore it clean from off him. Then the pious pilgrim spoke a heavy malison upon me: 'Know, accursed man, that when thou diest, heaven, and hell, and purgatory's iron gate are shut against thy soul. As goblin it shall rage within these walls, till unrequired, unbid, a traveller come and exercise retaliation on thee.'

"That hour I sickened, and the marrow in my bones dried up; I faded like a shadow. My spirit left the wasted carcass, and was exiled to this castle, as the saint had doomed it. In vain I struggled for deliverance from the torturing bonds that fettered me to earth; for thou must know that when the soul forsakes her clay she panteth for her place of rest, and this sick longing spins her years to aeons, while in foreign elements she languishes for home. Now self-tormenting, I pursued the mournful occupation I had followed in my lifetime. Alas! my uproar soon made desolate this house. But seldom came a pilgrim here to lodge. And though I treated all like thee, no one would understand me, and perform, as thou, the service which has freed my soul from bondage. Henceforth shall no hobgoblin wander in this castle; I return to my long-wished-for rest. And now, young stranger, once again my thanks that thou hast loosed me! Were I keeper of deep-hidden treasures, they were thine; but wealth in life was not my lot, nor in this castle lies there any cash entombed. Yet mark my counsel. Tarry here till beard and locks again shall cover chin and scalp; then turn thee homewards to thy native town; and on the Weser-bridge of Bremen, at the time when day and night in autumn are alike, wait for a friend who there will meet thee, who will tell thee what to do, that it be well with thee on earth. If from the golden horn of plenty blessing and abundance flow to thee, then think of me; and ever as the day thou

freedst me from the curse comes round, cause for my soul's repose three masses to be said. Now fare thee well. I go, no more returning."

With these words the ghost, having by his copiousness of talk satisfactorily attested his former existence as court-barber in the castle of Rummelsburg, vanished into air, and left his deliverer full of wonder at the strange adventure. He stood for a long while motionless, in doubt whether the whole matter had actually happened, or an unquiet dream had deluded his senses; but his bald head convinced him that here had been a real occurrence. He returned to bed, and slept, after the fright he had undergone, till the hour of noon. The treacherous landlord had been watching since morning, when the traveller with the scalp was to come forth, that he might receive him with jibing speeches under pretext of astonishment at his nocturnal adventure. But as the stranger loitered too long, and mid-day was approaching, the affair became serious; and mine host began to dread that the goblin might have treated his guest a little harshly, have beaten him to a jelly perhaps, or so frightened him that he had died of terror; and to carry his wanton revenge to such a length as this had not been his intention. He therefore rung his people together, hastened out with man and maid to the tower, and reached the door of the apartment where he had observed the light on the previous evening. He found an unknown key in the lock; but the door was barred within, for after the disappearance of the goblin, Franz had again secured it. He knocked with a perturbed violence, till the Seven Sleepers themselves would have awoken at the din. Franz started up, and thought in his first confusion that the ghost was again standing at the door to favour him with another call. But hearing mine host's voice, who required nothing more but that his guest would give some sign of life, he gathered himself up and opened the room.

With seeming horror at the sight of him, mine host, striking his hands together, exclaimed, "By heaven and all the saints! Red-cloak" (by this name the ghost was known among them) "*has* been here, and has shaved you bald as a block! Now, it is clear as day that the old story is no fable. But tell me, how looked the goblin; what did he say to you? what did he do?"

Franz, who had now seen through the questioner, made answer: "The goblin looked like a man in a red cloak; what he did is not hidden from you, and what he said I well remember:

'Stranger,' said he, 'trust no innkeeper who is a Turk in grain. What would befall thee here he knew. Be wise and happy. I withdraw from this my ancient dwelling, for my time is run. Henceforth no goblin riots here; I now become a silent incubus to plague the landlord; nip him, tweak him, harrass him, unless the Turk do expiate his sin; do freely give thee food and lodging till brown locks again shall cluster round thy head.'

The landlord shuddered at these words, cut a large cross in the air before him, vowed by the Holy Virgin to give the traveller free board so long as he liked to continue, led him over to his house, and treated him with the best. By this adventure Franz had well-nigh got the reputation of a conjurer, as the spirit thenceforth never once showed face. He often passed the night in the tower; and a desperado of the village once kept him company, without having beard or scalp disturbed. The owner of the place, having learned that Redcloak no longer walked in Rummelsburg, was, of course, delighted at the news, and ordered that the stranger, who, as he supposed, had laid him, should be well taken care of.

By the time when the clusters were beginning to be coloured on the vine, and the advancing autumn reddened the apples, Franz's brown locks were again curling over his temples, and he girded up his knapsack; for all his thoughts and meditations were turned upon the Weser-bridge, to seek the friend, who, at the behest of the goblin barber, was to direct him how to make his fortune. When about taking leave of mine host, that charitable person led from his stable a horse well saddled and equipped, which the owner of the castle had presented to the stranger, for having made his house again habitable; nor had the count forgot to send a sufficient purse along with it to bear its travelling charges: and so Franz came riding back into his native city, brisk and light of heart, as he had ridden out of it twelve months ago. He sought out his old quarters in the alley, but kept himself quite still and retired, only inquiring underhand how matters stood with the fair Meta, whether she was still alive and unwedded. To this inquiry he received a satisfactory answer, and contented himself with it in the meanwhile; for, till his fate were decided, he would not risk appearing in her sight, or making known to her his arrival in Bremen.

With unspeakable longing he waited the equinox; his impatience made every intervening day a year. At last the long-wished-for term appeared. The night before he could not

close an eye, for thinking of the wonders that were coming. The blood was whirling and beating in his arteries, as it had done at the castle of Rummelsburg, when he lay in expectation of his spectre visitant. To be sure of not missing his expected friend, he rose by daybreak, and proceeded with the earliest dawn to the Weser-bridge, which as yet stood empty, and untrod by passengers. He walked along it several times in solitude, with that presentiment of coming gladness which includes in it the real enjoyment of all terrestrial felicity; for it is not the attainment of our wishes, but the undoubted hope of attaining them, which offers to the human soul the full measure of highest and most heartfelt satisfaction. He formed many projects as to how he should present himself to his beloved Meta, when his looked-for happiness should have arrived; whether it would be better to appear before her in full splendour, or to mount from his former darkness with the first gleam of morning radiance, and discover to her by degrees the change in his condition. Curiosity, moreover, put a thousand questions to Reason in regard to the adventure. Who can the friend be that is to meet me on the Weser-bridge? Will it be one of my old acquaintances, by whom, since my ruin, I have been entirely forgotten? How will he pave the way to me for happiness? And will this way be short or long, easy or toilsome? To the whole of which Reason, in spite of all her thinking and speculating, answered not a word.

In about an hour the bridge began to get awake; there was riding, driving, walking to and fro on it, and much commercial ware passing this way and that. The usual day-guard of beggars and importunate persons also by degrees took up this post, so favourable for their trade, to levy contributions on the public benevolence; for of poorhouses and workhouses the wisdom of the legislature had as yet formed no scheme. The first of the tattered cohort that applied for alms to the jovial promenader, from whose eyes gay hope laughed forth, was a discharged soldier, provided with the military badge of a timber leg, which had been lent him, seeing he had fought so stoutly in former days for his native country, as the recompense of his valour, with the privilege of begging where he pleased; and who now, in the capacity of physiognomist, pursued the study of man upon the Weser-bridge, with such success, that he very seldom failed in his attempts for charity. Nor did his exploratory glance in anywise mislead him in the present instance; for Franz, in the joy of his heart, threw a white engelgroschen into the cripple's hat.

During the morning hours, when none but the laborious artisan is busy, and the more exalted townsman still lies in sluggish rest, he scarcely looked for his promised friend; he expected him in the higher classes, and took little notice of the present passengers. About the council-hour, however, when the proceres of Bremen were driving past to the hall, in their gorgeous robes of office, and about exchange time, he was all eye and ear; he spied the passengers from afar, and when a right man came along the bridge his blood began to flutter, and he thought here was the creator of his fortune. Meanwhile hour after hour passed on; the sun rose high; ere long the noontide brought a pause in business; the rushing crowd faded away, and still the expected friend appeared not. Franz now walked up and down the bridge quite alone; had no society in view but the beggars, who were serving out their cold collations without moving from the place. He made no scruple to do the same; and, not being furnished with provisions, he purchased some fruit, and took his dinner *inter ambulandum*.

The whole club that was dining on the Weser-bridge had remarked the young man watching here from early morning till noon, without addressing any one, or doing any sort of business. They held him to be a lounge; and though all of them had tasted his bounty, he did not escape their critical remarks. In jest they had named him the bridge-bailiff. The physiognomist with the timber-toe, however, noticed that his countenance was not now so gay as in the morning; he appeared to be reflecting earnestly on something; he had drawn his hat close over his face; his movement was slow and thoughtful; he had nibbled at an apple-rind for some time, without seeming to be conscious that he was doing so. From this appearance of affairs the man-spier thought he might extract some profit; therefore he put his wooden and his living leg in motion, and stilted off to the other end of the bridge, and lay in wait for the thinker, that he might assail him, under the appearance of a new arrival, for a fresh alms. This invention prospered to the full: the musing philosopher gave no heed to the mendicant, put his hand into his pocket mechanically, and threw a six-groat piece into the fellow's hat, to be rid of him.

In the afternoon a thousand new faces once more came abroad. The watcher was now tired of his unknown friend's delaying, yet hope still kept his attention on the stretch. He stepped into the view of every passenger, hoped that one of them would clasp him in his arms;

but all proceeded coldly on their way, the most did not observe him at all, and few returned his salute with a slight nod. The sun was already verging to decline, the shadows were becoming longer, the crowd upon the bridge diminished; and the beggar-piquet by degrees drew back into their barracks in the Matten-burg. A deep sadness sank upon the hopeless Franz when he saw his expectation mocked, and the lordly prospect which had lain before him in the morning vanish from his eyes at evening. He fell into a sort of sulky desperation; was on the point of springing over the parapet, and dashing himself down from the bridge into the river. But the thought of Meta kept him back, and induced him to postpone his purpose till he had seen her yet once more. He resolved to watch next day when she should go to church, for the last time to drink delight from her looks, and then forthwith to still his warm love for ever in the cold stream of the Weser.

While about to leave the bridge he was met by the inviolated pikeman with the wooden leg, who, for pastime, had been making many speculations as to what could be the young man's object, that had made him watch upon the bridge from dawn to darkness. He himself had lingered beyond his usual time, that he might wait him out; but as the matter hung too long upon the pegs, curiosity incited him to turn to the youth himself, and question him respecting it.

"No offence, young gentleman," said he, "allow me to ask you a question."

Franz, who was not in a very talking-humour, and was now meeting, from the mouth of a cripple, the address which he had looked for with such longing from a friend, answered rather testily, "Well, then, what is it? Speak, old graybeard!"

"We two," said the other, "were the first upon the bridge to-day, and now, you see, we are the last. As to me and others of my kindney, it is our vocation brings us hither, our trade of alms-gathering; but for you, in sooth you are not of our guild; yet you have watched here the whole blessed day. Now I pray you, tell me, if it is not a secret, what it is that brings you hither, or what stone is lying on your heart that you wished to roll away."

"What good were it to thee, old blade," said Franz bitterly, "to know where the shoe pinches me, or what concern is lying on my heart? It will give thee small care."

"Sir, I have a kind wish towards you, because you opened your hand to me, and twice gave me alms, for which God reward you; but

your countenance at night was not so cheerful as in the morning, and that grieves my heart."

The kindly sympathy of this old warrior pleased the misanthrope, so that he willingly pursued the conversation.

"Why, then," answered he, "if thou wouldst know what has made me battle here all day with tedium, thou must understand that I was waiting for a friend, who appointed me hither, and now leaves me to expect in vain."

"Under favour," answered Timbertoe, "if I might speak my mind, this friend of yours, be he who he like, is little better than a rogue, to lead you such a dance. If he treated *me* so, by my faith, his crown should get acquainted with my crutch next time we met. If he could not keep his word he should have let you know, and not bamboozle you as if you were a child."

"Yet I cannot altogether blame this friend," said Franz, "for being absent; he did not promise; it was but a dream that told me I should meet him here."

The goblin tale was too long for him to tell, so he veiled it under cover of a dream.

"Ah! that is another story," said the beggar; "if you build on dreams it is little wonder that your hope deceives you. I myself have dreamed much foolish stuff in my time, but I was never such a madman as to heed it. Had I all the treasures that have been allotted to me in dreams, I might buy the city of Bremen, were it sold by auction. But I never credited a jot of them, or stirred hand or foot to prove their worth or worthlessness: I knew well it would be lost. Ha! I must really laugh in your face, to think that, on the order of an empty dream, you have squandered a fair day of your life, which you might have spent better at a merry banquet."

"The issue shows that thou art right, old man, and that dreams many times deceive. But," continued Franz, defensively, "I dreamed so vividly and circumstantially, above three months ago, that on this very day, in this very place, I should meet a friend, who would tell me things of the deepest importance, that it was well worth while to come and see if it would come to pass."

"O, as for vividness," said Timbertoe, "no man can dream more vividly than I. There is one dream I had, which I shall never in my life forget. I dreamed, who knows how many years ago, that my guardian angel stood before my bed in the figure of a youth, with golden hair, and two silver wings on his back, and said to me: 'Berthold, listen to the words of my

mouth, that none of them be lost from thy heart. There is a treasure appointed thee which thou shalt dig, to comfort thy heart withal for the remaining days of thy life. To-morrow, about evening, when the sun is going down, take spade and shovel on thy shoulder; go forth from the Mattenburg on the right, across the Tieber, by the Balkenbrücke, past the cloister of St. John's, and on to the Great Roland. Then take thy way over the court of the cathedral, through the Schlüsselkorb, till thou arrive without the city at a garden, which has this mark, that a stair of three stone steps leads down from the highway to its gate. Wait by a side, in secret, till the sickle of the moon shall shine on thee, then push with the strength of a man against the weak-barred gate, which will resist thee little. Enter boldly into the garden, and turn thee to the vine trellises which overhang the covered walk; behind this, on the left, a tall apple-tree overtops the lowly shrubs. Go to the trunk of this tree, thy face turned right against the moon; look three ells before thee on the ground, thou shalt see two cinnamon-rose bushes; there strike in, and dig three spans deep, till thou find a stone plate; under this lies the treasure, buried in an iron chest, full of money and money's worth. Though the chest be heavy and clumsy, avoid not the labour of lifting it from its bed; it will reward thy trouble well, if thou seek the key which lies hid beneath it."

In astonishment at what he heard, Franz stared and gazed upon the dreamer, and could not have concealed his amazement had not the dusk of night been on his side. By every mark in the description he had recognized his own garden, left him by his father. It had been the good man's hobby in his life; but on this account had little pleased his son, according to the rule that son and father seldom sympathize in their favourite pursuit, unless indeed it be a vice, in which case, as the adage runs, the apple often falls at no great distance from the trunk. Father Melchior had himself laid out this garden, altogether to his own taste, in a style as wonderful and varied as that of his great-great-grandson, who has immortalized his paradise by an original description in *Hirschfeldts Garden Calendar*. He had not, it is true, set up in it any painted menagerie for the deception of the eye; but he kept a very large one, notwithstanding, of springing-horses, winged-lions, eagles, griffins, unicorns, and other wondrous beasts, all stamped on pure gold, which he carefully concealed from every eye, and had hid in their iron case beneath the ground. This paternal Tempe the

wasteful son, in the days of his extravagance, had sold for an old song.

To Franz the pikeman had at once become extremely interesting, as he perceived that this was the very friend to whom the goblin in the castle of Rummelsburg had consigned him. Gladly could he have embraced the veteran, and in the first rapture called him friend and father; but he restrained himself, and found it more advisable to keep his thoughts about this piece of news to himself. So he said, "Well, this is what I call a circumstantial dream. But what didst thou do, old master, in the morning, on awakening? Didst thou not follow whither thy guardian angel beckoned thee?"

"Pooh," said the dreamer, "why should I toil, and have my labour for my pains? It was nothing, after all, but a mere dream. If my guardian angel had a fancy for appearing to me, I have had enow of sleepless nights in my time, when he might have found me waking. But he takes little charge of me, I think, else I should not, to his shame, be going hitching here on a wooden leg."

Franz took out the last piece of silver he had on him: "There," said he, "old father, take this other gift from me, to get thee a pint of wine for evening-cup; thy talk has scared away my ill-humour. Neglect not diligently to frequent this bridge; we shall see each other here, I hope, again."

The lame old man had not gathered so rich a stock of alms for many a day as he was now possessed of; he blessed his benefactor for his kindness, hopped away into a drinking-shop to do himself a good turn; while Franz, enlivened with new hope, hastened off to his lodging in the alley.

Next day he got in readiness everything that is required for treasure-digging. The unessential equipments, conjurations, magic formulas, magic-girdles, hieroglyphic characters, and such like, were entirely wanting; but these are not indispensable, provided there be no failure in the three main requisites—shovel, spade, and, before all, a treasure underground. The necessary implements he carried to the place a little before sunset, and hid them for the meanwhile in a hedge; and as to the treasure itself, he had the firm conviction that the goblin in the castle and the friend on the bridge would prove no liars to him. With longing impatience he expected the rising of the moon, and no sooner did she stretch her silver horns over the bushes than he briskly set to work, observing exactly everything the invalid had taught him; and happily accomplished the raising of the treasure without

meeting any adventure in the process, without any black dog having frightened him, or any bluish flame having lighted him to the spot.

Father Melchior, in providently burying this penny for a rainy day, had nowise meant that his son should be deprived of so considerable a part of his inheritance. The mistake lay in this, that death had escorted the testator out of the world in another way than said testator had expected. He had been completely convinced that he should take his journey, old and full of days, after regulating his temporal concerns with all the formalities of an ordinary sick-bed; for so it had been prophesied to him in his youth. In consequence he purposed, when, according to the usage of the church, extreme unction should have been dispensed to him, to call his beloved son to his bed-side, having previously dismissed all by-standers, there to give him the paternal blessing, and by way of farewell memorial direct him to this treasure buried in the garden. All this, too, would have happened in just order, if the light of the good old man had departed like that of a wick whose oil is done; but as death had privily snuffed him out at a feast, he undesignedly took along with him his mammon secret to the grave; and almost as many fortunate concurrences were required before the secreted patrimony could arrive at the proper heir, as if it had been forwarded to its address by the hand of Justice itself.

With immeasurable joy the treasure-digger took possession of the shapeless Spanish pieces, which, with a vast multitude of other finer coins, the iron chest had faithfully preserved. When the first intoxication of delight had in some degree evaporated, he bethought him how the treasure was to be transported, safe and unobserved, into the narrow alley. The burden was too heavy to be carried without help; thus, with the possession of riches, all the cares attendant on them were awakened. The new Croesus found no better plan than to intrust his capital to the hollow trunk of a tree that stood behind the garden, in a meadow; the empty chest he again buried under the rose-bush, and smoothed the place as well as possible. In the space of three days the treasure had been faithfully transmitted by instalments from the hollow tree into the narrow alley; and now the owner of it thought he might with honour lay aside his strict incognito. He dressed himself with the finest; had his prayer displaced from the church, and required, instead of it, "A Christian thanksgiving for a traveller, on returning to his native town, after happily

arranging his affairs." He hid himself in a corner of the church, where he could observe the fair Meta, without himself being seen; he turned not his eye from the maiden, and drank from her looks the actual rapture which in foretaste had restrained him from the break-neck somerset on the bridge of the Weser. When the thanksgiving came in hand, a glad sympathy shone forth from all her features, and the cheeks of the virgin glowed with joy. The customary greeting on the way homewards was so full of emphasis, that even to the third party who had noticed them it would have been intelligible.

Franz now appeared once more on the exchange; began a branch of trade which in a few weeks extended to the great scale; and as his wealth became daily more apparent, Neighbour Grudge, the scandal-chewer, was obliged to conclude, that in the cashing of his old debts he must have had more luck than sense. He hired a large house, fronting the Roland, in the market-place; engaged clerks and warehousemen, and carried on his trade unweariedly. Now the sorrowful populace of parasites again diligently handled the knocker of his door, appeared in crowds, and suffocated him with assurances of friendship and joy-wishings on his fresh prosperity; imagined they should once more catch him in their robber claws. But experience had taught him wisdom; he paid them in their own coin, feasted their false friendship on smooth words, and dismissed them with fasting stomachs; which sovereign means for searing off the cumbersome brood of pickthanks and toad-eaters produced the intended effect, that they betook themselves elsewhere.

In Bremen, the remounting Melcherson had become the story of the day; the fortune which in some inexplicable manner he had realized, as was supposed, in foreign parts, was the subject-matter of all conversations at formal dinners, in the courts of justice, and at the exchange. But in proportion as the fame of his fortune and affluence increased, the contentedness and peace of mind of the fair Meta diminished. The friend *in petto* was now, in her opinion, well qualified to speak a plain word. Yet still his love continued dumb, and except the greeting on the way from church, he gave no tidings of himself. Even this sort of visit was becoming rarer; and such aspects were the sign not of warm, but of cold weather in the atmosphere of love. Jealousy, the baleful harpy, fluttered round her little room by night, and when sleep was closing her blue eyes, croaked many a dolorous presage into the

ear of the re-awakened Meta. "Forego the flattering hope of binding an inconstant heart, which, like a feather, is the sport of every wind. He loved thee, and was faithful to thee, while his lot was as thy own: like only draws to like. Now a propitious destiny exalts the changeful far above thee. Ah! now he scorns the truest thoughts in mean apparel, now that pomp, and wealth, and splendour dazzle him once more; and courts, who knows what haughty fair one that disdained him when he lay among the pots, and now with siren call allures him back to her. Perhaps her cozening voice has turned him from thee, speaking with false words: 'For thee, God's garden blossoms in thy native town: friend, thou hast now thy choice of all our maidens; choose with prudence, not by the eye alone. Of girls are many, and of fathers many, who in secret lie in wait for thee; none will withhold his darling daughter. Take happiness and honour with the fairest, likewise birth and fortune. The councillor dignity awaits thee, where vote of friends is potent in the city.'"

These suggestions of Jealousy disturbed and tormented her heart without ceasing: she reviewed her fair contemporaries in Bremen, estimated the ratio of so many splendid matches to herself and her circumstances, and the result was far from favourable. The first tidings of her lover's change of situation had in secret charmed her, not in the selfish view of becoming participatrix in a large fortune; but for her mother's sake, who had abdicated all hopes of earthly happiness ever since the marriage project with neighbour Hop-King had made shipwreck. But now poor Meta wished that Heaven had not heard the prayer of the church, or granted to the traveller any such abundance of success, but rather kept him by the bread and salt which he would willingly have shared with her.

The fair half of the species are by no means calculated to conceal an inward care. Mother Brigitta soon observed the trouble of her daughter, and, without the use of any great penetration, likewise guessed its cause. The talk about the re-ascending star of her former flax-negotiator, who was now celebrated as the pattern of an orderly, judicious, active tradesman, had not escaped her, any more than the feeling of the good Meta towards him; and it was her opinion that if he loved in earnest, it was needless to hang off so long, without explaining what he meant. Yet out of tenderness to her daughter, she let no hint of this discovery escape her, till at length poor Meta's heart became so full, that of her own accord

she made her mother the confidant of her sorrow, and disclosed to her its true origin. The shrewd old lady learned little more by this disclosure than she knew already. But it afforded opportunity to mother and daughter for a full, fair, and free discussion of this delicate affair. Brigitta made her no reproaches on the subject; she believed that what was done could not be undone, and directed all her eloquence to strengthen and encourage the dejected Meta to bear the failure of her hopes with a steadfast mind.

With this view she spelled out to her the extremely reasonable moral, *a, b, ab*; discoursing thus: "My child, thou hast already said *a*, thou must now say *b* too; thou hast scorned thy fortune when it sought thee, now thou must submit when it will meet thee no longer. Experience has taught me that the most confident hope is the first to deceive us. Therefore, follow my example; abandon the fair cozenery utterly, and thy peace of mind will no longer be disturbed by her. Count not on any improvement of thy fate, and thou wilt grow contented with thy present situation. Honour the spinning-wheel, which supports thee; what are fortune and riches to thee when thou canst do without them?"

Close on this stout oration followed a loud humming symphony of snap-reel and spinning-wheel, to make up for the time lost in speaking. Mother Brigitta was in truth philosophizing from the heart. After her scheme for the restoration of her former affluence had gone to ruin, she had so simplified the plan of her life that Fate could not perplex it any more. But Meta was still far from this philosophical centre of indifference; and hence this doctrine, consolation, and encouragement affected her quite otherwise than had been intended: the conscientious daughter now looked upon herself as the destroyer of her mother's fair hopes, and suffered from her own mind a thousand reproaches for this fault. Though she had never adopted the maternal scheme of marriage, and had reckoned only upon bread and salt in her future wedlock, yet on hearing of her lover's riches and spreading commerce, her diet-project had directly mounted to six plates; and it delighted her to think, that by her choice she should still realize her good mother's wish, and see her once more planted in her previous abundance.

This fair dream now vanished by degrees, as Franz continued silent. To make matters worse, there spread a rumour over all the city that he was furnishing his house in the most splendid fashion for his marriage with a rich

Antwerp lady, who was already on her way to Bremen. This Job's-news drove the lovely maiden from her last defence; she passed on the apostate sentence of banishment from her heart, and vowed from that hour never more to think of him; and as she did so, wetted the twining thread with her tears.

In a heavy hour she was breaking this vow, and thinking, against her will, of the faithless lover; for she had just spun off a rock of flax, and there was an old rhyme which had been taught her by her mother for encouragement to diligence:

Spin, daughterkin, spin,
Thy sweetheart's within!"

which she always recollected when her rock was done; and along with it the memory of the deceitful necessarily occurred to her. In this heavy hour a finger rapped with a most dainty patter at the door. Mother Brigitta looked forth: the sweetheart was without. And who could it be? Who else but neighbour Franz from the alley? He had decked himself with a gallant wooing-suit, and his well-dressed, thick brown locks shook forth perfume. This stately decoration boded, at all events, something else than flax-dealing. Mother Brigitta started in alarm; she tried to speak, but words failed her. Meta rose in trepidation from her seat, blushed like a purple rose, and was silent. Franz, however, had the power of utterance; to the soft *adagio* which he had in former days trilled forth to her, he now appended a suitable text, and explained his dumb love in clear words. Thereupon he made solemn application for her to the mother; justifying his proposal by the statement that the preparations in his house had been meant for the reception of a bride, and that this bride was the charming Meta.

Franz provided comfortably for old Timberloe, lived happily with his wife, and found Brigitta the most tolerable mother-in-law that has ever been discovered.

WEEP NO MORE.

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone:
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again;
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully;
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see:
Joys as winged dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no mo.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THE LAMENT OF TASSO.

BY LORD BYRON.

[Torquato Tasso, born at Sorrento, 1544; died at Rome, 25th April, 1595. The author of *Jerusalem Delivered*, and one of the most celebrated of the Italian poets, was long confined, by order of the Duke Alfonso, in a part of the monastery of St. Anne, designed for lunatics. A traditionary story attributes this step to some extravagance on the part of the poet, evincing an attachment to the Princess Leonora, the duke's sister, in whose praise he had written some impassioned verses.¹ The confinement is said to have aggravated a constitutional disposition to madness. "At Ferrara," says Lord Byron, in his advertisement to the following poem, "are preserved the original MSS. of Tasso's *Jerusalem* and of Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, with letters of Tasso, one from Titian to Ariosto, and the inkstand and chair, the tomb and the house of the latter. But as misfortune has a greater interest with posterity, and little or none for the contemporary, the cell where Tasso was confined in the hospital of St. Anne attracts a more fixed attention than the residence or the monument of Ariosto.]

I.

Long years!—It tries the thrilling frame to bear,
And eagle spirit of a child of Song—
Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong;
Imputed madness, prisoned solitude,
And the mind's canker in its savage mood,
When the impatient thirst of light and air
Parches the heart; and the abhorred grate,
Marring the sunbeams with its hideous shade,
Works through the throbbing eyeball to the brain,
With a hot sense of heaviness and pain;
And bare, at once, Captivity display'd
Stands scoffing through the never-opened gate,
Which nothing through its bars admits, save day,
And tasteless food, which I have eat alone
Till its unsocial bitterness is gone;
And I can banquet like a beast of prey,
Sullen and lonely, couching in the cave
Which is my lair, and—it may be—my grave.
All this hath somewhat worn me, and may wear,
But must be borne. I stoop not to despair;

¹ Tasso's biographer, the Abate Serassi, has ascertained beyond doubt that the first cause of the poet's imprisonment was his desire to be occasionally or altogether free from servitude at the court of Alfonso. The suspicion of this desire, aggravated by a visit which Tasso made to Rome in 1575, caused the duke to refuse him admission to the court; and none of the many promises which had been given to him were fulfilled. Exasperated by this treatment, Tasso publicly uttered the wildest invectives against the duke and all the house of Este. He was thereupon consigned to prison. The silence of the Princess Leonora is attributed to her fear of the consequences to herself and her lover of any discovery of their passion. Tasso was released in 1586, and died in 1595. Byron wrote *The Lament* in 1817, after a day's visit to Ferrara.

For I have battled with mine agony,
And made me wings wherewith to overfly
The narrow circus of my dungeon wall,
And freed the Holy Sepulchre from thrall;
And revell'd among men and things divine,
And pour'd my spirit over Palestina,
In honour of the sacred war for Him,
The God who was on earth and is in heaven,
For he has strengthened me in heart and limb.
That through this sufferance I might be forgiven,
I have employed my penance to record
How Salem's shrine was won, and how adored.

II.

But this is o'er—my pleasant task is done:—
My long-sustaining friend of many years!
If I do blot thy final page with tears,
Know, that my sorrows have wrung from me none.
But thou, my young creation! my soul's child!
Which ever playing round me came and smiled,
And wooed me from myself with thy sweet sight,
Thou too art gone—and so is my delight:
And therefore do I weep and only bleed
With this last bruise upon a broken reed.
Thou too art ended—what is left me now?
For I have anguish yet to bear—and how?
I know not that—but in the innate force
Of my own spirit shall be found resource.
I have not sunk, for I had no remorse,
Nor cause for such: they called me mad—and why?
Oh Leonora! wilt not *thou* reply?
I was indeed delirious in my heart
To lift my love so lofty as thou art;
But still my frenzy was not of the mind:
I knew my fault, and feel my punishment
Not less because I suffer it unbent.
That thou wert beautiful, and I not blind,
Hath been the sin which shuts me from mankind;
But let them go, or torture as they will,
My heart can multiply thine image still;
Successful love may sate itself away;
The wretched are the faithful; 'tis their fate
To have all feeling, save the one, decay,
And every passion into one dilate,
As rapid rivers into ocean pour;
But ours is fathomless, and hath no shore.

III.

Above me, hark! the long and maniac cry
Of minds and bodies in captivity.
And hark! the lash and the increasing howl,
And the half-inarticulate blasphemy!
There be some here with worse than frenzy foul,
Some who do still gaud on the o'er-laboured mind,
And dim the little light that's left behind
With needless torture, as their tyrant will
Is wound up to the lust of doing ill:
With these and with their victims am I class'd,
'Mid sounds and sights like these long years have pass'd;
'Mid sights and sounds like these my life may close:
So let it be—for then I shall repose.

IV.

I have been patient, let me be so yet;
 I had forgotten half I would forget,
 But it revives—Oh! would it were my lot
 To be forgetful as I am forgot!—
 Feel I not wrath with those who bade me dwell
 In this vast lazar-house of many woes?
 Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought the mind,
 Nor words a language, nor even men mankind;
 Where cries reply to curses, shrieks to blows,
 And each is tortured in his separate hell—
 For we are crowded in our solitudes—
 Many, but each divided by the wall,
 Which echoes Madness in her babbling moods;
 While all can hear, none heed his neighbour's call—
 None! save that One, the veriest wretch of all,
 Who was not made to be the mate of these,
 Nor bound between Distraction and Disease.
 Feel I not wrath with those who placed me here?
 Who have debased me in the minds of men,
 Debarring me the usage of my own,
 Blighting my life in best of its career,
 Branding my thoughts as things to shun and fear?
 Would I not pay them back these pangs again,
 And teach them inward Sorrow's stifled groan?
 The struggle to be calm, and cold distress,
 Which undermines our Stoical success?
 No!—still too proud to be vindictive—I
 Have pardon'd princes' insults, and would die.
 Yes, Sister of my Sovereign! for thy sake
 I weed all bitterness from out my breast,
 It hath no business where *thou* art a guest;
 Thy brother hates—but I can not detest;
 Thou pittest not—but I can not forsake.

V.

Look on a love which knows not to despair,
 But all unquench'd is still my better part,
 Dwelling deep in my shut and silent heart,
 As dwells the gathered lightning in its cloud,
 Encompass'd with its dark and rolling shroud,
 Till struck,—forth flies the all-ethereal dart!
 And thus at the collision of thy name
 The vivid thought still flashes through my frame,
 And for a moment all things as they were
 Flit by me;—they are gone—I am the same.
 And yet my love without ambition grew;
 I knew thy state, my station, and I knew
 A princess was no love-mate for a bard;
 I told it not, I breathed it not, it was
 Sufficient to itself, its own reward;
 And if my eyes reveal'd it, they, alas!
 Were punish'd by the silence of thine,
 And yet I did not venture to repine.
 Thou wert to me a crystal-girded shrine,
 Worshipp'd at holy distance, and around
 Hallow'd and meekly kiss'd the saintly ground;
 Not for thou wert a princess, but that Love
 Had robed thee with a glory, and arrayed
 Thy lineaments in beauty that dismay'd—

Oh! not dismay'd—but awed, like One above!
 And in that sweet severity there was
 A something which all softness did surpass—
 I know not how—thy genius master'd mine—
 My star stood still before thee:—if it were
 Presumptuous thus to love without design,
 That sad fatality hath cost me dear;
 But thou art dearest still, and I should be
 Fit for this cell, which wrongs me—but for *thee*.
 The very love which lock'd me to my chain
 Hath lighten'd half its weight; and for the rest,
 Though heavy, lent me vigour to sustain,
 And look to thee with undivided breast,
 And foil the ingenuity of Pain.

VI.

It is no marvel—from my very birth
 My soul was drunk with love,—which did pervade
 And mingle with whate'er I saw on earth;
 Of objects all inanimate I made
 Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers,
 And rocks, whereby they grew, a paradise,
 Where I did lay me down within the shade
 Of waving trees, and dream'd uncounted hours,
 Though I was chid for wandering; and the wise
 Shook their white aged heads o'er me, and said,
 Of such materials wretched men were made,
 And such a truant boy would end in woe,
 And that the only lesson was a blow;
 And then they smote me, and I did not weep,
 But cursed them in my heart, and to my haunt
 Return'd and wept alone, and dream'd again
 The visions which arise without a sleep.
 And with my years my soul began to pant
 With feelings of strange tumult and soft pain;
 And the whole heart exhaled into One Want,
 But undefined and wandering, till the day
 I found the thing I sought—and that was thee;
 And then I lost my being, all to be
 Absorbed in thine; the world was past away;
Thou didst annihilate the earth to me!

VII.

I loved all solitude—but little thought
 To spend I know not what of life, remote
 From all communion with existence, save
 The maniac and his tyrant,—had I been
 Their fellow, and many years ere this had seen
 My mind like theirs corrupted to its grave.
 But who hath seen me writhe, or heard me rave?
 Perchance in such a cell we suffer more
 Than the wreck'd sailor on his desert shore;
 The world is all before him—*mine is here*,
 Scarce twice the space they must accord my bier.
 What though *he* perish, he may lift his eye,
 And with a dying glance upbraid the sky;
 I will not raise my own in such reproof,
 Although 'tis clouded by my dungeon roof.

VIII.

Yet do I feel at times my mind decline,
But with a sense of its decay: I see
Unwonted lights along my prison shine,
And a strange demon, who is vexing me
With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below
The feeling of the healthful and the free;
But much to One, who long hath suffered so,
Sickness of heart, and narrowness of place,
And all that may be borne, or can debase.
I thought mine enemies had been but Man,
But Spirits may be leagu'd with them—all Earth
Abandons—Heaven forgets me;—in the death
Of such defence the Powers of Evil can,
It may be, tempt me further,—and prevail
Against the outworn creature they assail.
Why in this furnace is my spirit proved,
Like steel in tempering fire? because I loved?
Because I loved what not to love, and see,
Was more or less than mortal, and than me.

IX.

I once was quick in feeling—that is o'er;
My scars are callous, or I should have dash'd
My brain against these bars, as the sun flash'd
In mockery through them;—if I bear and bore
The much I have recounted, and the more
Which hath no words,—'tis that I would not die,
And sanction with self-slaughter the dull lie
Which snared me here, and with the brand of shame
Stamp madness deep into my memory,
And woo Compassion to a blighted name,
Sealing the sentence which my foes proclaim.
No—it shall be immortal!—and I make
A future temple of my present coil,
Which nations yet shall visit for my sake.
While thou, Ferrara! when no longer dwell
The ducal chiefs within thee, shalt fall down,
And crumbling piecemeal view thy hearthless halls,
A poet's wreath shall be thine only crown,—
A poet's dungeon thy most far renown,
While strangers wonder o'er thy unpeopled walls!
And thou, Leonora! thou—who wert ashamed
That such as I could love—who blush'd to hear
To less than monarchs that thou couldst be dear,
Go! tell thy brother, that my heart, untamed
By grief, years, weariness—and it may be
A taint of that he would impute to me—
From long infection of a den like this,
Where the mind rots congenial with the abyss,—
Adores thee still; and add—that when the towers
And battlements which guard his joyous hours
Of banquet, dance, and revel, are forgot,
Or left untended in a dull repose,
This—this—shall be a consecrated spot!
But Thou—when all that Birth and Beauty throws
Of magic round thee is extinct—shalt have
One half the laurel which o'ershades my grave.
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No power in death can tear our names apart,
As none in life could rend thee from my heart.
Yes, Leonora! it shall be our fate
To be entwined for ever—but too late!

THE GARDENS OF ARMIDA.¹

BY TORQUATO TASSO.

Still lakes of silver, streams that murmur crept,
Hills, on whose sloping brows the sunbeams slept,
Luxuriant trees, that various forms display'd,
And valleys, grateful with refreshing shade,
Herbs, flow'rets gay with many a gaudy dye,
And woods, and arching grottoes met their eye.
What more than all enhanc'd those beauties rare,
Though art was all in all, no signs of art were there:
Seem'd as if nature reign'd in every part,
Such easy negligence was mixed with art;
Nature herself, in frolic, might appear
To imitate her imitator here.

'Twas magic's spell call'd forth the genial breeze,
That fill'd with pregnant life the bursting trees;
Eternal bloom they yield, eternal fruit,
The fruitage rip'ning while the blossoms shoot.
The self-same tree on one o'ricorded twig
Bears the full-ripen'd and the nascent fig;
The apple hanging on one bow is seen
In ev'ry shade of golden and of green.
Where most the genial sun the garden cheer'd
Creeping aloft, the luscious vine appear'd;
Here clusters crude, there yellower grapes it bore,
Or ruby-red, and rich with nectar'd store.
Unnumber'd birds, the leafy boughs among,
Trill'd the wild music of their wanton song.
Murmur'd the undulating air around;
The rills, the leafy grots return'd the sound,
As loud or low the quiv'ring zephyrs rung:
When ceas'd the birds, an echo deep they flung,
But when the feather'd choir restored their lay,
The echo, gently whispering, died away:
Or chance the concert made, or art design'd,
Each swelling song the music-breathing wind
Alternate answer'd, and alternate join'd.
Amid the rest one beauteous warbler flew
With purple bill, and plumes of various hue,
His pliant voice assum'd the human tone,
Each note, the shrill, the soft, the deep, his own.
With wondrous skill, mellifluous, loud, and long,
Surpassing all belief, he pour'd his song.
Their manner strains his list'ning fellows clos'd;
The whispering winds grew silent, and repos'd:
"Behold how, bursting from its covert, blows
With virgin blushes deck'd, the modest rose;

¹ From the *Jerusalem Delivered*, translated by the Rev. J. H. Hunt. "We do not know that these lines ever appeared in so graceful an English dress before."—*Quarterly Review*.

With half her beauties hid, and half reveal'd
 More lovely still she seems, the more conceal'd.
 Grown bolder soon, her bosom she displays
 All naked to the winds; then soon decays,
 And seems the same enchanting flow'r no more,
 Which youths and virgins fair admir'd before.
 Thus transient and ephem'ral fades away
 The flow'r, the verdure, of man's short-lived day;
 And though the year bring back the vernal hour,
 No more his verdure blooms, no more his flow'r.
 Cull we the rose, while laughs the auspicious morn
 Of that bright day, which must no more return:
 Cull we the rose; love's transports let us prove,
 While love may answer and reward our love,
 He ceas'd; with one accord the feather'd throng
 Join'd in applause choros to his song,
 The playful doves renew'd their am'rous kiss;
 Each living thing was melted into bliss.
 Seem'd as th' unbending oak, the laurel chaste,
 And ev'ry tree amid that flow'ry waste,
 Seem'd as the earth, the waves, imbib'd the charm,
 And lifeless Nature's self with love grew warm."

A POET'S ROMANCE.

[James Sheridan Knowles, born at Cork, Ireland, 1784; died 1st December, 1862. Actor, lecturer, dramatist, novelist, and Baptist minister. It is as a dramatist his fame will live longest. He wrote upwards of twenty plays, of which the best known are:—*Virginius* (see *Casquet*, vol. ii. p. 269); *William Tell*; *The Hunchback*; *The Love Chase*; *The Wife*, a tale of Mantua; and *Love*. His novels are: *Fortescue*; *George Lovell*; *The Rock of Rome*; and *The Idol Denolished by its own Priest*. He contributed largely to the annals and other periodicals. "His strength lies in home-bred affections," wrote Allan Cunningham; "his *Virginius*, his *Beggar's Daughter*, and his *Wife of Mantua*, all bear evidence of this, and contain scenes of perfect truth and reality, such as no modern dramatist surpasses. He touches the heart and is safe." The following little romance has been evidently suggested by incidents in the life of the poet Tasso.]

Bright was the saloon of the ducal palace. It had been a fete-day. At the head of the apartment sat its princely master; around it were distributed in groups the shining company; the buzz of satisfaction filled it. A Frenchman and one of the courtiers held each other in converse. Surprise was painted upon the countenance of the former.

"The fairest woman in Padua," he exclaimed, "without a lover!—I mean an accepted one, for all Italy rings with the praises of the lovely Victoria—"Tis very strange! Has she not a heart?"

"If she has, signor, it is yet to be found; nor is the search an easy one—at least if we

take into account the many accomplished cavaliers who have failed in it."

"She seems a very scornful lady."

"She is so."

"And yet," resumed the other, "her form and countenance are the very mould of sweetness!"

"You read her to admiration, signor," replied the courtier. "Till the age of sixteen she was the soul of frankness and simple bearing; then, however, a mood came on, the fruit of which you see. Upon that face, which used to be nothing but sun, the cloud which then settled has remained for the last three years without moving. Observe the cavalier who approaches her with a basket of fruit. He is the son of the Duke of Milan, and a candidate for the honour of her hand. Mark, I pray you, how she will receive him:—there are wages for a prince to play the lacquey for!"

"Wages, indeed! Methinks the haughty bow with which she declines his attentions should be sufficient to extinguish his love."

"Nay, signor," resumed the courtier, "frost, you know, makes the fire burn brighter."

"And yet, if, after all," exclaimed the other, as if a thought had suddenly struck him—"if, after all, that very suitor should be the object of her choice! I have met with as strange a thing. He hath a truly princely presence!"

"And a princely heart and mind, signor! with endowments of a corresponding quality. He is every way her match, saving that the lady is not more haughty than the gentleman is affable. The youth who approaches her now is the bearer, I suspect, of a message to her from the duke, with whom I remarked him a moment ago conversing. Observe how she will receive him—as I expected, she neither lifts her eyes nor gives any other notice of recognition. Ha! she rises and approaches her harp; the duke has doubtless desired her to sing. Now shall you hear music, signor! If she freezes you with her looks she will melt you with her voice."

A prelude arose from the harp, such as one would imagine a seraph in adoration to awaken. The strain which that prelude introduced was accompanied by the lady in the following verses:—

"She lived a nun!—no convent wall
 Entomb'd her; she was woman—all
 That man in woman seeks!—not one
 More fond; and yet she lived a nun!"

"She lived a nun for love! Her soul
 Had met a kindred one—her whole
 Of wishes—hopes—the maid had given
 To him who own'd that soul—and Heaven

"And was the maid beloved again?
She was!—alas! beloved in vain.
Unbless'd, he died; unwe'd, though won,
The maid for love who lived a nun!"

"Lorenzo," cried the duke, when the strain was over, "I like your verses the better the oftener I hear them. I requested you yesterday evening, when the countess tried them first, to transcribe for me the legend which suggested them. Have you done so?"

"I have, so please you, my liege," replied the young man, presenting a paper.

"Read it for us," said the duke.

The young poet obeyed. His story was one of unfortunate love, the hero being vowed to the altar before he discovered his passion for the heroine. When he had first awakened to a consciousness of his attachment, Theodore had struggled against it; but being alone with her one day, love conquered: he told Amelia all that he had suffered, and how he lived only in her. He learned, then, that her heart was devoted to him. But he was a priest; his vows were irrevocable—their union was impossible. They bowed to their fate with sad but true hearts. He tried honestly to fulfil the duties to which he had pledged himself; she resolved to be faithful to him, took the veil, and to her last hour cherished the hope of union hereafter with her first love.

The duke applauded the legend, and directed Lorenzo to present it to the countess. She took it without the slightest acknowledgment, and handed it to one of her ladies who stood near her.

"Hard treatment for the poor poet," remarked the Frenchman.

"Yes; she treats him the worst of all. It is not pride, but absolute aversion with which she appears to regard him. His humble fortunes—for though he is distantly related to the duke, he is merely a dependent—seem to convert his merits into offences, as things he has no right to. Praise him to her, and you will learn to estimate the value of a gracious look."

"A most ungenerous and contradictory nature," exclaimed the Frenchman; "yet the poor poet is in love—and the object of his passion is the haughty countess! I never saw adoration if I do not see it now. Her frowns—her spurnings are lost upon him. He sees nothing but her charms!"

On the following morning Lorenzo was summoned to a private interview with the duke.

On this occasion the duke seemed to partake more of his niece's spirit than he was wont to

do. There was a frigid distance in his manner of addressing the young man.

"Lorenzo," said the duke, "which of my niece's ladies could you fancy for a wife?"

"My liege!" ejaculated Lorenzo, gazing upon the duke with a countenance in which astonishment and incredulity were blended. The duke repeated his question.

"None of them, my lord," replied Lorenzo. "I shall never marry."

"You shall marry to-night," coolly rejoined the duke. "Lorenzo," continued he, "I have reasons for wishing you to take a wife—reasons which justify me in enforcing obedience to my wish. The daughter of the Chevalier de Barré, I know, admires you. Her father, with whom I had a conversation last night, approves of you—the match is agreeable to me. It is necessary for purposes of state, with the nature of which I may probably make you acquainted hereafter. Be acquiescence your only reply; I shall take no other—listen to no other. Give me that, and you shall bind me to the making of your fortune; refuse it, and thank yourself for the consequences. You are not a stranger to the extent of my power—you have witnessed what it is to feel the weight of my resentment. Beware that you do not experience it in your own person—reply not now." The duke guessed what Lorenzo was going to say—it was written on the young man's face. "Reply not now; but, mark me. I shall give orders for the nuptials to take place at nine to-night; for a quarter of an hour I shall wait in the library the result of your deliberations; at the expiration of that time, your presence or your absence be your answer."

The duke strode from the closet, leaving Lorenzo motionless and speechless. It was several minutes before the astounded poet recovered himself.

"Marry the daughter of the Chevalier de Barré!" he exclaimed aloud. "Never!" he added, turning to leave the apartment: the countess was standing at the door—What a moment to encounter the haughty glance and stately carriage of the scornful lady! It was true the poet loved her;—for many a year had he cherished his passion in secret; against the hope—against the probability of its being blessed—not always though. She had been kind to him when she used to be courteous to all; but once being accidentally alone with him—when his overfraught heart was throbbing full and quick—bursting as it were for vent—in an unguarded moment—without premeditation—almost without being conscious of what he did, he had snatched her to his

breast, and profaned with a kiss the lips which, until then, had been strangers to salutation so forward and so warm. Meeting with no resistance, the idea flashed across his mind that he did not love alone or unrepaid. He drew back, to gaze upon, and read the lovely face which had just been so close to his own, and to declare his passion. That face was white with terror—he felt that the frame which his arms encircled was trembling; in a moment he was at her feet. "Pardon me," he exclaimed; when a sudden change in the expression of her countenance paralyzed him, and prevented him from proceeding. Terror was displaced by disdain—the withering spirit of pride and scorn was seated on her brow, and never after, when the poet dared to lift his eye to that unrivalled throne, did he behold it filled by other occupant.

The countess slowly advanced into the apartment, her eye fixed coldly yet piercingly upon Lorenzo, who, bowing as he passed her, proceeded towards the door.

"Stop, signor," haughtily commanded the lady—Lorenzo turned. "Heard I you rightly?" she continued. "Said you just now that you would never marry the daughter of the Chevalier de Barré?"

"Yes."

"Yes!" echoed the countess; "and pray, signor, when was your union with that lady first contemplated?"

"This very hour—almost this very minute!" was his reply.

"And by whom?" interrogated the lady.

"By the duke."

"By the duke?" re-echoed the countess, drawing her fair figure up till it towered again. "The daughter of the Chevalier de Barré is mightily the debtor of the duke."

A chair stood near her, that which the duke had just quitted—she took it, and sat, inclining slightly backwards; her fair arms covered, yet not hidden, but revealed by sleeves of the filmiest gauze—enfolding one another; her eyes fixed upon vacancy; her countenance overcast with thought; save that now and then it was lighted up with a flash of scorn, that shot across it like voiceless lightning playing in a sky of silvery twilight.

"And so you would decline the honour of such an alliance!" remarked she, at last, contemptuously.

"I have done so."

"And the duke——" she stopped short.

"Persists," said the poet; "and has appointed to-night for our nuptials."

"He is in haste to do you honour," said the

lady, and paused again. "Be you in haste," she resumed; "make up your mind to abide by wiser counsels; you must—you will. The lady is fair—accomplished—a mate for higher state and fortune. Be wise and marry her."

"Never!" emphatically ejaculated Lorenzo. The countess smiled ineffable contempt.

The poet gazed upon her. The contrast between the glow of his heart and the coldness of hers was too much for him. It unmanned him—the tears started into his eyes, and at length began to trickle down his cheeks—he stood silent. The countess raised her eyes to his face, and dropped them again, as if for the first time a touch of compassion had moved her. At this moment an attendant entered, and presented a letter to Lorenzo.

"Withdraw," said the countess, "till he reads it."

Lorenzo read the letter. The duke's escritoire stood open upon the table—without pausing a moment, he sat down, wrote the answer, and rose to summon the attendant.

"Stop," said the countess; "show me the duke's letter." Lorenzo obeyed. She read it. Therein the duke repeated his wishes, demanded instant compliance with them, and in case of disobedience, threatened the offender with the loss of liberty. The countess re-folded the letter, returned it, and went out of the apartment.

"I knew it," she cried, on entering the closet again, after the lapse of about a minute; "there are those without who are ready and able to put my uncle's threat into execution. Your answer, signor," added she.

Lorenzo handed it to the countess—one word was all that it contained—"Never"—yet seemed it as if the countess could not interpret the poet's reply. She looked alternately at the letter and its writer.

"You are much too bold," she at length exclaimed, resuming her seat.

"I am!—I am!" responded Lorenzo, throwing himself before her on his knee. The countess made an effort, as if she was about to rise, but he was desperate. He caught her by the hand and forcibly detained her—declared his passion—detailed his struggles with it—his hopelessness of overcoming it—his readiness to encounter imprisonment, slavery, death! rather than do violence to it, by espousing another—acknowledged his utter unworthiness of meeting a return, although if love alone were the coin that ought to purchase love, man could not pay down the sum for hers that he could! Yet her compassion he might presume to challenge: surely it was hard that she should

deny it where most it was needed. Vehemently he pleaded for that—his eye—his cheek lit up with the passion which prompted him—his voice thrilling with it—his tears avouching all he uttered. He concluded, still retaining his humble posture. The countess's eyes, which at the commencement of his address had sternly encountered his, were now cast down. The hand which, at first, had struggled to release itself from his grasp, now lay unresistingly within it. It seemed as if the spirit of sweet ruth had returned to its proper biding-place—the soft and heaving bosom whence it had been so long excluded! A tear—a tear, the poet thought, stood trembling on the verge of the rich lid that veiled her eye, and was upon the point of falling! Could he believe it?—Yes. It trickled down her cheek!

"You pity me!" he cried. "You pity me!—I ask no other boon!—I make no merit of forbearance!—I know 'twere vain to look for any other! Welcome then the dungeons of the chateau!—welcome the bench of the galley! To the one or the other I know the duke can doom me. No matter to which!"

The answer to the duke's letter had fallen from the countess's hand. He picked it up, rose from his knee, and approached the door.

"Signor," said the countess.

He stopped and turned round—again his stern mistress stood before him. Not a vestige of her late relenting could he trace—save that it seemed as if scorn could not at once usurp the seat which pity had so recently occupied. She bent her eyes upon him, with an expression as if she had formed some fixed purpose, and was upon the point of executing it.

"Give me a proof that you love me," said the lady.

"Name it!" exclaimed the poet.

"Swear," said the countess, "by that love, that you will perform what I am about to ask."

"I swear it!" said Lorenzo, sinking upon his knee, and stretching his hand appealingly towards heaven.

"Write to the duke that you consent to marry the daughter of the Chevalier de Barré," said the countess.

Conceive how the poet looked as he dropped the witness-invoking hand, and stared in astonishment and stupor upon the collected countenance of her who had doomed him! It was too much for the inexorable lady herself to encounter; she dropped her eyes, and in silence awaited his answer. He uttered none—save what might be construed from a sigh—deep—long-drawn—and convulsive. Slowly he arose—approached the *escritoire*—wrote the consent

—and left the room, half closing the door after him. Scarcely had he proceeded a pace or two when he thought he heard a sob. He stopped, turned, and without knowing wherefore, re-entered the apartment, but only in time to catch a glimpse of the fair figure of the countess vanishing through a portal that opened into another room. He looked for the paper upon which he had just been writing. It lay no longer on the *escritoire*.

"She has made all sure!" exclaimed the poet to himself, retracing his steps.

Descending the staircase, on the first landing he encountered the attendant who had brought the duke's letter. He was in company with several of his fellows, and informed the poet that it was their instructions to conduct him forthwith to their master. Lorenzo accompanied them to the library, where it was the duke's custom to pass the first two hours of the forenoon. He was now there—Lorenzo's consent was in his hand. The countess had lost no time: "Hate does its work as quick as love!" thought the poet to himself.

"'Tis well," said the duke; "your nuptials then take place at nine to-night. Prepare for them. I know your sense of honour," continued he courteously, "and I implicitly confide in it. You are at liberty. Nor foot nor eye shall track your movements. Remember at nine to-night! You care for your word!"

"More than I do for my life!" emphatically and pointedly rejoined the poet, and retired.

The poet was admired by the daughter of the Chevalier de Barré—but he was beloved by another. A sequestered, natural alcove, in a remote and unfrequented part of the domain, was the spot whither it was the custom of the smitten fair one to resort and give vent to the passion which consumed her. Thither she retired that day.

Upon a rude couch, which a hillock presented, lay stretched that day the form of a maid, beauteous as eye ever feasted on!—formed for all the joys of love, yet writhing with all its pangs. Her tears had been flowing till they could flow no longer. Even the sob that succeeds the ecstasy of suffering was subsiding.

The maid started—she heard a footstep. She was on the point of plunging into the thicket to conceal herself, but it was too late.

"I have found you!" exclaimed a soft, sweet voice, and Victoria—not the countess, but her namesake, the daughter of the Chevalier de Barré—entered the alcove. "I am

come to consult you about my wedding-dress. Brides should be fine, you know, and I always prefer your taste to my own—Why, what in the name of wonder is the matter?" continued she, checking the voluble strain in which she was running on, upon observing that the other stood with her back towards her, without appearing to notice what she said. "Nay, but I *will* know!" cried the frank, kind girl, and catching her by the waist, bent round, and looked up in her face. "Mercy!" she exclaimed, "you have been weeping?"

"Leave me," implored the other; "alas! that you, of all the palace, should have found me here, and thus."

"And wherefore not!" ejaculated Victoria with surprise, "who so fit? Who loves you as well as I do? Who would do so much to save you from suffering—to soothe you—to make you happy?"

"Happy!" echoed the other, laughing hysterically, "I shall never be happy; no one can ever make me happy—and you last of all! Forgive me," continued she; "I know that you love me—I know that you would do aught you could to serve me, but it is beyond your power. Leave me, Victoria; what you have witnessed, I know you will never disclose. Leave me; I am very, very miserable."

"I will not leave you," said Victoria, calmly; "you have a secret trouble, and I will never quit you till you tell me what it is."

"Why should I damp your happiness?" replied the forlorn one. "No! you shall wear nothing but smiles upon your wedding-day. Why should it be otherwise with the bride of the noblest man in Italy?"

"The noblest man in Italy!" reiterated the friend.

"In worth, I mean—genius—soul—honour—not to speak of feature and person; and even in those it would not be an easy thing to find his match in Italy."

Victoria stared upon her friend. Both for a time were silent.

"I know your secret!" at length exclaimed the former.

"You know my secret?"

"Yes; you told it me a month ago with your own lips."

"On what occasion?" inquired the alarmed and astonished maid.

"When we slept together, after the ball."

"I told it you with my own lips?"

"Yes; when you were unconscious of what you did. 'Twas in your sleep. I heard a sobbing which awakened me; it came from you. Your cheek lay close to mine; I found

that it was drenched with tears. Your lips were murmuring something—breathless, I listened, and heard the name—"

"Stop!" interrupted the other, with a face and neck of crimson, "breathe it not to the air! You are wrong—you are right! No matter; you will be a bride to-night—to-night you will be married to the man you love."

"I never loved," replied the fair Victoria; "I love not him you speak of. I admire him—I like him, and feel no scruple in complying with the duke's wishes; but never did I think of him as a lover until he was named to me as such; and now, methinks, I should feel happier were he about to become *your* husband. It would be the saving of many a tear to the eyes of my friend; for what I only surmised before, I am convinced of now. Come, there is no use in withholding the avowal of it; come, confess you love Lorenzo."

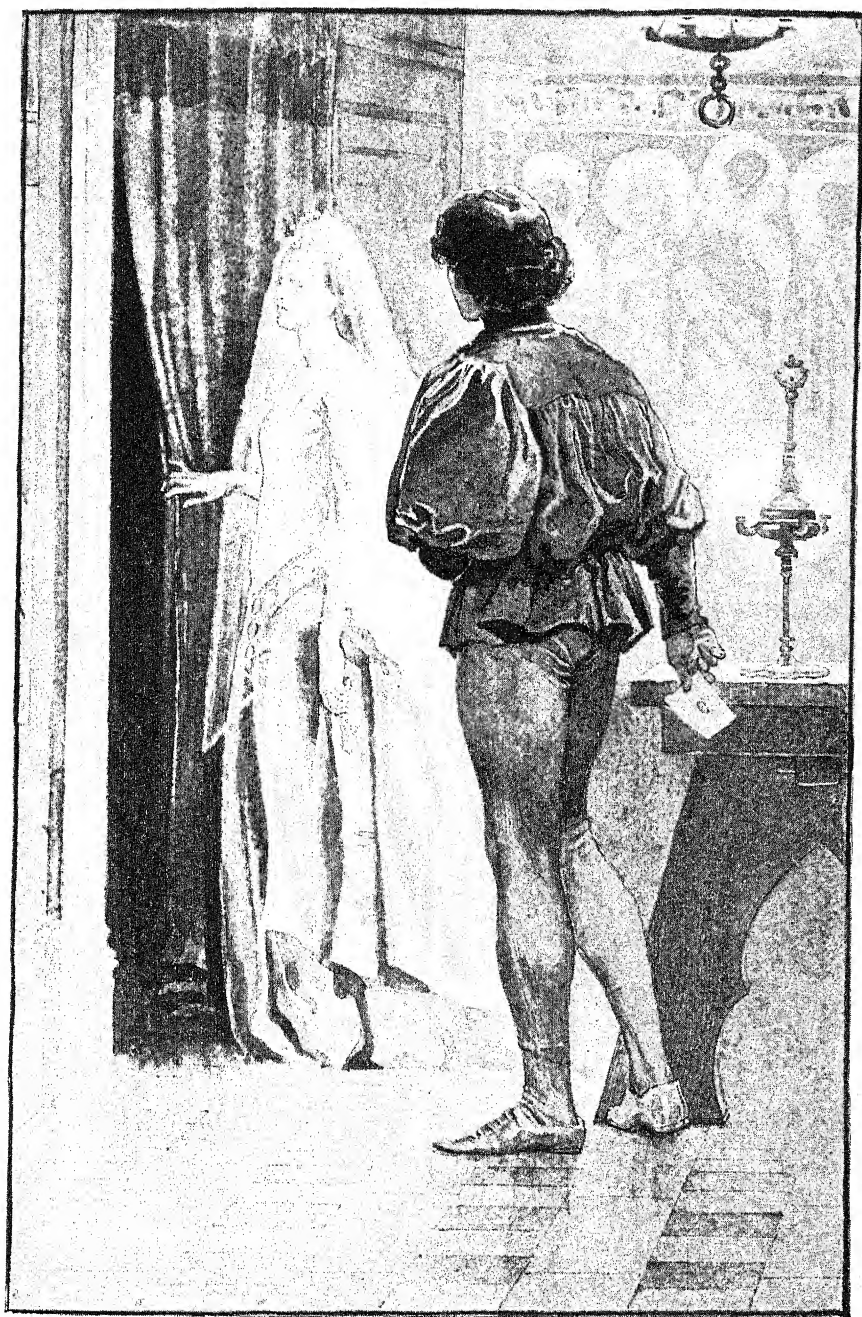
"Generous girl!" replied the mourner; "and so not even to myself would you, till now, reveal what my unconscious lips betrayed to you? Do you want a confirmation of the truth of what you suspected? Then take it—behold it! Would you know your friend? Needs she tell you what has changed her? Would you ask her, were she the bride of Lorenzo, if she would love her lord?"

"Hush! I hear footsteps," whispered Victoria. Both listened in breathless suspense. "They stop—the person has turned; I'll follow, and direct those feet, whosoever they are, into a different track. Compose yourself as quickly as you can. Hie to your chamber; thither will I repair in half an hour from this; there we can discourse without the dread of interruption." Away flew the maid; ere a quarter of an hour had elapsed the mourner followed her.

The duke apprehending, and no wonder, that Lorenzo's repugnance to the match would betray itself, had resolved that the nuptials should be private. His niece he would have permitted to attend; but the haughty lady returned an answer, in which she declined to avail herself of the privilege. The hour of nine drew near. The duke repaired to the chapel. The holy man and his assistant were the only persons whom he found there. Advancing towards the altar, as he passed the ducal pew, he heard a half-suppressed groan. It came from the poet, who was kneeling at the seat where the countess performed her devotions.

"Lorenzo," whispered the duke.

The young man started up, and turned upon him a countenance in which agony was depicted.

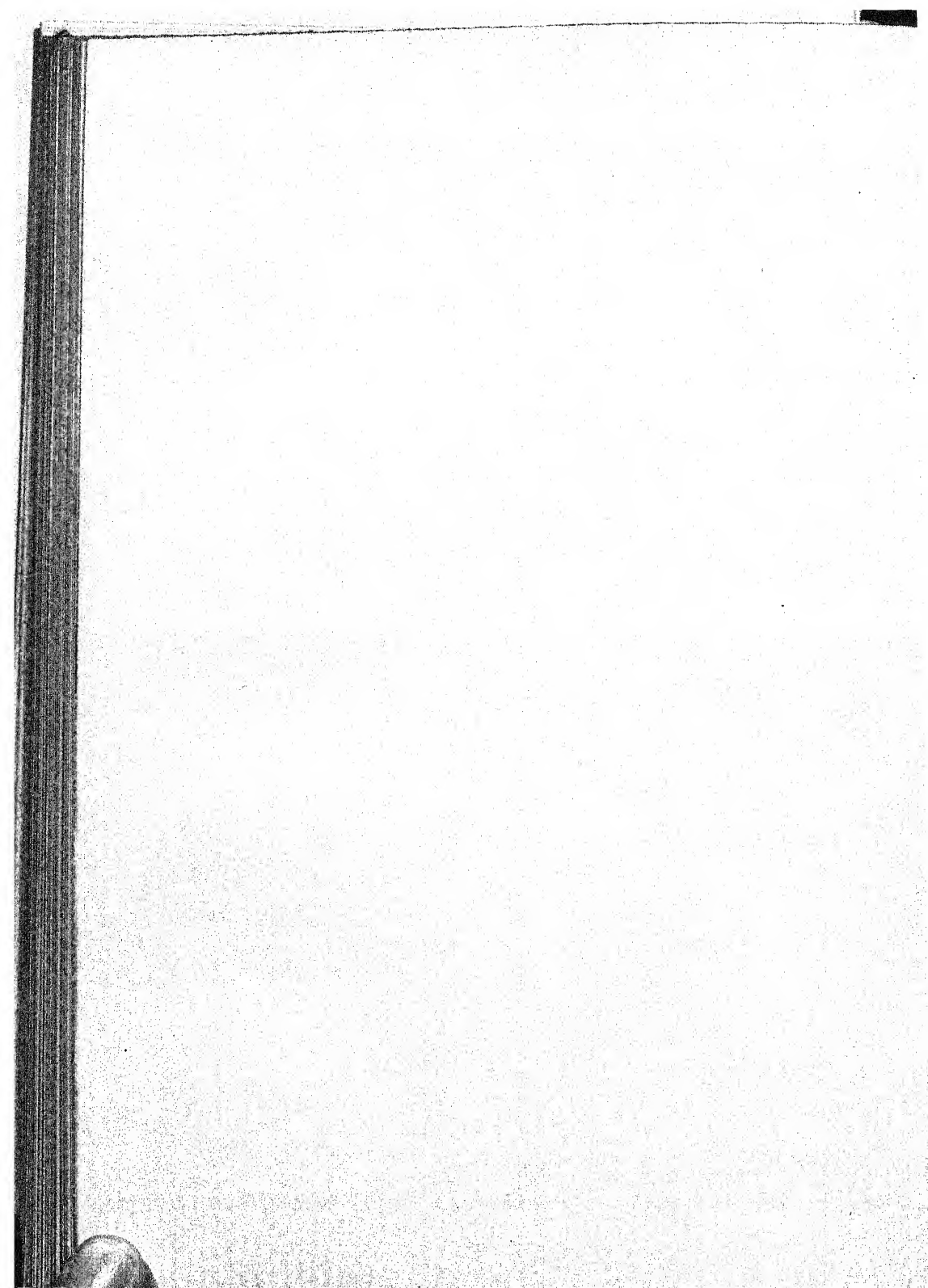


HERBERT J. DRAPER.

28

THE BRIDE LEAVES HER HUSBAND WITHOUT SAYING A WORD.

Vol. iii, page 326.



"I am here, my liege," replied Lorenzo, solemnly, "I am come to perform my promise."

"'Tis well," said the duke; "you see I have contrived that your nuptials shall be private. Not even the father of your bride shall be present—a matter of imperative moment has called him from Padua. Nor shall I tax you with mirth or feasting; until the hour of rest you shall pass the time with me in my closet, where I shall detail to you the plans which I have already formed for your prosperity: your bride shall keep company with her maidens—But they might have lighted the chapel better," remarked the duke, "though I can see more than I wish to see," added he, looking at Lorenzo, "yet it is but imperfectly that I distinguish your features."

Footsteps were heard—the bride was approaching. She entered, timidly veiled, supported by her bridesmaid and another female friend, and slowly approached the altar. The duke instinctively turned his eyes upon Lorenzo, and saw that it was with difficulty he could stand—he was tottering.

"One effort," whispered the duke, "and I am bound to you immeasurably and for ever—my all depends upon you!"

"I shall keep my word," replied the young man in an undertone, but with an accent which left but little doubt as to the cost at which that word must be kept.

"Proceed!" said the duke to his chaplain.

The ceremony commenced—proceeded—was concluded. In murmurs, scarcely audible, the bride delivered the repetitions and responses. During a ceremony, under the most auspicious circumstances trying to a woman, she received, indeed, but little support from the demeanour of the bridegroom, whose words fell upon the ear

Like voice of angury foreboding woe.

"Come, Lorenzo," said the duke, "attend me to my closet."

"In a moment," replied the young man, and placing in the hand of the bride a paper which he took from his bosom, precipitately retired with his patron.

Two hours did the duke and the poet remain together. Not an argument that his ingenuity could suggest did the former fail to employ, in the hope of reconciling Lorenzo to his destiny. The young man listened in silence. Wealth, preferment, honours were promised him, but nothing could dispel the despondency which had taken entire possession of his soul. At length the clock chimed the first quarter

of the midnight hour. The duke arose—rang—the summons was promptly obeyed.

"Conduct Signor Lorenzo to his chamber," said the duke. Lorenzo mechanically followed the attendant.

He entered the anteroom adjoining the bridal chamber. The door was closed after him by the attendant. His bride was there, attired as in the chapel. She had not even removed her veil, which so effectually concealed her countenance, that her thoughts could not be inferred from its workings. As soon as the sound of the attendant's receding footsteps ceased, she arose, and pointing to a paper which lay upon a table that was near her, retired by the door by which the bridegroom had entered. Lorenzo hastily opened the paper—its contents amazed him. Thus they ran:—

"I honour your feelings, little as they flatter her whom the duke did not deem unworthy of your hand. I have obeyed you, and refrained from entering the chamber which I know you regard with abhorrence. I have anticipated you; you mean to fly this night from Padua. At midnight a conveyance will be in readiness, and you shall be accompanied by a person who will not betray you, and who is provided with ample means to meet the exigencies of your flight. At the appointed hour repair to the gate of the palace. You shall find no stop, no difficulty, no disappointment."

"Most generous of women!" exclaimed Lorenzo; "would that I could love you!"

The second chime!—the third!—the fourth!—The hour of midnight struck! he descended. His bride—his slighted bride—had kept her word! Each door that might have arrested his progress yielded to him. He found himself in the open air. He turned to look once more upon the palace—he raised his eyes to the window of the countess. How his heart throbbed at the sight of the fair form that was leaning out of it! though seen but indistinctly, for there was no light except what the stars afforded. He thought she waved an arm to him as if to urge his flight. She did so. Could she be aware of what had taken place? He knelt—he breathed her name—he invoked a blessing upon it. She vanished—herose and fled.

The palace gate opened to him. A vehicle and four was in waiting; he sprang into it. His promised companion was beside him. In a moment the wheels were in motion, and furious was the rate at which they revolved. Within a mile, however, of the first stage a smart tap was heard at the window. 'Twas opened.

"We are pursued!" whispered a horseman.

"Pursued!" exclaimed a voice that made Lorenzo's heart leap as it would bound out of his bosom.

"Yes; they are gaining upon us. I know them by their lights—you can see them half a mile behind, descending the hill."

"Stop, and let us out!" exclaimed Lorenzo's companion.

The vehicle no sooner stopped than it was empty.

"Now, drive on—you are safe! You know you have the duke's warrant for what you have done." The deserted vehicle proceeded. "Hush! and follow me," continued the same voice, addressing Lorenzo. He obeyed. They dived into a forest that skirted the road. Dark as the night was they threaded rapidly the mazes of the woody labyrinth till failing respiration commanded a pause.

"I must stop, Lorenzo," said his companion.

"The countess!" exclaimed the youth.

"Thy bride!" replied the countess, and sank into his arms, hanging with her own upon his neck.

It had been a contest between love and pride. The first bold act of the poet, when his passion mastered his discretion, discovered to the countess the interest which he had created in her heart; and at the same time presented to her in their full magnitude the impediments to their union, arising from the wide disparity of rank. In a moment she resolved to conquer her attachment; and, as the most effectual means of doing so, she ever after sedulously cultivated the sentiment that was hostile to it. 'Tis strange that the mood which a valued object excites is not unfrequently indulged in towards all besides. Hence the gentle Prince of Milan fared no better than the humble poet. But what she thought to eradicate was daily taking deeper root. She felt it, yet she endeavoured not to believe it. The secret was discovered by the duke, and the cause of the countess's repugnance to matrimony was, at last, apparent. If it were possible to remove that cause, it struck the duke that to affiancé Lorenzo to another was the means. The poet's marriage with the daughter of the Chevalier de Barré was consequently resolved upon. The lady was consulted—was indifferent—consented—communicated to the countess the intention of the duke. Now was the time for an effort—she made that effort; collected all her pride, repaired to the closet of the duke, and triumphed; but the fruits of her victory were the repentance and despair which stretched her exhausted and almost lifeless along the

hillock where the appointed bride had found her. Her secret, before conjectured, was now confessed; her suffering was apparent; the remedy suggested—urged—adopted. The countess was substituted for her namesake, the daughter of the Chevalier de Barré.

A gloomy, stately man stood leaning against the trunk of a tree. Before him lay two that slept. He gazed upon them, meditating. At a distance a group of attendants was in waiting. A name, uttered unconsciously in accents of melting tenderness, awakened one of the sleepers. An eye, radiant as love's own star, opened. A cheek, a moment before as pale as alabaster, at once grew crimson red!—yet was it not raised from the breast which had served it for its pillow, nor withdrawn from another cheek, the consciousness of whose close neighbourhood had changed its hue.

"It is day!—It is day!" murmured a voice of dulcet tone. "Awake!—Awake! Let us continue our flight!"

The magic sounds were heard and obeyed. The eyes of the slumberer burst with a flash of transport from the spell that bound them—but soon their light began to fade as they started from the face on which they had opened, and stood glaring upon some object of aversion and alarm.

"Merciful Providence! what gaze you at?"

The arms of the speaker were gently disengaged by the object addressed, whom they surrounded; and both simultaneously sprang upon their feet.

"My uncle!" exclaimed the countess; and, clasping Lorenzo again, hid her face in his bosom.

"I will resign her only with my life!" said Lorenzo, as his rapier flew from its scabbard.

"Sheathe your sword, young man," said the duke. "I know you are not to blame, I feel no resentment towards you. The affair is an untoward one; but as it cannot be remedied, we must even make the best of it. I acknowledge you as the husband of my niece. You will have no objection to accompany me to Padua."

The duke motioned to his attendants, who instantly led the way. The party soon regained the road, where two carriages—the duke's own and that in which the lovers fled—were in waiting. The latter found, to their amazement, that instead of penetrating deeper into the forest they had wandered back almost to the place at which they had entered it, and there had reclined to rest themselves, overpowered with fatigue and watching. The duke commanded the door of his own carriage

to be opened, desiring Lorenzo to hand the countess in. Lorenzo obeyed, and then stepped back.

"No," said the duke, "you shall not be separated from your bride; I shall ride in the other carriage." An hour and little more conveyed them to the palace, to which they were admitted by a private entrance.

"Repair to your respective chambers," said the duke; "refresh yourselves, change your attire, and be ready to obey my summons. You shall be presented, as man and wife, to my friends and household."

The duke kept his word. Before his friends and his household he acknowledged Lorenzo as the husband of the countess; and leading the way to the banqueting-room placed the one on his right hand and the other on his left, at the head of the table. The Prince of Milan had quitted the palace.

The evening was a joyous one—dancing, music—all the appliances and means of festivity. At length the bride, attended by her fair namesake, retired.

The day dawned upon eyes which had never closed their lids with watching for one who came not. The morning was far advanced when a knock at the chamber door startled the countess. Hastily she inquired, "Who was there?"

"Your uncle," replied the duke, entering as he spoke. The countess fixed on him a gaze of piercing scrutiny mingled with reproach.

"I see," said he, "you guess the purport of my visit. 'Tis even so—your bridegroom is by this time a hundred miles from Padua."

A groan—and senseless as a corse the bride lay stretched before him.

The duke having summoned the attendants of the countess, and committed her to their charge, descended to the library and threw himself into a chair. There he sat the greater part of an hour, without once changing his position or lifting his eyes from the ground. Deep was his abstraction, and gloomy were his thoughts. What was their tenor may be guessed, when the blood fled from his face, as raising his eyes, upon hearing a slight movement in the chamber, they encountered the form of the bride.

"Where is my husband?" she solemnly inquired.

The duke did not reply, but rose, and drawing a chair towards the one which he had been occupying himself, approached her to conduct her to it—she recoiled from the hand which he presented to her.

"Where is my husband?" she repeated.

"Where your own wishes would have him, were they subject to discretion," was the duke's reply; "where he is satisfied that it is to his interest and yours to remain, until he can demand, with grace, enjoyment of the right which your rashness has unhappily given him."

"Where is he?" she reiterated.

"On his way to the frontier, to join the army of the states—to acquire honours, fast as he chooses to win them—to obtain promotion, rapidly as my interest can command it—in a word, to render himself more worthy of the title of your husband." The duke's eyes here met those of the countess, and steadily returned her questioning gaze. "In a day or two you will hear from him," he continued; "he will then himself attest the truth of what I tell you. The commission which I intended to present him with as the reward of his obedience, I have conferred upon him as a means of obviating, as far as possible, the disgrace of this alliance: with the single stipulation, that he makes no attempt to see you, until his merits, backed by my influence, shall have advanced him to a command."

No comment did the countess pass upon the communication of the duke, except what a sigh might be thought to have uttered. She stood for a time regarding him, her brow slightly knit, a faint, tremulous movement upon her lips; then crossing her arms upon her breast, and lifting her eyes to heaven, turned from him and withdrew.

For a month the countess obstinately declined all society, save that of her faithful namesake. By her she was made acquainted with the manner in which the duke became aware of her flight, with the confusion which followed the discovery; with the circumstance of the duke's having summoned her fair friend, who, aware of the importance of thoroughly exculpating Lorenzo, declared to the duke that the plot had been exclusively of her own contrivance, and had been put into execution and perfected without the most remote suspicion on Lorenzo's part that the countess was his bride and fellow-traveller. The countess, in her turn, related what had happened from the moment of alighting from the carriage till that of re-entering it. How danger, and consequently caution, were for a time forgotten in the transports that succeeded Lorenzo's discovery of who was indeed his bride—how, at length, they bethought themselves of the necessity of flight—how they wandered till dawn broke in upon them—how fatigue overpowered them—how sleep surprised them—her dismay upon perceiving the duke.

The third week of the second month was approaching its close when a summons from the duke announced the arrival of a letter from Lorenzo. Hastily the countess descended to the saloon. She was astonished to find the Prince of Milan there; and her surprise was increased at learning that he was the bearer of Lorenzo's missive. He respectfully presented it, congratulating her upon the happy tenor of its contents. They were favourable indeed! Lorenzo had already gained a step: another one would bring him within a bound of the bright goal of his wishes. Nor was that all. The prince was charged with another commission, which, with the leave of the duke, he would execute. That leave was granted; and the unclasping of a small case of purple velvet displayed to the countess the breathing likeness of Lorenzo. The countess tremblingly snatched the costly present, half raised it to her lips, but, checking herself, deposited it in her bosom; and presenting her hand to the prince, would have permitted the kiss which he was on the point of imprinting upon it, had not a glance, which she accidentally cast towards the duke, discovered to her a smile of painful, yet indefinable meaning. Hastily she withdrew her hand, and, curtsying to the prince, retired.

Accompanied by her friend, she ascended to her apartment. As soon as she had reached it she took the portrait of Lorenzo from her bosom and gazed upon it, then caught it convulsively to her heart, then kissed it and wept over it; at length she dried her tears, replaced the miniature, and taking her friend's hand, looked steadfastly in her face.

"They would persuade me that it will be fair weather," she exclaimed; "but I know that a storm is gathering. God help me when it bursts! The sky looks clear, but the clouds are not away, but only lurking. The atmosphere is full of thunder; you cannot see it, but I feel it."

"What mean you?" anxiously inquired the other.

"We shall never meet again!" was the countess's reply. "We shall never meet again! His death, and not his exaltation, is what they seek. Unfortunate lover!—unhappy in loving!—more unhappy in being beloved! To possess me thou goest into the battle! There thou wilt win the plume; but it will wave, not in thy helm, but over thy bier! In seeking the good thou covetest, they know thou wilt be reckless of the bane, the chance of meeting which thou must encounter. 'Twill find thee! Thou wilt fall, Lorenzo! thou wilt fall! The

bridegroom shall mount a bier—the bride shall be a widow. The Prince of Milan already counts upon the day when he shall invite her to other nuptials! Mark if I am not a true prophet," she said, as the duke entered the chamber.

"I am come," said he, "with further tidings of good fortune, which would have greeted you earlier had you not so abruptly quitted the saloon. The general in command, a friend of mine, has charged himself with the care of your husband's fortunes. An important post in the enemy's lines is to be carried, and the honour of leading the assault will be conferred upon Lorenzo."

The countess, for a moment or two, gazed upon her uncle with a look of piteous deprecation, mingled with reproach. Suddenly the expression of her countenance changed, her brow became darkened, her eye flashed, her lips grew firmly compressed together. She folded her arms, and drawing herself erect,

"It is murder!" she said, in a voice of appalling solemnity. "I call on Heaven to witness—it is murder!" Then throwing herself upon the neck of her friend, she burst into an agony of tears. The duke made no reply, but, sewowing, left the apartment.

From that day week, a year did the sun rise and set, but light was a stranger to the mind of the countess. The sixth day from that on which she received her bridegroom's letter and portrait, the tidings of his death in battle were communicated to her. She heard the relation without shedding a tear; as she listened to it her reason became clouded. All that watchfulness and skill could do for her was attempted in vain; when, suddenly as it had deserted her, the native brightness of her mind returned. Her physicians declared that her recovery, should it ever take place, would be permanent. It was so: a tender melancholy, and a passiveness that readily granted compliance with aught that was demanded of her, were the sole remaining traces of her temporary insanity. She denied not her presence at the banquet, the ball, the chase; and the duke saw with satisfaction that she neither declined nor avoided the attentions of the Prince of Milan, who was constantly at her side. "A month or two longer," said he to himself, "and I may venture to propose him to her. My life upon it, she accepts him at last."

Two months passed over—two others were permitted to follow them, before he ventured even remotely to hint at a union with the Prince of Milan. She did not affect to misunderstand him.

"Talk of marriage to a corpse," was her reply. "My husband in his shroud is not more the tenant of the grave than I am."

The duke, for that time, desisted from further importunity, but he soon renewed the theme. The attentions, too, of the prince became doubly assiduous, and although he had not yet the courage to trust his tongue with the direct avowal of his wishes, nevertheless he pleaded his passion with his looks. The demeanour of the countess suddenly changed. It was no longer passive. She obstinately kept her chamber, her fair friend, and a spaniel which she learned had been a favourite of Lorenzo's, her sole companions. Solicitations, commands, threats were disregarded. Nothing could draw her from her seclusion. The prince lost hope, the duke patience. From temporizing measures, he determined to have recourse to prompt and desperate ones.

The hour of rest had arrived—the friends were upon the point of separating for the night, when a summons at the door attracted their attention. The countess answered it; a servant presented himself, and a casket and a key were placed in the hands of the countess.

"From the duke," said the bearer, and retired.

The casket was opened. It contained a miniature of the prince, attached to a necklace of noble brilliants, a wedding-ring, and a note, which the countess hastily unfolded.

"The Prince of Milan, or the veil! Your decision to-morrow."

Such were the contents of the paper.

The countess threw herself into a chair, and sat for a considerable time in a state of perfect abstraction. At length she started from her reverie. Then taking a sheet of paper she hastily wrote upon it these two words—"The Veil," and folding it, placed it with the portrait and the ring in the prince's casket.

The week following she entered upon her novitiate in a nunnery contiguous to Rome, of which her aunt, the niece of a cardinal, was the superior. Earnestly did she prepare herself for her dedication to Heaven; but no persuasion could induce her to discard the portrait of Lorenzo. "I am enjoined," was her constant reply, "I am enjoined to wean myself from things of earth. Earth has no property in him whom this resembles, to be united to whom I look towards those blessed realms whither you recommend me to direct my thoughts and wishes. The stronger my hope of that, the more must I be devoted to Heaven."

Towards the expiration of her novitiate her mind attained to that state of holy calm which

may be conceived to impart a foretaste of a purely spiritual existence. Her probationary term was at length complete. She saw the dawn of the day upon which she was to take the vow that would place an impassable partition between her and the world, and she smiled upon it.

Attired in her most costly suit, set off with every ornament that the ingenuity of human vanity could invent—blazing with diamonds—she entered the church where her uncle the cardinal officiated. The soul-subduing ceremony began—the vow was propounded to her, she was upon the point of repeating it, when a sudden uproar at the door of the church, attracting the attention of every one, put a stop to the rites. All was surprise and alarm! The uproar increased. "Let him in! let him in!" exclaimed a hundred voices all at once; at the same moment an emaciated figure, wretchedly attired, with the fragment of a chain hanging from one of his arms, rushed wildly up the aisle, and, throwing himself upon the steps of the altar, grasped firmly the feet of the cardinal.

"Save me!" the wretch exclaimed; "I am an innocent man, doomed to die the death of the guilty. I fly to the altar of your God and mine for refuge. I appeal to that God and to you, his appointed servant, to save me from those who are thirsting for my blood, which they have no right to spill."

Here the clamour at the door of the church was renewed with tenfold violence. The crowd was evidently resisting the officers of justice, who, determined upon forcing way, at last obtained an entrance, amidst hootings and execrations; and, headed by their chief, approached their victim, between whom and them the cardinal hastily placed himself, in an attitude that commanded obedience and brought those in pursuit to a stand.

"His crime, signors?" with an air of over-awing dignity, demanded the cardinal.

"He is an offender, condemned for life to the galleys, who has thrice attempted his escape, and thereby forfeited his life," replied the chief. "So please you, give him up to us," demanded he, with an air of constrained respect.

"Not yet," said the cardinal. "Retire into the vestry. Wait until the ceremony which you have interrupted shall have been concluded. You have my promise, from this place, that justice shall be done you. I charge myself with the custody of the man, and shall be answerable for his being forthcoming. Hence!" added he, in a tone of determined

command, perceiving that they hesitated—"Hence! or remain at the peril of your souls!—What means this?" continued he, observing that still they moved not. "Know you not what you do? See you not where you are? Impious!—Lo, who is looking at you?" exclaimed he, pointing to the altar-piece—which was the crucifixion.

The officers hung their heads, crossed themselves, bent their knees to the marble floor, and, rising, slunk away into the vestry.

"Come, my child," said the cardinal, "let us perfect your espousals with your God. Meanwhile, unhappy man," continued he, addressing himself to the poor fugitive, "withdraw thou without the railing of the altar—for the present thou art safe. Withdraw!" he reiterated, perceiving that he was unheeded. "Hear you not?—What gaze you at?—What mean you?" successively, but to no purpose, interrogated the cardinal.

The being whom he accosted had raised himself upon one knee; and with his hands firmly clasped, remained in that posture, intently contemplating the countess; oblivious apparently of the fate with which he was threatened—of the place where he was—of everything that was passing around him.

"Poor wretch!" exclaimed the benevolent cardinal, "Misery and fear have bereft him of his senses. Remove him gently from the altar."

The assistants of the cardinal approached the unfortunate slave, raised him without his offering any resistance, and conducted him down the steps; he all the while looking back, his eyes rivetted upon the fair votary of the shrine.

"Come, my child!" said the cardinal, "come, let me make thee the happy bride of the cloister. Repeat the vow!"

"Forbear!" exclaimed the slave, endeavouring to free himself from those that held him. The countess started, and for the first time bent an inquiring look upon the slave.

"Poor maniac!" ejaculated the cardinal, "he knows not what he does! Hurt him not, but remove him to a distance."

The assistants obeyed, but not without difficulty did they now execute the cardinal's commands. Passiveness was turned into fury—the eyes of the slave seemed to start from their sockets—his limbs appeared to be suddenly endowed with supernatural strength. It was as much as the united efforts of the assistants could effect, to force him half-way down the aisle—nor that, until exhaustion, on his part, assisted them. At last he sank in

their arms—they stopped, and the church, which was now in a state of confusion, again became silent.

"Come, thou promised bride of Heaven!" ejaculated the cardinal.

"She is mine!" shrieked the slave, starting up, his frame animated with renewed energy, "My bride, beyond my hope!—without my knowledge! Victoria!—Victoria!" continued he, his voice at the same thrilling, piercing pitch: "Remember you not, Victoria?—the flight!—the pursuit!—the escape!—the discovery!—the transport!—the overtaking!—the return!—the promised nuptial couch—the couch which they compelled me to exchange for the noisome floor of the galley!"

He stopped—he had not breath for more. The church was as still as a sepulchre, when a scream from the countess caused every heart to leap—turned towards her every eye. Her countenance was lighted up with intense recollection; she clasped her forehead with both her hands, and stood for a moment or two, gazing in the direction of him who had spoken; then suddenly extending her arms, rushed down the steps of the altar, through the aisle, and throwing herself upon the neck of the slave—the assistants mechanically making way for her—sank lifeless into his arms—which had scarcely supported her for a minute when their master became equally insensible.

Lorenzo and the countess found themselves—they knew not how—alone. Long time they spake not, except with their eyes—or their hands, which, locked in one another, gave pressure back for pressure.

"And had you renounced me, my bride," at length said Lorenzo, "when you determined to take the veil?"

A smile of delicious sweetness played about the mouth of the countess, while slowly she drew Lorenzo's miniature from her bosom, and having first pressed it to her lips, presented it to him. He glanced at it; and catching the fair one to his bosom, strainingly held her there; nor was his embrace resisted or unreturned.

The Prince of Milan, led by his passion for the countess, had lent himself to the duke's plans. The letter and the miniature were delivered merely to lull suspicion and give effect to future measures. The latter Lorenzo had sat for, at the suggestion of his rival, who, until the real intentions of the duke were put into execution, was instructed to pass himself for Lorenzo's friend.

The cardinal was a man. For many a year

the duke and he had not been upon terms. The honour of the family requiring that the affair should be hushed up as effectually as possible, matters were so contrived that it made but little noise. Where power can affect it, justice is speedily done. The slave returned no more to the galleys; his chains of iron were exchanged for bonds of silk. He was adopted by the cardinal, and in his friendship, and the love of the countess, found more than a solace for the sufferings he had undergone.

WERE NA MY HEART LICHT.

[Lady Grizel Baillie, born at Redbraes Castle, Berwickshire, 25th December, 1665; died in London, 6th December, 1746. She was the daughter of Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth, who became the first Earl of Marchmont. She married George Baillie of Jerviswood, whose father suffered death on account of his devotion to the cause of civil and religious liberty. George was himself obliged to seek safety in Holland, whence he returned to his native land in the train of William of Orange. Living in a period of much excitement, Lady Grizel performed many acts of heroism—whilst her father was in hiding in the vaults of Polwarth Church, she managed to supply him with food; and on various occasions, when the lives of those who were dear to her were in danger, she succeeded in helping them and outwitting all the vigilance of the authorities. It was during her residence in Holland, that she wrote her songs; many of them she left unfinished, but a few of the most perfect were published in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, and other collections of poetry. Her daughter, Lady Murray of Stanhope, wrote an interesting account of her life, which was printed in 1809 and again in 1822.]

There was anes a May, and she loo'd na men:
She biggit her bonnie bower down i' yon glen;
But now she cries Dool, and well-a-day!
Come down the green gate, and come here away.
But now she cries, &c.

When bonnie young Johnnie cam' ower the sea,
He said he saw naething sae lovely as me;
He hecht me baith rings and monie braw things;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
He hecht me, &c.

He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,
Because I was twice as bonnie as she;
She rais'd such a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
That were na my heart licht I wad dee.
She rais'd, &c.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be:
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to dee.
She main'd, and she graned, out o' dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.
She main'd, &c.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, What had he to do wi' the like of me?
Albeit I was bonnie, I was na for Johnnie:
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
Albeit I was bonnie, &c.

They said I had neither cow nor calf,
Nor dribbles o' drink rins through the draff,
Nor pickles o' meal rins through the mill-e'e;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
Nor pickles, &c.

His titty she was baith wylie and slee,
She spied me as I cam' ower the lea;
And then she ran in, and made a loud din;
Believe your ain een an ye trow na me.
And then she ran in, &c.

His bonnet stood aye fu' round on his brow;
His auld ane look'd aye as weel as some's new;
But now he lets 't wear ony gate it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing.
But now he, &c.

And now he gaes daundrin' about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:
The live-lang nicht he ne'er steeks his e'e;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
The live-lang nicht, &c.

Were I young for thee, as I ha'e been,
We should ha'e been gallopin' down on yon green,
And linkin' it on yon lillie-white lea;
And wow! gin I were but young for thee!
And linkin' it, &c.

ALADDIN.

When I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded, with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright,
For the one that is mine no more;
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,
You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

SADIK BEG.

Sadik Beg was of good family, handsome in person, and possessed of both sense and courage, but he was poor, having no property but his sword and his horse, with which he served as a gentleman retainer of a nabob. The latter, satisfied of the purity of Sadik's descent, and entertaining a respect for his character, determined to make him the husband of his daughter Hooseinee, who, though beautiful, as her name implied, was remarkable for her haughty manner and ungovernable temper.

Giving a husband of the condition of Sadik Beg to a lady of Hooseinee's rank, was, according to usage in such unequal matches, like giving her a slave, and as she heard a good report of his personal qualities, she offered no objections to the marriage, which was celebrated soon after it was proposed, and apartments were assigned to the happy couple in the nabob's palace.

Some of Sadik Beg's friends rejoiced in his good fortune; as they saw, in the connection he had formed, a sure prospect of his advancement. Others mourned the fate of so fine and promising a young man, now condemned to bear through life all the humours of a proud and capricious woman; but one of his friends, a little man called Merdek, who was completely henpecked, was particularly rejoiced, and quite chuckled at the thought of seeing another in the same condition with himself.

About a month after the nuptials, Merdek met his friend, and, with malicious pleasure, wished him joy of his marriage. "Most sincerely do I congratulate you, Sadik," said he, "on this happy event." "Thank you, my good fellow, I am very happy indeed, and rendered more so by the joy I perceive it gives my friends." "Do you really mean to say you are happy?" said Merdek, with a smile. "I really am so," replied Sadik. "Nonsense!" said his friend; "do we not all know to what a termagant you are united? and her temper and high rank combined must no doubt make her a sweet companion." Here he burst into a loud laugh, and the little man actually strutted with a feeling of superiority over the bridegroom.

Sadik, who knew his situation and feelings, was amused instead of being angry. "My friend," said he, "I quite understand the grounds of your apprehension for my happiness. Before I was married I had heard the same reports as you have done of my beloved

bride's disposition; but, I am happy to say, I have found it quite otherwise; she is a most docile and obedient wife." "But how has this miraculous change been wrought?" "Why," said Sadik, "I believe I have some merit in effecting it, but you shall hear.

"After the ceremonies of our nuptials were over, I went, in my military dress, and with my sword by my side, to the apartment of Hooseinee. She was sitting in a most dignified posture to receive me, and her looks were anything but inviting. As I entered the room, a beautiful cat, evidently a great favourite, came purring up to me. I deliberately drew my sword, struck its head off, and taking that in one hand and the body in the other, threw them out of the window. I then very unconcernedly turned to the lady, who appeared in some alarm; she, however, made no observations, but was in every way kind and submissive, and has continued so ever since."

"Thank you, my dear fellow," said little Merdek, with a significant shake of the head—"a word to the wise;" and away he capered, obviously quite rejoiced.

It was near evening when this conversation took place; soon after, when the dark cloak of night had enveloped the bright radiance of day, Merdek entered the chamber of his spouse, with something of a martial swagger, armed with a scimitar. The unsuspecting cat came forward, as usual, to welcome the husband of her mistress, but in an instant her head was divided from her body by a blow from the hand which had so often caressed her. Merdek, having proceeded so far courageously, stooped to take up the dismembered members of the cat, but before he could effect this, a blow upon the side of the head from his incensed lady laid him sprawling on the floor.

The tattle and scandal of the day spreads from zenaneh to zenaneh with surprising rapidity, and the wife of Merdek saw in a moment whose example it was that he imitated. "Take that," said she, as she gave him another cuff, "take that, you paltry wretch. You should," she added, laughing him to scorn, "have killed the cat on the wedding-day."

SR JOHN MALCOM.

TO THE HUSBANDMAN.

A little furrow holds thy scatter'd seed,
One somewhat deeper will receive thy bones,
Yet plough and sow with gladness—from the soil
Springs the rich crop that feeds and gladdens life,
And hope is not quite vanish'd from the grave.

GOETHE.

A TRAGEDY REHEARSED.

[Richard Brinsley Sheridan, born in Dublin, 1751; died in Saville Row, London, 7th July, 1816. Dramatist, poet, wit, and politician. Before he was twenty, he translated some of the lesser poems of Theocritus, and the Love Epistles of Aristænetus in conjunction with his friend H. Hallied. When aged about twenty-two he married Miss Linley, a very popular singer, but he never allowed his wife to appear on the stage after their union. Three years after his marriage, his first comedy, *The Rivals*, was performed at Covent Garden Theatre. It was followed by *St. Patrick's Day*, or *the Scheming Lieutenant*, a farce in two acts; *The Duenna*, a comic opera; *A Trip to Scarborough*, an adaptation from Vanbrugh's comedy of *The Relapse*. In 1777, when he had purchased Garrick's share in the patent of Drury Lane and become manager of that theatre, he produced there the *School for Scandal*, which immediately "took the town by storm," and its popularity seems to be unabated in our own time. Two years later, he produced *The Critic*, or *a Tragedy Rehearsed*, in which, with infinite humour, he burlesqued the style and method most in favour with dramatists and novelists. Of his subsequent dramatic works, *Pizarro* and *The Stranger*, adaptations from plays of Kotzebue, are the most notable. From 1780 until 1812, he was in Parliament, and distinguished himself as an orator, even more than he had done as a dramatic writer; but during this period, his own carelessness about business, his extravagance, and the destruction of Drury Lane by fire, involved him in pecuniary difficulties, which undoubtedly contributed to hasten his end, although they have been the source of many amusing anecdotes.]

SCENE:—*The Theatre, before the Curtain.*

Enter PUFF, SNEER, and DANGLE.

Puff. Come, we must not lose time; so now for the underplot.

Sneer. What the plague, have you another plot?

Puff. O Lord, yes; ever while you live have two plots to your tragedy. The grand point in managing them is only to let your underplot have as little connection with your mainplot as possible.—I flatter myself nothing can be more distinct than mine; for as in my chief plot the characters are all great people, I have laid my underplot in low life; and as the former is to end in deep distress, I make the other end as happy as a farce.—Well, we are ready; now then for the justices.

[*Curtain rises.*

"JUSTICES, CONSTABLES, &c., discovered."

Sneer. This, I suppose, is a sort of senate scene.

Puff. To be sure; there has not been one yet.

¹ See note to Hazlitt's essay on "The Want of Money," *Casquet*, vol. ii. page 330. In the following extract from *The Critic*, Puff is the author of the tragedy in rehearsal, Dangle and Sneer are his friends.

Dang. It is the underplot, isn't it?

Puff. Yes.—What, gentlemen, do you mean to go at once to the discovery scene?

Just. If you please, sir.

Puff. Oh, very well!—Hark'ee, I don't choose to say anything more; but i' faith, they have mangled my play in a most shocking manner.

Dang. It's a great pity!

Puff. Now, then, Mr. Justice, if you please.

"*Just.* . . . Are all the volunteers without?"

Const. . . . They are.

Just. . . . Some ten in fetters, and some twenty drunk. Attends the youth, whose most opprobrious fame

And clear convicted crimes have stamp'd him soldier?

Const. . . . He waits your pleasure; eager to repay The blest reprieve that sends him to the fields

Of glory, there to raise his branded hand In honour's cause.

Just. . . . 'Tis well—'tis justice arms him! Oh! may he now defend his country's laws With half the spirit he has broke them all! If 'tis your worship's pleasure, bid him enter.

Const. . . . I fly, the herald of your will. [Exit.]

Puff. Quick, sir.

Sneer. But, Mr. Puff, I think not only the Justice, but the clown seems to talk in as high a style as the first hero among them.

Puff. Heaven forbid they should not in a free country!—Sir, I am not for making slavish distinctions, and giving all the fine language to the upper sort of people.

Dang. That's very noble in you, indeed.

"Enter JUSTICE'S LADY."

Puff. Now, pray mark this scene.

"*Lady.* . . . Forgive this interruption, good my love; But as I just now pass'd a prisoner youth, Whom rude hands hither lead, strange bodings seized

My fluttering heart, and to myself I said, Ah! if our Tom had lived, he'd surely been This stripling's height!

Just. . . . Ha! sure some powerful sympathy directs Us both—"

Re-enter CONSTABLE with SON.

What is thy name?

Son. . . . My name is Tom Jenkins—alms have I none—Though orphan'd and without a friend!

Just. . . . Thy parents?

Son. . . . My father dwelt in Rochester—and was, As I have heard, a fishmonger—no more."

Puff. What, sir, do you leave out the account of your birth, parentage, and education?

Son. They have settled it so, sir, here.

Puff. Oh! oh!

"*Lady*. . . How loudly nature whispers to my heart!
Had he no other name?"

Son . . . I've seen a bill
Of his sign'd Tomkins, creditor.

Just. . . This does indeed confirm each circumstance
The gipsy told!—Prepare!

Son . . . I do.

Just. . . No orphan, nor without a friend art thou—
I am thy father; here's thy mother; there
Thy uncle—this thy first cousin, and those
Are all your near relations!

Lady. . . O ecstasy of bliss!

Son . . . O most unlook'd for happiness!

Just. . . O wonderful event!

[*They faint alternately in each other's arms.*"]

Puff. There, you see relationship, like murder, will out.

"*Just*. . . Now let's revive—else were this joy too much!

But come—and we'll unfold the rest within;
And thou, my boy, must needs want rest
and food.

Hence may each orphan hope, as chance directs,

To find a father—where he least expects!"

[*Exeunt.*"]

Puff. What do you think of that?

Dang. One of the finest discovery-scenes I ever saw!—Why, this underplot would have made a tragedy itself.

Sneer. Ay, or a comedy either.

Puff. And keeps quite clear, you see, of the other.

Enter SCENEMEN, taking away the seats.

Puff. The scene remains, does it?

Sceneman. Yes, sir.

Puff. You are to leave one chair, you know.—But it is always awkward in a tragedy, to have you fellows coming in in your playhouse liveries to remove things.—I wish that could be managed better.—So now for my mysterious yeoman.

"*Enter BEEFEATER.*

Beef. . . Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee."

Sneer. Haven't I heard that line before?

Puff. No, I fancy not.—Where, pray?

Dang. Yes, I think there is something like it in Othello.

Puff. Gad! now you put me in mind on't, I believe there is—but that's of no consequence; all that can be said is, that two people happened to hit on the same thought—and Shakspeare made use of it first, that's all.

Sneer. Very true.

Puff. Now, sir, your soliloquy—but speak more to the pit, if you please—the soliloquy always to the pit, that's a rule.

"*Beef*. . . Though hopeless love finds comfort in despair,
It never can endure a rival's bliss!
But soft—I am observed. [*Exit.*"]

Dang. That's a very short soliloquy.

Puff. Yes—but it would have been a great deal longer if he had not been observed.

Sneer. A most sentimental Beefeater that, Mr. Puff!

Puff. Hark'ee—I would not have you be too sure that he is a Beefeater.

Sneer. What, a hero in disguise?

Puff. No matter—I only give you a hint. But now for my principal character. Here he comes—Lord Burleigh in person! Pray, gentlemen, step this way—softly—I only hope the Lord High Treasurer is perfect—if he is but perfect!

"*Enter LORD BURLEIGH, goes slowly to a chair, and sits.*"

Sneer. Mr. Puff!

Puff. Hush!—Vastly well, sir! vastly well! a most interesting gravity!

Dang. What, isn't he to speak at all?

Puff. Egad, I thought you'd ask me that!—Yes, it is a very likely thing—that a minister in his situation, with the whole affairs of the nation on his head, should have time to talk!—But hush! or you'll put him out.

Sneer. Put him out! how the plague can that be, if he's not going to say anything!

Puff. There's the reason! why, his part is to think; and how the plague do you imagine he can think if you keep talking?

Dang. That's very true, upon my word!

"*LORD BURLEIGH comes forward, shakes his head, and exits.*"

Sneer. He is very perfect indeed! Now, pray what did he mean by that?

Puff. You don't take it?

Sneer. No I don't, upon my soul.

Puff. Why, by that shake of the head he gave you to understand that even though they had more justice in their cause, and wisdom in their measures—yet if there was not a greater spirit shown on the part of the people, the country would at last fall a sacrifice to the hostile ambition of the Spanish monarchy.

Sneer. The devil! did he mean all that by shaking his head?

Puff. Every word of it—if he shook his head as I taught him.

Dang. Ah! there certainly is a vast deal to be done on the stage by dumb show and expression of face; and a judicious author knows how much he may trust to it.

Sneer. Oh, here are some of our old acquaintance.

"Enter SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON and SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Sir Christ. My niece and your niece too!
By Heaven! there's witchcraft in't.—He
could not else
Have gain'd their hearts.—But see where
they approach:
Some horrid purpose lowering on their brows!
Sir Walt. Let us withdraw and mark them. [*They
withdraw.*"]

Sneer. What is all this?

Puff. Ah! here has been more pruning!—
but the fact is, these two young ladies are also
in love with Don Whiskerandos.—Now, gen-
tlemen, this scene goes entirely for what we
call situation and stage effect, by which the
greatest applause may be obtained, without
the assistance of language, sentiment, or char-
acter: pray mark!

"Enter the two NIECES.

1st Niece. . . . Ellena here!
She is his scorn as much as I—that is
Some comfort still!"

Puff. O dear, madam, you are not to say
that to her face!—aside, ma'am, aside.—The
whole scene is to be aside.

"*1st Niece.* She is his scorn as much as I—that is
Some comfort still. [*Aside.*]

2nd Niece. I know he prizes not Pollina's love;
But Tilburina lords it o'er his heart. [*Aside.*

1st Niece. . . . But see the proud destroyer of my peace.
Revenge is all the good I've left. [*Aside.*

2nd Niece. He comes, the false disturber of my quiet.
Now, vengeance do thy worst. [*Aside.*

Enter DON FEROL WHISKERANDOS.

Whisk. . . . O hateful liberty—if thus in vain
I seek my Tilburina!

Both Nieces. . . . And ever shalt!

SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON and SIR WALTER RALEIGH
come forward.

Sir Christ. and Sir Walt. Hold! we will avenge you.

Whisk. . . . Hold you—or see your nieces bleed!

[*The two NIECES draw their two daggers to strike
WHISKERANDOS: the two UNCLES at the instant,
with their two swords drawn, catch their two
NIECES' arms, and turn the points of their swords
to WHISKERANDOS, who immediately draws two
daggers, and holds them to the two NIECES'
bosoms.*"]

Puff. There's situation for you! there's an
heroic group!—you see the ladies can't stab
Whiskerandos—he durst not strike them, for
fear of their uncles—the uncles durst not kill
him, because of their nieces—I have them all
at a dead lock!—for every one of them is afraid
to let go first.

Sneer. Why, then they must stand there
for ever!

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Puff. So they would, if I hadn't a very fine
contrivance for't.—Now mind—

"Enter BEEFEATER, with his halberd.

Beef. . . . In the queen's name I charge you all to drop
Your swords and daggers!

[*They drop their swords and daggers.*"]

Sneer. That is a contrivance indeed!

Puff. Ay—in the queen's name.

"*Sir Christ.* Come, niece!

Sir Walter. Come, niece! [*Exeunt with the two NIECES.*

Whisk. . . . What's he, who bids us thus renounce our
guard?

Beef. . . . Thou must do more—renounce thy love!

Whisk. . . . Thou liest—base Beefeater!

Beef. . . . Ha! hell! the lie!

By Heaven thou'st roused the lion in my
heart!

Off, yeoman's habit!—base disguise! off!
off!

[*Discovers himself by throwing off his
upper dress, and appearing in a
very fine waistcoat.*

Am I a Beefeater now?

Or beams my crest as terrible as when
In Biscay's Bay I took thy captive sloop?"

Puff. There, egad! he comes out to be the
very captain of the privateer who had taken
Whiskerandos prisoner—and was himself an
old lover of Tilburina's.

Dang. Admirably managed, indeed!

Puff. Now, stand out of their way.

"*Whisk.* . . . I thank thee, Fortune, that hast thus
bestowed

A weapon to chastise this insolent.

[*Takes up one of the swords.*

Beef. . . . I take thy challenge, Spaniard, and I thank
thee,

Fortune, too! [*Takes up the other sword.*"]

Dang. That's excellently contrived!—It seems
as if the two uncles had left their swords on
purpose for them.

Puff. No, egad, they could not help leaving
them.

"*Whisk.* . . . Vengeance and Tilburina!

Beef. . . . Exactly so—

[*They fight—and after the usual number of
wounds given, WHISKERANDOS falls.*

Whisk. . . . O cursed parry!—that last thrust in tierce
Was fatal.—Captain, thou hast fenc'd
well!

And Whiskerandos quits this bustling
scene

For all eter —

Beef. . . . —nity—he would have
added, but stern death

Out short his being, and the noun at
once!"

Puff. Oh, my dear sir, you are too slow:

now mind me.—Sir, shall I trouble you to die again?

Whisk. And Whiskerandos quits this bustling scene
For all eter—

Beef. . . . —nity—he would have added,—”

Puff. No sir—that’s not it—once more, if you please.

Whisk. I wish, sir, you would practise this without me—I can’t stay dying here all night.

Puff. Very well; we’ll go over it by-and-by.
—[*Exit WHISKERANDOS.*] I must humour these gentlemen!

Beef. . . . Farewell, brave Spaniard! and when next—”

Puff. Dear sir, you needn’t speak that speech, as the body has walked off.

Beef. That’s true, sir—then I’ll join the fleet.

Puff. If you please.—[*Exit BEEFEATER.*] Now, who comes on?

“Enter GOVERNOR, with his hair properly disordered.

Gov. . . . A hemisphere of evil planets reign!
And every planet sheds contagious frenzy!
My Spanish prisoner is slain! my daughter,
Meeting the dead corse borne along, has gone
Distract! [A loud flourish of trumpets.

But hark! I am summon’d to the fort!
Perhaps the fleets have met! amazing crisis!
O Tilburina! from thy aged father’s beard
Thou’st pluck’d the few brown hairs which
time had left! [Exit.”

Sneer. Poor gentleman!

Puff. Yes—and no one to blame but his daughter!

Dang. And the planets—

Puff. True.—Now enter Tilburina!

Sneer. Egad, the business comes on quick here.

Puff. Yes, sir—now she comes in stark mad in white satin.

Sneer. Why in white satin?

Puff. O Lord, sir—when a heroine goes mad, she always goes into white satin.—Don’t she, Dangle?

Dang. Always—it’s a rule.

Puff. Yes—here it is—[*Looking at the book.*]

“Enter Tilburina stark mad in white satin, and her confidant stark mad in white linen.”

“Enter TILBURINA and CONFIDANT, mad, according to custom.”

Sneer. But, what the deuce, is the confidant to be mad too?

Puff. To be sure she is; the confidant is always to do whatever her mistress does; weep when she weeps, smile when she smiles, go mad when she goes mad.—Now, madam con-

fidant—but keep your madness in the background, if you please.

Tilb. . . . The wind whistles—the moon rises—see,
They have kill’d my squirrel in his cage:
Is this a grasshopper?—Ha! no; it is my
Whiskerandos—you shall not keep him—
I know you have him in your jacket—
An oyster may be crossed in love!—Who
says
A whale’s a bird?—Ha! did you call, my
love?—
He’s here! he’s there!—He’s everywhere!
Ah me! he’s nowhere! [Exit.

Puff. There, do you ever desire to see any-body madder than that?

Sneer. Never while I live!

Puff. You observed how she mangled the metre?

Dang. Yes—egad, it was the first thing made me suspect she was out of her senses.

Sneer. And pray what becomes of her?

Puff. She is gone to throw herself into the sea, to be sure—and that brings us at once to the scene of action, and so to my catastrophe—my sea-fight, I mean.

Sneer. What, you bring that in at last?

Puff. Yes, yes—you know my play is called *The Spanish Armada*; otherwise, egad, I have no occasion for the battle at all.—Now then for my magnificence!—my battle!—my noise!—and my procession!—You are all ready?

Und. Promp. [Within.] Yes, sir.

Puff. Is the Thames dressed?

“Enter THAMES with two ATTENDANTS.”

Thames. Here I am, sir.

Puff. Very well, indeed!—See, gentlemen, there’s a river for you!—this is blending a little of the masque with my tragedy—a new fancy, you know—and very useful in my case; for as there must be a procession, I suppose Thames, and all his tributary rivers, to compliment Britannia with a fête in honour of the victory.

Sneer. But pray, who are these gentlemen in green with him?

Puff. Those?—those are his banks.

Sneer. His banks?

Puff. Yes, one crowned with alders, and the other with a villa!—you take the allusions?—But hey! what the plague! you have got both your banks on oneside.—Here, sir, come round.—Ever while you live, Thames, go between your banks.—[*Bell rings.*] There, so, now for’t!—Stand aside, my dear friends!—Away, Thames!

[Exit THAMES between his banks.

[*Flourish of drums, trumpets, cannon, &c. &c. Scene changes to the sea—the fleets engage—the music plays “Britons Strike Home.”—Spanish fleet destroyed*

by fire-ships, &c.—English fleet advances—music plays "Rule Britannia."—The procession of all the English rivers, and their tributaries, with their emblems, &c., begins with Handel's water music, ends with a chorus to the march in Judas Maccabeus.—During this scene, PUFF directs and applauds everything—then

Puff. Well, pretty well—but not quite perfect.—So, ladies and gentlemen, if you please, we'll rehearse this piece again to-morrow.

[Curtain drops.]

VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

Night turns to day:

When sullen darkness lowers,
And heaven and earth are hid from sight,
Cheer up, cheer up!
Ere long the opening flowers,
With dewy eyes, shall shine in light.

Storms die in calms:

When over land and ocean
Roll the loud chariots of the wind,
Cheer up, cheer up!
The voice of wild commotion
Proclaims tranquillity behind.

Winter wakes spring:

When icy blasts are blowing,
O'er frozen lakes, through naked trees,
Cheer up, cheer up!
All beautiful and glowing,
May floats in fragrance on the breeze.

War ends in peace:

Though dread artillery rattle,
And ghastly corpses load the ground,
Cheer up, cheer up!
Where groan'd the field of battle,
The song, the dance, the feast go round.

Toil brings repose:

With noontide fervours beating,
When droop thy temples o'er thy breast,
Cheer up, cheer up!
Gray twilight, cool and fleeting,
Wafts on its wing the hour of rest.

Death springs to life:

Though brief and sad thy story,
Thy years all spent in care and gloom,
Look up, look up!
Eternity and glory
Dawn through the portals of the tomb.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE TREASURE-SHIP.

BY LORD HOUGHTON.

My heart is freighted full of love,
As full as any argosy,
With gems below and gems above,
And ready for the open sea;
For the wind is blowing summerly.

Full strings of nature's beaded pearl,
Sweet tears! composed in amorous ties
And turkis-lockets, that no churl
Hath fashioned out mechanic-wise,
But all made up of thy blue eyes.

And girdles wove of subtle sound,
And thoughts not trusted to the air,
Of antique mould,—the same as bound,
In Paradise, the primal pair,
Before Love's arts and niceness were.

And carcanets of living sighs;
Gums that have dropped from Love's own stem,
And one small jewel most I prize—
The darling gaud of all of them—
I wot, so rare and fine a gem
Ne'er glowed on Eastern anadem.

I've cased the rubies of thy smiles,
In rich and triply-plated gold;
But *this* no other wealth defiles,
Itself itself can only hold—
The stealthy kiss on Maple-wold.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Star that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free!
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
And songs, when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstill'd
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on the muse;
Thy remembrancer in Heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE BIG LIE.

A HUNTER'S STORY.

[William Gilmore Simms, LL.D., born in Charleston, South Carolina, 17th April, 1806; died there, 11th June, 1870. He was one of the most prolific writers of America. A mere catalogue of his works in poetry, fiction, drama, history, biography, criticism, and miscellaneous literature would fill a page. It will be sufficient to state that his best known works are a series of revolutionary and border romances, published in eighteen volumes, the most notable of which are—*The Forayers*, *Mellickampe*, *Border Beagles*, *Woodcraft*, and *Beauchamp*. Griewold, in the *Prose Writers of America*, says:—"His (Mr. Simms') descriptions are bold and graphic, and his characters have considerable individuality. He is most successful in sketches of rude border life, in bustling, tumultuous action. . . . The shorter stories of Mr. Simms are his best works. They have unity, completeness, and strength." Notwithstanding his vast literary labours, Mr. Simms took an active part in politics, and in 1846 missed, only by one vote, being elected lieutenant-governor of his native state.]

The day's work was done, and a good day's work it was. We had bagged a couple of fine bucks and a fat doe; and now we lay camped at the foot of the "Balsam Range" of mountains in North Carolina, preparing for our supper. We were a right merry group of seven—four professional hunters, and three amateurs, myself among the latter. There was Jim Fisher, Aleck Wood, Sam or Sharp Snaffles *alias* "Yaou," and Nathan Langford *alias* the "Pious."

These were our *professional* hunters. Our *amateurs* may well continue nameless, as their achievements do not call for any present record.

There stood our tent pitched at the foot of the mountains, with a beautiful cascade leaping headlong toward us, and subsiding into a mountain runnel, and finally into a little lakelet, the waters of which, edged with perpetual foam, were as clear as crystal.

Our baggage waggon, which had been sent round to meet us by trail routes through the gorges, stood near the tent, which was of stout army canvas.

That baggage waggon held a variety of luxuries. There was a barrel of the best bolted wheat flour. There were a dozen choice hams, a sack of coffee, a keg of sugar, a few thousand of cigars, and last, not least, a corpulent barrel of Western usquebaugh, vulgarly "whisky," to say nothing of a pair of demijohns of equal dimensions, one containing peach brandy of mountain manufacture, the other the luscious honey from the mountain hives.

Supper over, and it is Saturday night. It

is the night dedicated among the professional hunters to what is called "The Lying Camp."

"The Lying Camp!" I exclaimed to Columbus Mills, one of our party, a wealthy mountaineer, of large estates, whose guest I have been for some time. "What do you mean by the 'Lying Camp,' Columbus?"

The explanation soon followed.

Saturday night is devoted by the mountaineers engaged in a camp hunt, which sometimes contemplates a course of several weeks, to stories of their adventures—"long yarns"—chiefly relating to the objects of their chase and the wild experiences of their professional life. The hunter who naturally inclines to exaggeration is, at such a period, privileged to deal in all the extravagances of invention—nay—he is *required* to do so! To be literal, or confine himself to the bald and naked truth, is not only discreditable, but a *finable* offence! He is, in such a case, made to swallow a long, strong, and difficult potation! He cannot be too extravagant in his incident; but he is also required to exhibit a certain degree of *art* in their use; and he thus frequently rises into a certain realm of fiction, the ingenuities of which are made to compensate for the exaggerations, as they do in the *Arabian Nights* and other Oriental romances.

This will suffice for explanation.

Nearly all our professional hunters assembled on the present occasion were tolerable *raconteurs*. They complimented Jim Fisher by throwing the raw deer-skin over his shoulders; tying the antlers of the buck with a red handkerchief over his forehead; seating him on the biggest boulder which lay at hand; and, sprinkling him with a stoup of whisky, they christened him "The Big Lie" for the occasion. And in this character he complacently presided during the rest of the evening; till the company prepared for sleep, which was not till midnight, he was king of the feast.

It was the duty of the "Big Lie" to regulate proceedings, keep order, appoint the *raconteurs* severally, and admonish them when he found them foregoing their privileges, and narrating bald, naked, and uninteresting truth. They must deal in fiction.

Jim Fisher was seventy years old, and a veteran hunter, the most famous in all the country. He *looked* authority, and promptly began to assert it, which he did in a single word:—

"Yaou!"

"Yaou" was the *nom de nique* of one of the hunters, whose proper name was Sam Snaffles, but who, from his special smartness, had

obtained the farther sobriquet of "*Sharp Snaffles*."

Columbus Mills whispered me that he was called "*Yaou*" from his frequent use of that word, which, in the Choctaw dialect, simply means "*Yes*." Snaffles had rambled considerably among the Choctaws, and picked up a variety of their words, which he was fond of using in preference to the vulgar English; and his common use of "*Yaou*" for the affirmative had prompted the substitution of it for his own name. He answered to the name.

"Ay—yee, *Yaou*," was the response of Sam. "I was *afeard*, '*Big Lie*,' that you'd be hitching me up the very first in your team."

Sam Snaffles swallowed his peach and honey at a gulp, hemmed thrice lustily, put himself into an attitude, and began as follows.

I shall adopt his language as closely as possible; but it is not possible, in any degree, to convey any adequate idea of his *manner*, which was admirably appropriate to the subject-matter. Indeed, the fellow was a born actor.

The "*Jedge*" was the *nom de guerre* which the hunters had conferred upon me, looking, no doubt, to my venerable aspect—for I had travelled considerably beyond my teens—and the general dignity of my bearing.

"You see, *Jedge*," addressing me especially as the distinguished stranger, "I'm a telling this hyar history of mine jest to please *you*, and I'll try to please you ef I kin. These fellows hyar have hearn it so often that they knows all about it jest as well as I do my own self, and they knows the truth of it all, and would swear to it afore any hunters' court in all the county, ef so be the affidavit was to be taken in camp and on a Saturday night.

"You see then, *Jedge*, it's about a dozen or fourteen years ago, when I was a young fellow without much beard on my chin, though I was full grown as I am now—strong as a horse, ef not quite so big as a buffalo. I was then jest a-beginning my 'prenticeship to the hunting business, and looking to sich persons as the '*Big Lie*' thar to show me how to take the track of b'ar, buck, and painter.

"But I confess I weren't a-doing much. I hed a great deal to l'arn, and I reckon I miss'd many more bucks than I ever hit—that is, jest up to that time —"

"Look you, *Yaou*," said "*Big Lie*," interrupting him, "you're gitting too close upon the eternal stupid truth! All you've been a-saying is jest nothing but the naked truth, as I knows it. Jest crook your trail!"

"And how's a man to lie decently onless you lets him hev a bit of truth to go upon? The

truth's nothing but a peg in the wall that I hangs the lie upon. A'ter a while I promise that you sha'n't see the peg."

"Worm along, *Yaou*!"

"Well, *Jedge*, I warn't a-doing much among the *bucks* yet—jest for the reason that I was quite too eager in the scent a'ter a sartin *doe*! Now, *Jedge*, you never seed my wife—my Merry Ann, as I calls her; and ef you was to see her *now*—though she's prime grit yit—you would never believe that, of all the womankind in all these mountains, she was the very yaller flower of the forest, with the reddest rose cheeks you ever did see, and sich a mouth, and sich bright curly hair, and so tall, and so slender, and so all over beautiful. O Lawd! when I thinks of it and them times, I don't see how 'twas possible to think of buck-hunting when thar was sich a doe, with sich eyes shining on me.

"Well, *Jedge*, Merry Ann was the only da'ter of Jeff Hopson and Keziah Hopson, his wife, who was the da'ter of Squire Claypole, whose wife was Margery Clough, that lived down upon Pacolet River —"

"Look you, *Yaou*, ain't you getting into them derned facts agin, eh?"

"I reckon I em, '*Big Lie*.' 'Scuse me; I'll kiver the pegs *direct-lie*, one a'ter t'other. Whar was I? Ah! Oh! Well, *Jedge*, poor hunter and poor man—jest, you see, a squatter on the side of a leetle bit of a mountain close on to Columbus Mills, at Mount Tryon, I was all the time on a hot trail a'ter Merry Ann Hopson. I went thar to see her a'most every night; and sometimes I carried a buck for the old people, and sometimes a doeskin for the gal; and I do think, bad hunter as I then was, I pretty much kept the fambly in deer meat through the whole winter.

"Well, *Jedge*, though Jeff Hopson was glad enough to git my meat always, he didn't affection me as I did his da'ter. He was a sharp, close, money-loving old fellow, who was always considerate of the main chaine; and the old lady, his wife, who hardly dare say her soul was her own, she jest looked both ways, as I may say, for Sunday, never giving a fair look to me or my chaintes, when his eyes were sot on *her*. But 'twa'n't so with my Merry Ann. She hed the eyes for me from the beginning, and soon she hed the feelings; and, you see, *Jedge*, we sometimes did git a chaine, when old Jeff was gone from home, to come to a sort of understanding about our feelings; and the long and the short of it was that Merry Ann confessed to me that she'd like nothing better than to be my wife. She liked no other man but me.

"Now, Jedge, a'ter that, what was a young fellow to do? That, I say, was the proper kind of encouragement. So I said, 'I'll ax your daddy.' Then she got scary, and said, 'Oh, don't, for somehow, Sam, I'm a-thinking daddy don't like you enough *yit*. Jest hold on a bit, and come often, and bring him venison, and try to make him laugh, which you kin do, you know, and a'ter a time you kin try him.' And so I did—or rether I didn't. I put off the axing. I come constant. I brought venison all the time, and b'ar meat a plenty, a'most three days in every week.

"Well, Jedge, this went on for a long time, a'most the whole winter, and spring, and summer, till the winter begun to come in agin. I carried 'em the venison, and Merry Ann meets me in the woods, and we hes sich a pleasant time when we meets on them little odd chainces that I gits hot as thunder to bring the business to a sweet honey finish.

"But Merry Ann keeps on scary, and she puts me off, ontil, one day, one a'ternoon, about sundown, she meets me in the woods, and she's all in a flusteration. And she ups and tells me how old John Grimstead, the old bachelor (a fellow about forty years old, and the dear gal not yet twenty), how he's a'ter her, and bekaise he's got a good fairm, and mules and horses, how her daddy's giving him the open month encouragement.

"Then I says to Merry Ann:

"You sees, I kain't put off no longer. I must out with it, and ax your daddy at onst.' And then her scary fit come on again, and she begs me not to—not *jist yit*. But I swears by all the Hokies that I won't put off another day; and so, as I haired the old man was in the house that very hour, I left Merry Ann in the woods, all in a trimbling, and I jist went ahead, determined to have the figure straight, whether odd or even.

"I was jubious; but I jist bolted into the house, as free and easy and bold as ef I was the very best customer that the old man wanted to see."

Here Yaou paused to renew his draught of peach and honey.

"Well, Jedge, I put a bold face on the business, though my hairt was gitting up into my throat, and I was almost a-gasping for my breath, when I was fairly in the big room, and standing up before the old squire. He was a-setting in his big squar hide-bottom'd arm-chair, looking like a jedge upon the bench jist about to send a poor fellow to the gallows. As he seed me come in, looking queer enough, I reckon, his mouth put on a sort of grin,

which showed all his grinders, and he looked for all the world as ef he guessed the business I come about. But he said good-natured enough,

"Well, Sam Snaffles, how goes it?"

"I said to myself,

"It's jest as well to git the worst at onst, and then thar'll be an cend of the oneasiness.' So I up and told him, in pretty soft, smooth sort of speechifying, as how I was mighty fond of Merry Ann, and she, I was a-thinking, of me, and that I jest come to ax ef I might hev Merry Ann for my wife.

"Then he opened his eyes wide, as ef he never expected to hear sich a proposal from me.

"What! says he. 'You?'

"Jest so, squire," says I. 'Ef it pleases you to believe me, and to consider it reasonable, the axing.'

"He sot quiet for a minit or more, then he gits up, knocks all the fire out of his pipe on the chimney, fills it, and lights it agin, and then comes straight up to me, whar I was a-setting on the chair in front of him, and without a word he takes the collar of my coat betwix the thumb and forefinger of his left hand, and he says:

"Git up, Sam Snaffles. Git up, ef you please."

"Well, I gits up, and he says:

"Hyar. Come. Hyar."

"And with that he leads me right across the room to a big looking-glass that hung agin the partition wall, and thar he stops before the glass, facing it and holding me by the collar all the time.

"Now that looking-glass, Jedge, was about the biggest I ever did see. It was a'most three feet high, and a'most two feet wide, and it had a bright, broad frame, shiny like gold, with a heap of leetle figgers worked all round it. I reckon thar's no sich glass now in all the mountain country.

"Well, thar he hed me up, both on us standing in front of this glass, whar we could a'most see the whole of our full figgers from head to foot.

"And when we hed stood thar for a minit or so, he says, quite solemn like:

"Look in the glass, Sam Snaffles."

"So I looked.

"Well," says I. 'I sees you, Squire Hopson, and myself, Sam Snaffles.'

"Look good," says he; 'obzarve well.'

"Well," says I, 'I'm a-looking with all my eyes. I only sees what I tells you.'

"But you don't obzarve," says he. 'Looking and seeing's one thing,' says he, 'but obzarving's another. Now obzarve.'

"By this time, Jedge, I was getting sort o' riled, for I could see that somehow he was jest a-trying to make me feel redickilous. So I says:

"Look you, Squaire Hopson, ef you thinks I never seed myself in a glass afore this, you're mighty mistaken."

"Very well," says he. "Now obzarve. You sees your own figger, and your face, and you air obzarving as well as you know how. Now, Mr. Sam Snaffles—now that you've hed a fair look at yourself—jest now answer me, from your honest conscience, a'ter all you've seen, ef you honestly thinks you're the sort of pusson to hev my da'ter."

"And with that he gin me a twist, and when I wheeled round he hed wheeled round too, and thar we stood full facing one another."

"Lawd! how I was riled! But I answered, quick:

"And why not, I'd like to know, Squaire Hopson? I ain't the handsomest man in the world, but I'm not the ugliest; and folks don't generally consider me at all among the uglies. I'm as tall a man as you, and as stout and strong, and as good a man o' my inches as ever stepped in shoe-leather. And it's enough to tell you, squire, whatever you may think, that Merry Ann believes in me, and she's a way of thinking that I'm jest about the very pusson that ought to hev her."

"Merry Ann's thinking," says he, "don't ran all fours with her fayther's thinking. I axed you, Sam Snaffles, to obzarve yourself in the glass. I telled you that seeing warn't edzactly obzarving. You seed only the inches; you seed that you hed eyes, and mouth, and nose, and the arms and legs of a man. But eyes and mouth, and legs and arms, don't make a man."

"Oh, they don't," says I.

"No, indeed," says he. "I seed that you hed all them; but then I seed thar was one thing that you hedn't got."

"Jinini!" says I, mighty confuseel. "What thing's a-wanting to me to make me a man?"

"Capital," says he, and he lifted himself up and looked mighty grand.

"Capital," says I; "and what's that?"

"Thar air many kinds of capital," says he. "Money's capital, for it kin buy everything; house and lands is capital; cattle and horses and sheep, when thar's enough on 'em, is capital. And as I obzarved you in the glass, Sam Snaffles, I seed that capital was the very thing that you wanted to make a man of you. Now, I don't mean that any da'ter of mine shall marry a

pusson that's not a *perfect* man. I obzarved you long ago, and seed whar you was wanting. I axed about you. I axed your horse."

"Axed my horse!" says I, pretty nigh dumfounded.

"Yes; I axed your horse, and he said to me, 'Look at me. I hain't got an ounce of spar' flesh on my bones. You kin count all my ribs. You kin lay the whole length of your arm betwixt any two on 'em, and it'll lie thar as snug as a black snake betwixt two poles of a log-house.' Says he, 'Sam's got *no capital*. He ain't got any time five bushels of corn in his crib, and he's such a monstrous feeder himself that he'll eat out four bushels, and think it mighty hard upon him to give me the other one.' Thar, now, was your horse's testimony, Sam, agin you. Then I axed about your cabin, and your way of living. I was curious, and went to see you one day when I knowed you waur at home. You hed but one chair, which you gin me to sit on, and you sot on the eend of a barrel for yourself. You gin me a rasher of bacon what hedn't a streak of fat in it. You hed a poor quarter of a poor doe hanging from the rafters, a poor beast that somebody hed disabled —"

"I shot it myself," says I.

"Well, it was a-dying when you shot it, and all the hunters say you was a poor shooter at anything. Your cabin had but one room, and that you slept in and ate in, and the floor was six inches deep in dirt. Says I to myself, says I, 'This poor fellow's got *no capital*; and he hasn't the head to git capital.' and from that moment, Sam Snaffles, the more I obzarved you the more sartin 'twas that you never could be a man ef you waur to live a thousand years."

"A'ter that long speechifyng, Jedge, you might ha' ground me up in a mill, biled me down in a pot, and scattered me over a manure heap, and I wouldn't ha' been able to say a word."

"I cotched up my hat, and was a-gwine, when he said to me, with his derved infernal big grin:

"Take another look in the glass, Sam Snaffles, and obzarve well, and you'll see jest whar it is I thinks that you're wanting."

"I didn't stop for any more. I jest bolted, like a hot shot out of a shovel, and didn't know my own self, or whatever steps I tuk, tell I got into the thicket and met Merry Ann coming towards me."

"I must liquor now."

"Well, Jedge, it was a hard meeting betwixt me and Merry Ann. The poor gal come to

me in a sort of run, and hairdly drawing her breath, she cried out:

"Oh, Sam! What does he say?"

"What could I say? How tell her? I jest wrapped her up in my arms, and I cries out, making some violent remarks about the old squire."

"Then she screamed, and I hed to squeeze her up, more close than ever, and kiss her, I reckon, more than a dozen times, jest to keep her from gwine into historical fits. I telled her all, from beginning to eend."

"I telled her that thar waur some truth in what the old man said; that I hedn't been keerful to do the thing as I ought; that the house *was* mean and dirty; that the horse was mean and poor; that I hed been thinking too much about her own self to think about other things; but that I would do better, would see to things, put things right, git corn in the crib, git 'capital' ef I could, and make a good, comfortable home for *her*."

"Look at me," says I, "Merry Ann. Does I look like a man?"

"You're all the man I wants," says she.

"That's enough," says I. "You shall see what I kin do, and what I *will* do. That's ef you air true to me."

"And she throwed herself upon my buzzom, and cried out:

"I'll be true to you, Sam. I loves nobody in all the world so much as I loves you."

"And you won't marry any other man, Merry Ann, no matter what your daddy says?"

"Never," she says.

"And you won't listen to this old bachelor fellow, Grimstead, that's got the 'capital' already, no matter how they spurs you?"

"Never," she says.

"Sw'ar it," says I, "sw'ar it, Merry Ann, that you will be my wife, and never marry Grimstead."

"I sw'ars it," she says, kissing me, bekaize we had no book.

"Now," says I, "Merry Ann, that's not enough. Cuss him for my sake, and to make it sartin. Cuss that fellow Grimstead."

"Oh, Sam, I kain't cuss," says she; "that's wicked."

"Cuss him on my account," says I—"to my credit."

"Oh," says she, "don't ax me. I kain't do that."

"Says I, 'Merry Ann, if you don't cuss that fellow some way, I do believe you'll go over to him a'ter all. Jest you cuss him, now. Any small cuss will do, ef you're in airnest.'"

"Well," says she, "ef that's your idee, then I says, '*Drot his skin*,¹ and drot *my* skin, too, ef ever I marries anybody but Sam Snaffles.'"

"That'll do, Merry Ann," says I. "And now I'm easy in my soul and conscience. And now, Merry Ann, I'm gwine off to try my best and git the 'capital.' Ef it's the 'capital' that's needful to make a man of me, I'll git it, by all the Holy-Hokies, if I kin."

"And so, after a million of squeezes and kisses, we parted; and she slipt along through the woods, the back way to the house, and I mounted my horse to go to my cabin. But, afore I mounted the beast, I gin him a dozen kicks in his ribs, jest for bearing his testimony agin me, and telling the old squire that I hedn't 'capital' enough for a corn crib."

"I was mightily let down, as you may think, by old Squire Hopson; but I was mightily lifted up by Merry Ann."

"But when I got to my cabin, and seed how mean everything was there, and thought how true it was all that old Squire Hopson had said, I felt overkim, and I said to myself, 'It's all true. How kin I bring that beautiful yaller flower of the forest to live in sich a mean cabin, and with sich poor accommydations? She that had everything comforting and nice about her.'"

"Then I considered all about 'capital;' and it growed on me, ontill I begin to see that a man might hev good legs and arms and thighs, and a good face of his own, and yit not be a perfect and proper man a'ter all. I hed lived, you see, Jedge, to be twenty-three years of age, and was living no better than a three-year-old b'ar, in a sort of cave, sleeping on shuck and straw, and never looking after to-morrow."

"I couldn't sleep all that night for the thinking and obzarvations. That impudent talking of old Hopson put me on a new track. I couldn't give up hunting. I knowed no other business, and I didn't hafe know that."

"Well, Jedge, as I said, I had a most miserable night of consideration and obzarvation and concatenation accordingly. I felt all over mean, 'cept now and then, when I thought of dear Merry Ann, and her felicities and cordialities and fidelities; and then, the cuss

¹ "Drot," or "Drat," has been called an American vulgarity, but it is genuine old English, as ancient as the days of Ben Jonson. Originally the oath was, "God rot it," but Puritanism, which was unwilling to take the name of God in vain, was yet not prepared to abandon the oath, so the pious preserved it in an abridged form, omitting the G from God, and using, "Od rot it." It reached its final contraction, "Drot," before it came to America. "Drot it," "Drat it," "Drot your eyes," or "Drot his skin," are so many modes of using it among the uneducated classes.—W. G. S.

which she gin, onder the kiver of 'Drot,' to that dried-up old bachelor Grimstead. But I got to sleep at last. And I had a dream. And I thought I seed the prettiest woman critter in the world, next to Merry Ann, standing close by my bedside; and, at first, I thought 'twas Merry Ann, and I was gwine to kiss her agin; but she drawed back and said:

"'Seuse me. I'm not Merry Ann, but I'm her friend and your friend; so don't you be down in the mouth, but keep a good hairt, and you'll hev help, and git the 'capital' whar you don't look for it now. It's only needful that you be determined on good works and making a man of yourself."

"A'ter that dream I slept like a top, woke at day-peep, took my rifle, called up my dog, mounted my horse, and put out for the laurel hollows.

"Well, I hunted all day, made several *starts*, but got nothing; my dog ran off, the rascally pup, and, I reckon, ef Squire Hopson had met him he'd ha' said 'twas bekaise I starved him. Fact is, we hedn't any on us much to eat that day, and the old mar's ribs stood out bigger than ever.

"All day I rode and followed the track, and got nothing.

"Well, jest about sunset I come to a hollow of the hills that I hed never seed before; and in the middle of it was a great pond of water, what you call a lake; and it showed like so much purple glass in the sunset, and 'twas jest as smooth as the big looking-glass of Squire Hopson's. Thar wa'n't a breath of wind stirring.

"I was mighty tired, so I eased down from the mar', tied up the bridle and cheek, and let her pick about, and laid myself down onder a tree, jest about twenty yards from the lake, and thought to rest myself until the moon riz, which I knowed would be about seven o'clock.

"I didn't mean to fall asleep, but I did it; and I reckon I must ha' slept a good hour, for when I woke the dark had set in, and I could only see one or two bright stars hyar and thar, shooting out from the dark of the heavens. But ef I seed nothing, I haird; and jest sich a sound and noise as I hed never haird before.

"Thar was a rushing and a roaring and a screaming and a splashing in the air and in the water as made you think the universal world was coming to an end.

"All that set me up. I was waked up out of sleep and dream, and my eyes opened to everything that eye could see; and sich another sight I never seed before. I tell you, Jedge, ef there was one wild-geese settling down in that

lake thar was one hundred thousand of 'em. I couldn't see the end of 'em. They come every minit, swarm a'ter swarm, in tens and twenties and fifties and hundreds; and sich a fuss as they did make; sich a gabbling, sich a splashing, sich a confusion, that I was fairly confusterated; and I jest lay whar I was, a-watching 'em.

"You never seed beasts so happy. How they flapped their wings; how they gabbled to one another; how they swam hyar and thar, to the very middle of the lake and to the very edge of it, jest a fifty yards from whar I lay squat, never moving leg or arm. It was wonderful to see. I wondered how they could find room, for I reckon thar waur forty thousand on 'em, all scuffling in that leetle lake together.

"Well, as I watched them, I said to myself:

"'Now, if a fellow could only captivate all them wild geese—fresh from Canniday, I reckon—what would they bring in the market at Spartanburg and Greenville?' Walker, I knowed, would buy 'em up quick at fifty cents a head. Forty thousand geese at fifty cents a head. Thar was 'capital.'

"I could ha' fired in among 'em with my rifle, never taking aim, and killed a dozen or more at a single shot; but what was a poor dozen geese when thar waur forty thousand to captivate?

"What a haul 'twould be ef a man could only get 'em all in one net! Kiver them all at a fling!

"The idee worked like so much fire in my brain.

"How can it be done?

"That was the question.

"'Kin it be done?' I axed myself.

"'It kin,' I said to myself; 'and I'm the very man to do it.'

"Then I got up and tuk to my horse and rode home.

"And thar, when I had swallowed my bit of hoe-cake and bacon and a good strong cup of coffee, and got into bed, I couldn't sleep for a long time, thinking how I was to git them geese.

"But I kept nearing the right idee every minit, and when I was fast asleep it came to me in my dream.

"I seed the same beautifullest young woman agin that hed given me the incouragement before to go ahead, and she helped me out with the idee.

"So in the morning I went to work. I rode off to Spartanburg, and bought all the twine and cord and hafe the plough-lines in town; and I got a lot of great fish-hooks, all to help

make the tanglement perfect; and I got lead for sinkers, and I got cork-wood for floaters; and I pushed for home jist as fast as my poor mar' could streak it.

"I was at work day and night for nigh on to a week making my net; and when 'twas done I borrowed a mule and cart from Columbus Mills thar—he'll tell you all about it, he kin make his affidavit to the truth of it.

"Well, off I driv with my great net, and got to the lake about noonday. I knowed 'twould take me some hours to make my fixings perfect, and get the net fairly stretched across the lake, and jest deep enough to do the tangling of every leg of the birds in the very midst of their swimming, and snorting, and splashing, and cavorting. When I hed fixed it all fine, and jest as I wanted it, I brought the cends of my plough-lines up to where I was gwine to hide myself. This was onder a strong sapling; and my calkilation was, when I hed got the beasts all hooked, forty thousand, more or less—and I could tell how that was from feeling on the line—why, then, I'd whip the line round the sapling, hitch it fast, and draw in my birds at my own ease, without axing much about their comfort.

"'Twas a most beautiful and perfect plan, and all would ha' worked beautiful well but for one leetle oversight of mine. But I won't tell you about that part of the business yit, the more pretickilarly as it turned out for the very best, as you'll see in the cend.

"I hedn't long finished my fixing when the sun suddenly tumbled down the heights, and the dark begun to creep in upon me, and a pretty cold dark it waur. I remember it well. My teeth begun to chatter in my head, though I was boiling over with inward heat, all jest coming out of my hot eagerness to be captivating the birds.

"Well, Jedge, I hedn't to wait overlong. Soon I haired them coming, screaming fur away, and then I seed them pouring, jest like so many white clouds, straight down, I reckon, from the snow mountains off in Canniday.

"Down they come, millions upon millions, till I was sartin thar waur already pretty nigh on to forty thousand in the lake.

"Well, thar they waur, forty thousand, we'll say, with, it mout be, a few millions and hundreds over. And Lawd! how they played, and splashed, and screamed, and dived! I calkilated on hooking a good many of them divers, in pretickilar, and so I watched and waited, until I thought I'd feel of my lines; and I begun, leetle by leetle, to haul in, when, Lawd love you, Jedge! sich a ripping and

raging, and bouncing and flouncing, and flopping and splashing, and kicking and screaming, you never did hear in all your born days!

"By this I knowed that I had captivated the captains of the host, and a pretty smart chaine, I reckoned, of the rigilar army, ef 'twa'n't edzactly forty thousand; for I calkilated that some few would get away—run off—jest as the cowards always does in the army jest when the shooting and confusion begins; still I reasonably calkilated on the main body of the rigiments; and so, gitting more and more hot and eager, and pulling and hauling, I made one big mistake, and, instid of wrapping the cends of my lines around the sapling that was standing jest behind me, what does I do but wraps em round my own thigh—the right thigh, you see—and some of the loops waur hitched round my left arm at the same time.

"All this come of my hurry and excitement, for it was burning like a hot fever in my brain, and I didn't know when or how I hed tied myself up, until suddenly, with an all-fired scream, all together, them forty thousand geese rose like a great black cloud in the air, all tied up, tangled up—hooked about the legs, hooked about the gills, hooked and fast in some way in the beautiful leetle twistings of my net.

"Yes, Jedge, as I'm a living hunter to-night, hyar a-talking to you, they riz up all together, as ef they hed consulted upon it, like a mighty thunder-cloud, and off they went, screaming and flouncing, meaning, I reckon, to take the back track to Canniday, in spite of the freezing weather.

"Before I knowed whar I was, Jedge, I was twenty feet in the air, my right thigh up and my left arm, and the other thigh and arm a-dangling useless, and feeling every minit as ef they was gwine to drop off.

"You may be sure I pulled with all my might, but that waur mighty leetle in the fix I was in, and I jest hed to hold on, and see whar the infernal beasts would carry me. I couldn't loose myself, and ef I could I was by this time quite too fur up in the air, and darsn't do so, onless I was willing to hev my brains dashed out, and my whole body mashed to a mammoek.

"Thar I was dangling, like a dead weight, at the tail of that all-fired cloud of wild geese, head downward, and gwine, the Lawd knows whar!—to Canniday, or Jericho, or some other heathen territory beyond the Massissipp, and it mout be, over the great eternal ocean.

"When I thought of *that*, and thought of the lines giving way, and that on a suddent I should come down plump into the big sea, jest

in the middle of a great gathering of shirks and whales, to be dewoured and tore to bits by their bloody grinders, I was ready to die of skeer outright. I thought over all my sinnings in a moment, and I thought of my poor dear Merry Ann, and I called out her name, loud as I could, jest as ef the poor gal could hyar me or help me.

"And jest then I could see we waur a drawing nigh a great thunder-cloud. I could see the red tongues running out of its black jaws; and 'Lawd!' says I, 'ef these all-fired infarnal wild beasts of birds should carry me into that cloud to be burned to a coal, fried, and roasted, and biled alive by them tongues of red fire.'

"But the geese fought shy of the cloud, though we passed mighty nigh on to it, and I could see one red streak of lightning run out of the cloud, and give us chase for a full hafe a mile; but we waur too fast for it, and, in a tearing passion, bekaise it couldn't ketch us, the red streak struck its horns into a great tree jest behind us, that we had passed over, and tore it into flinders in the twink of a musquito.

"But by this time I was beginning to feel quite stupid. I knowed that I waur fast gitting onsensible, and it did seem to me as ef my hour waur come, and I was gwine to die—and die by rope, and dangling in the air, a thousand miles from the airth!

"But jest then I was roused up. I felt something brush agin me; then my face was scratched; and, on a suddent, thar was a stop put to my travels by that conveyance. The geese had started flying, and waur in a mighty great confusturation, flopping their wings as well as they could, and screaming with all the tongues in their jaws. It was clear to me now that we had run agin something that brought us all up with a short hitch.

"I was shook roughly agin the obstruction, and I put out my right arm and cotched a hold of a long arm of an almighty big tree; then my legs waur cotched betwixt two other branches, and I rekerived myself, so as to set up a leetle and rest. The geese was a tumbling and flopping among the branches. The net was hooked hyar and thar; and the birds waur all about me, swinging and splurging, but onable to break loose and git away.

"By leetle and leetle I come to my clar senses, and begun to feel my sitivation. The stiffness was passing out of my limbs. I could draw up my legs, and, after some hard work, I managed to onwrap the plough-lines from my right thigh and my left arm, and I hed the sense this time to tie the cends pretty tight to

a great branch of the tree which stretched clar across and about a foot over my head.

"Then I begun to consider my sitivation. I hed hed a hard riding, that was sartin; and I felt sore enough. And I hed hed a horrid bad skeer, enough to make a man's wool turn white afore the night was over. But now I felt easy, bekaise I considered myself safe. With daypeep I calkilated to let myself down from the tree by my plow-lines, and thar, below, tied fast, warn't thar my forty thousand captivated geese?

"'Hurrah!' I sings out. 'Hurrah! Merry Ann; we'll hev the 'capital' now, I reckon.'

"And, singing out, I drew up my legs and shifted my body so as to find an easier seat in the crutch of the tree, which was an almighty big chestnut oak, when, oh Lawd! on a suddent the stump I hed been a-setting on give way onder me. 'Twas a rotten jint of the tree. It gave way, Jedge, as I tell you, and down I went, my legs first, and then my whole body—slipping down, not on the outside, but into a great hollow of the tree, all the hairt of it being eat out by the rot; and afore I knowed whar I waur, I waur some twenty foot down, I reckon; and, by the time I touched bottom, I was up to my neck in honey.

"It was an almighty big honey-tree, full of the sweet treacle, and the bees all gone and left it, I reckon, for a hundred years. And I in it up to my neck.

"I could smell it strong. I could taste it sweet. But I could see nothing.

"'Lawd! Lawd! From bad to worse; buried alive in a hollow tree, with never a chaince to git out! I would then ha' given all the world ef I was only sailing away with them bloody wild geese to Canniday and Jericho, even across the sea, with all its shirks and whales dewouring me.

"'Buried alive! Oh Lawd! Oh Lawd! 'Lawd save me and help me!' I cried out from the depths. And, 'Oh, my Merry Ann!' I cried, 'shill we never meet agin no more?' 'Scuse my weeping, Jedge, but I feels all over the sinsation, fresh as ever, of being buried alive in a bee-hive tree and presarved in honey. I must liquor, Jedge."

Afterrefreshing himself with another draught, Sam proceeded with the story of his strange adventure:—

"Only think of me, Jedge, in my sitivation! Buried alive in the hollow of a mountain chestnut oak! Up to my neck in honey, with never no more an appetite to eat than ef it waur

the very gall of bitterness than we reads of in the Holy Scriptures!

"All dark, all silent as the grave, 'cept for the gabbling and the cackling of the wild geese outside that every now and then would make a great splurging and cavorting, trying to break away from their hitch, which was jist as fast fixed as my own.

"Who would git them geese that hed cost me so much to captivate? Who would inherit my 'capital?' and who would hev Merry Ann? and what will become of the mule and cart of Mills fastened in the woods by the leetle lake?

"I cussed the leetle lake, and the geese, and all the 'capital.'

"I cussed. I couldn't help it. I cussed from the bottom of my hairt when I ought to ha' bin saying my prayers. And thar was my poor mar' in the stable with never a morsel of feed. She had told tales upon me to Squaire Hopson, it's true, but I forgin her, and thought of her feed, and nobody to give her none. Thar waur corn in the crib and fodder, but it warn't in the stable; and onless Columbus Mills should come looking a'ter me at the cabin, thar waur no hope for me or the mar'.

"Oh, Jedge, you couldn't jedge of my situation in that deep hollow, and cave, I may say, of mountain oak. My head waur jest above the honey, and ef I backed it to look up, my long ha'r at the back of the neck a'most stuck fast, so thick was the honey.

"But I couldn't help looking up. The hollow was a wide one at the top, and I could see when a star was passing over. Thar they shined, bright and beautiful, as if they waur the very eyes of the angels; and as I seed them come and go, looking smiling in upon me as they come, I cried out to 'em, one by one:

"Oh, sweet sperrits, blessed angels! ef so be thar's an angel sperrit, as they say, living in all them stars, come down and extricate me from this fix, for, so fur as I kin see, I've got no chauce of help from mortal man or woman. Hairdly onst a year does a human come this way, and ef they did come how would they know I'm hyar? How could I make them hyar me?" I knowed I prayed like a heathen sinner, but I prayed as well as I knowed how; and thar warn't a star passing over me that I didn't pray to soon as I seed them shining over the opening of the hollow; and I prayed fast and faster as I seed them passing away and gitting out of sight.

"Well, Jedge, suddently, in the midst of my praying, and jest after one bright, big star hed gone over me without seeing my situation, I hed a fresh skeer.

"Suddent I haird a monstrous fluttering among my geese—my 'capital.' Then I haird a great scraping and scratching on the outside of the tree, and, suddent, as I looked up, the mouth of the hollow was shet up.

"All was dark. The stars and sky waur all gone. Something black kivered the hollow, and, in a minit a'ter, I haird something slipping into the hollow right upon me.

"I could hairdly draw my breath. I begun to fear that I was to be suffocated alive; and as I haird the strange critter slipping down I shoved out my hands and felt ha'r—coarse wool—and with one hand I cotched hold of the ha'ry leg of a beast, and with t'other hand I cotched hold of his tail.

"'Twas a great b'ar, one of the biggest, come to git his honey. He knowed the tree, Jedge, you see, and ef any beast in the world loves honey, 'tis a b'ar beast. He'll go to his death on honey, though the hounds are tearing at his very haunches.

"You may be sure, when I onst knowed what he was, and onst got a good gripe on his hind-quarters, I warn't gwine to let go in a hurry. I knowed that was my only chance for gitting out of the hollow, and I do believe them blessed angels in the stars sent the beast, jest at the right time, to give me human help and assistance.

"Now, yer see, Jedge, thar was no chance for him turning round upon me. He pretty much filled up the hollow. He knowed his way, and slipped down, eend foremost—the latter eend, you know. He could stand up on his hind-legs and eat all he wanted. Then, with his great sharp claws and his mighty muscle, he could work up, holding on to the sides of the tree, and git out a'most as easy as when he come down.

"Now, you see, ef he weighed five hundred pounds, and could climb like a cat, he could easy carry up a young fellow that hed no flesh to spar', and only weighed a hundred and twenty-five. So I laid my weight on him, eased him off as well as I could, but held on to tail and leg as ef all life and etarnity depended upon it.

"Now I reckon, Jedge, that b'ar was pretty much more skeered than I was. He couldn't turn in his shoes, and with something fastened to his ankles, and as he thought, I reckon, some strange beast fastened to his tail, you never seed beast more eager to git away, and git upwards. He knowed the way, and stuck his claws in the rough sides of the hollow, hand over hand, jest as a sailor pulls a rope, and up we went. We hed, howsomdever,

more than one slip back, but, Lawd bless you! I never let go. Up we went, I say, at last, and I stuck jest as close to his haunches as death sticks to a dead nigger. Up we went. I felt myself moving. My neck was out of the honey. My arms were free. I could feel the sticky thing slipping off from me, and a'ter a good quarter of an hour the b'ar was on the great mouth of the hollow; and as I felt that I let go his tail, still keeping fast hold of his leg, and with one hand I cotched hold of the outside rim of the hollow; I found it fast, held on to it; and jest then the b'ar sat squat on the very edge of the hollow, taking a sort of rest a'ter his labour.

"I don't know what 'twas, Jedge, that made me do it. I warn't a-thinking at all. I was only feeling and drawing a long breath. Jest then the b'ar sort o' looked round as ef to see what varmint it was a-troubling him, when I gin him a mighty push, strong as I could, and he lost his balance and went over outside down d'ar to the airth, and I could hyar his neck crack, almost as loud as a pistol.

"I drewed a long breath a'ter that, and prayed a short prayer; and, feeling my way all the time, so as to be sure agin rotten branches, I got a safe seat among the limbs of the tree, and sot myself down, detarmined to wait tell broad daylight before I tuk another step in the business.

"And thar I sot. So fur as I could see, Jedge, I was safe. I hed got out of the tie of the flying geese, and thar they all waur, spread before me, flopping now and then, and trying to ixtricate themselves; but they couldn't come it. Thar they waur, captivated, and so much 'capital' for Sam Snaffles.

"And I hed got out of the lion's den—that is, I hed got out of the honey-tree, and warn't in no present danger of being buried alive agin. Thanks to the b'ar, and to the blessed, beautiful angel sperrits in the stars that hed sent him thar seeking honey to be my deliverance from my captivation.

"And thar he lay, jest as quiet as ef he waur a-sleeping, though I knowed his neck was broke. And that b'ar, too, was so much 'capital.'

"And I sot in the tree making my kalkilations. I could see now the meaning of that beautiful young critter that come to me in my dreams. I was to hev the 'capital,' but I was to git it through troubles and tribulations, and a mighty bad skeer for life. I never knowed the valley of 'capital' till now, and I seed the sense in all that Squire Hopson told me, though he did tell it in a mighty spiteful sperrit.

"Well, I kalkilated.

"It was cold weather, freezing, and though I had good warm clothes on, I felt monstrous like sleeping, from the cold only, though perhaps the tire and the skeer together hed something to do with it. But I was afeard to sleep. I didn't know what would happen, and a man has never his right courage until daylight. I foun't agin sleep by keeping on my kalkilation.

"Forty thousand wild geese!

"Thar wa'n't forty thousand edzactly—very far from it—but thar they waur, pretty thick; and for every goose I could git from forty to sixty cents in all the villages in South Carolina.

"Thar was 'capital'!

"Then thar waur the b'ar.

"Jedging from his strength in pulling me up, and from his size and fat in filling up that great hollow in the tree, I kalkilated that he couldn't weigh less than five hundred pounds. His hide, I knowed, was worth twenty dollars. Then thar was the fat and tallow, and the biled marrow out of his bones, what they makes b'ar's grease out of, to make chicken whiskers grow big enough for game-cocks. Then thar waur the meat, skinned, cleaned, and all; thar couldn't be much onder four hundred and fifty pounds, and whether I sold him as fresh meat or cured he'd bring me ten cents a pound at the least.

"Says I, 'Thar's capital!'

"Then," says I, 'thar's my honey-tree. I reckon thar's a matter of ten thousand gallons in this hyar same honey-tree; and if I kint git fifty to seventy cents a gallon for it thar's no alligators in Flurriday.'

"And so I kalkilated through the night, fighting agin sleep, and thinking of my 'capital' and Merry Ann together.

"By morning I had kalkilated all I hed to do and all I hed to make.

"Soon as I got a peep of day I was up and on the look-out.

"Thar all around me were the captivated geese critters. The b'ar laid down perfectly easy and waiting for the knife; and the geese, I reckon they were much more tired than me, for they didn't seem to hev the haift for a single flutter, even when they seed me swing down from the tree among 'em holding on to my plough-lines and letting myself down easy.

"But first I must tell you, Jedge, when I seed the first signs of daylight and looked around me, Lawd bless me! what should I see but old Tryon Mountain with his great head lifting itself up in the east! And beyant I could see the house and fairm of Columbus Mills; and as I turned to look a leetle south

of that thar was my own poor leetle log-cabin standing quiet, but with never a smoke streamin' out from the chimbley.

"God bless them good angel sperrits," I said, 'I ain't two miles from home!' Before I come down from the tree I knowed edzactly whar I waur. 'Twas only four miles off from the lake and whar I hitched the mule of Columbus Mills close by the cart. Thar, too, I had left my rifle. Yet in my miserable fix, carried through the air by them wild geese, I did think I hed gone a'most a thousand miles towards Canniday.

"Soon as I got down from the tree I pushed off at a trot to git the mule and cart. I was pretty sure of my b'ar and geese when I come back. The cart stood quiet enough. But the mule, having nothing to eat, was sharpening her teeth upon a boulder, thinking she'd hev a bite or so before long.

"I hitched her up, brought her to my bee-tree, tumbled the b'ar into the cart, wrung the necks of all the geese that waur thar—many hed got away—and counted some twenty-seven hundred that I piled away atop of the b'ar."

"Twenty-seven hundred!" cried the "Big Lie" and all the hunters at a breath. "Twenty-seven hundred! Why, Yaou, whenever you telled of this thing before you always counted them at three thousand one hundred and fifty!"

"Well, ef I did, I reckon I was right. I was sartinly right then, it being all fresh in my 'membrance; and I'm not the man to go back agin his own words.

"Well, Jedge, next about the b'ar. Sold the hide and tallow for a fine market-price; sold the meat, got ten cents a pound for it fresh—'twas most beautiful meat; biled down the bones for the marrow; melted down the grease; sold fourteen pounds of it to the barbers and apothecaries; got a dollar a pound for that; sold that hide for twenty dollars; and got the cash for everything.

"Well, I kin only say, that a'ter all the selling—and I driv at it day and night, with Columbus Mills' mule and cart, and went to every house in every street in all them villages—I hed a'most fifteen hundred dollars, safe stowed away under the pillows of my bed, all in solid gould and silver.

"But I warn't done. Thar was my bee-tree. Don't you think I waur gwine to lose that honey; no, my darlint. I didn't beat the drum about nothing. I didn't let on to a soul what I was a-doing. They axed me about the wild geese, but I sent 'em on a wild-geese chase; and 'twan't till I hed sold off all the b'ar meat and all the geese that I made ready

to git at that honey. I reckon them bees must ha' been making that honey for a hundred years, and was then driv out by the b'ars.

"Columbus Mills will tell you; he axed me all about it; but though he was always my good friend, I never even telled it to him. But he lent me his mule and cart, good fellow as he is, and never said nothing more; and, quiet enough, without beat of drum, I bought up all the tight-bound barrels that ever brought whisky to Spartanburg and Greenville, whar they hes the taste for that article strong; and day by day I went off carrying as many barrels as the cart could hold and the mule could draw. I tapped the old tree—which was one of the oldest and biggest chestnut oaks I ever did see—close to the bottom, and drew off the beautiful treacle. I was more than sixteen days about it, and got something over two thousand gallons of the purest, sweetest, yellowest honey you ever did see. I could hairdly git barrels and jimmyjohns enough to hold it; and I sold it out at seventy cents a gallon, which was mighty cheap. So I got from the honey a matter of fourteen hundred dollars.

"Now, Jedge, all this time, though it went very much agin the grain, I kept away from Merry Ann and the old squire, her daddy. I sent him two hundred head of geese—some fresh, say one hundred, and another hundred that I hed cleaned and put in salt—and I sent him three jimmyjohns of honey, five gallons each. But I kept away and said nothing, beat no drum, and hed never a thinking but how to git in the 'capital.' And I did git it in.

"When I carried the mule and cart home to Columbus Mills I axed him about a sartin farm of one hundred and sixty acres that he hed to sell. It hed a good house on it. He selled it to me cheap. I paid him down, and put the titles in my pocket. 'Thar's capital,' says I.

"That waur a fixed thing for ever and ever. And when I hed moved everything from the old cabin to the new farm, Columbus let me hev a fine milch cow that gin eleven quarts a day, with a beautiful young caif. Jest about that time thar was a great sale of the furniter of the Ashmore family down at Spartanburg, and I remembered I hed no decent bedstead, or anything rightly sarving for a young woman's chamber; so I went to the sale, and bought a fine strong mahogany bedstead, a dozen chairs, a chist of drawers, and some other things that ain't quite mentionable, Jedge, but all proper for a lady's chamber; and I soon hed the house fixed up ready for anything. And up to this

time I never let on to anybody what I was a-thinking about or what I was a-doing until I could stand up in my own doorway and look about me, and say to myself, 'This is my 'capital,' I reckon;' and when I hed got all that I thought a needcessity to git I took 'count of everything.

"I spread the title-deeds of my fairm out on the table. I read 'em over three times to see ef 'twaurs all right. Thar was my name several times in big letters, 'to hev and to hold.'

"Then I fixed the furniter. Then I brought out into the stable-yard the old mar'—you couldn't count her ribs *now*, and she was spry as ef she hed got a new conceit of herself.

"Then thar was my beautiful cow and caif, sealing fat, both on 'em, and sleek as a doe in autumn.

"Then thar waur a fine young mule that I bought in Spartanburg; my cart, and a strong second-hand buggy, that could carry two pasons convenient of two different sexes. And I felt big, like a man of consekence and capital.

"That warn't all.

"I had the shiners, Jedge, besides—all in gould and silver—none of your dirty rags and blotty spotty paper.

"I hed a grand count of my money, Jedge. I hed it in a dozen or twenty little bags of leather—the gould—and the silver I hed in shot-bags. It took me a whole morning to count it up and git the figgers right. Then I stuffed it in my pockets, hyar and thar, everywhar wharever I could stow a bag; and the silver I stuffed away in my saddle-bags, and clapped it on the mar'.

"Then I mounted myself, and sot the mar's nose straight in a bee-line for the fairm of Squire Hopson.

"I was a-gwine, you see, to surprise him with my 'capital'; but, fust, I meant to give him a mighty grand skeer.

"You see, when I was a-trading with Columbus Mills about the fairm and cattle and other things, I ups and tells him about my courting of Merry Ann; and when I telled him about Squire Hopson's talk about 'capital,' he says:

"'The old skunk! What right hes he to be talking big so when he kain't pay his own debts. He's been owing me three hundred and fifty dollars now gwine on three years, and I kain't git even the *intrust* out of him. I've got a mortgage on his fairm for the whole, and ef he won't let you hev his da'ter, jest you come to me, and I'll clap the screws to him in short order.'

"Says I, 'Columbus, won't you sell me that mortgage?'

"'You shill hev it for the face of the debt,' says he, 'not considerin' the intrust.'

"'It's a bargain,' says I; and I paid him down the money, and he signed the mortgage over to me for a vallyable consideration.

"I hed that beautiful paper in my breast pocket, and felt strong to face the squire in his own house, knowing how I could turn him out of it. And I mustn't forget to tell you how I got myself a new rig of clothing, with a mighty fine over-coat and a new fur cap; and as I looked in the glass I felt my consekence all over at every ra'd step I tuk; and I felt my inches growing with every pace of the mar' on the high-road to Merry Ann and her beautiful daddy.

"Well, Jedge, before I quite got to the squire's farm, who should come out to meet me in the road but Merry Ann, her own self. She hed spied me, I reckon, as I crossed the bald ridge a quarter of a mile away. I do reckon the dear gal hed been looking out for me every day the whole eleven days in the week, counting in all the Sundays. In the mountains, you know, Jedge, that the weeks sometimes run to twelve, and even fourteen days, specially when we're on a long camp-hunt.

"Well, Merry Ann cried and laughed together, she was so tarnation glad to see me agin. Says she:

"'Oh, Sam! I'm so glad to see you! I was afeard you had clean gin me up. And thar's that fusty old bachelor Grimstead, he's a-coming here a'most every day; and daddy, he swars that I shill marry, and nobody else; and mammy, she's at me too, all the time, telling how fine a fairm he's got, and what a nice carriage, and all that; and mammy says as how daddy'll be sure to beat me ef I don't hev him. But I kain't bear to look at him, the old grisly.'

"'Cuss him,' says I. 'Cuss him, Merry Ann.'

"And she did, but onder her breath—the old cuss.

"'Drot him!' says she; and she said louder, 'and drot me too, Sam, ef I ever marries anybody but you.'

"By this time I hed got down and gin her a long, strong hug, and a'most twenty or a dozen kisses, and I says:

"'You shan't marry nobody but me, Merry Ann; and we'll hev the marriage this very night, ef you says so.'

"'Oh! psho, Sam! How you does talk!'

"'Ef I don't marry you to-night, Merry Ann, I'm a holy mortar, and a sinner not to be saved by any salting, though you puts the petre

with the salt. I'm come for that very thing. Don't you see my new clothes?"

"Well, you hev got a beautiful coat, Sam; all so blue, and with sich shiny buttons."

"Look at my waistcoat, Merry Ann. What do you think of that?"

"Why, it's a most beautiful blue velvet."

"That's the very article," says I. "And see the breeches, Merry Ann; and the boots."

"Well," says she, "I'm fair astonished, Sam. Why, whar, Sam, did you find all the money for these fine things?"

"A beautiful young woman, a'most as beautiful as you, Merry Ann, come to me the very night of that day when your daddy driv me off with a flea in my ear. She come to me to my bed at midnight——"

"Oh, Sam! *ain't* you ashamed!"

"Twas in a dream, Merry Ann; and she tells me something to encourage me to go for'a'd, and I went for'a'd, bright and airy next morning, and I picked up three sarvants that hev been working for me ever sence."

"What sarvants?" says she.

"One was a goose, one was a b'ar, and t'other was a bee!"

"Now, you're a-fooling me, Sam."

"You'll see. Only you git yourself ready, for, by the eternal Hokies, I marries you this very night, and takes you home to my fairm bright and airy to-morrow morning."

"I do think, Sam, you must be downright crazy."

"You'll see and believe. Do you go home and get yourself fixed up for the wedding. Old Parson Stovall lives only two miles from your daddy, and I'll hev him hyar by sun-down. You'll see."

"But ef I waur to b'lieve you, Sam——"

"I've got on my wedding clothes o' purpose, Merry Ann."

"But I hain't got no clothes fit for a gal to be married in," says she.

"I'll marry you this very night, Merry Ann," says I, "though you hedn't a stitch of clothing at all!"

"Git out, you sassy Sam," says she, slapping my face. Then I kissed her in her very mouth, and a'ter that we walked on together, I leading the mar'.

"Says she, as we neared the house, 'Sam, let me go before, or stay hyar in the thick, and you go in by yourself. Daddy's in the hall smoking his pipe and reading the newspapers.'"

"We'll walk in together," says I, quite consekential.

"Says she, 'I'm so afeard.'"

"Don't you be afeard, Merry Ann," says

I; 'you'll see that all will come out jest as I tells you. We'll be hitched to-night ef Parson Stovall, or any other parson, kin be got to tie us up.'

"Says she, suddenly, 'Sam, you're a-walking lame, I'm a-thinking. What's the matter? Hev you hurt yourself any way?'"

"Says I, 'It's only owing to my not balancing my accounts even in my pockets. You see I feel so much like flying in the air with the idee of marrying you to-night that I filled my pockets with rocks, jest to keep me down.'"

"I do think, Sam, you're a leetle cracked in the upper story."

"Well," says I, 'ef so, the crack has let in a blessed chaine of the beautifullest sunlight! You'll see! Cracked, indeed! Ha, ha, ha! Wait till I've done with your daddy! I'm gwine to square accounts with *him*, and I reckon, when I'm done with him, you'll guess that the crack's in *his* skull, and not in mine.'

"What! you wouldn't knock my father, Sam!" says she, drawing off from me and looking skeary.

"Don't you be afeard; but it's very sartin, ef our heads don't come together, Merry Ann, you won't hev me for your husband to-night. And that's what I've swore upon. Hyar we air!"

"When we got to the yard I led in the mar', and Merry Ann she ran away from me and dodged round the house. I hitched the mar' to the post, took off the saddle-bags, which was mighty heavy, and walked into the house stiff enough I tell you, though the Gould in my pockets pretty much weighed me down as I walked."

"Well, in I walked, and thar sat the old squire smoking his pipe and reading the newspaper. He looked at me through his spees over the newspaper, and when he seed who 'twas his mouth put on that same conceited sort of grin and smile that he ginerally hed when he spoke to me."

"Well," says he, gruffly enough, 'it's you, Sam Snaffles, is it?' Then he seems to dis-kiver my new clothes and boots, and he sings out, 'Heigh! you're tip-toe fine to-day! What fool of a shopkeeper in Spartanburg have you tuk in this time, Sam?'"

"Says I, cool enough, 'I'll answer all them iligant questions a'ter a while, squire; but would prefer to see to business fust.'"

"Business!" says he; 'and what business kin you hev with me, I wants to know?'"

"You shall know, squire, soon enough! and I only hopes it will be to your liking a'ter you larn it."

"So I laid my saddle-bags down at my feet and tuk a chair quite at my ease; and I could see that he was all astare in wonderment at what he thought my sassiness. As I felt I had my hook in his gills, though he didn't know it yit, I felt in the humour to tickle him and play him as we does a trout.

"Says I, 'Squire Hopson, you owes a sartin amount of money, say 350 dollars, with intrust on it for now three years, to Dr. Columbus Mills.'

"At this he squares round, looks me full in the face, and says:

"What the Old Harry's that to you?"

"Says I, gwine on cool and straight, 'You gin him a mortgage on this fairm for security.'

"What's that to you?' says he.

"The mortgage is over-due by two years, squire,' says I.

"What the Old Harry's all that to you, I say?' he fairly roared out.

"Well, nothing much, I reckon. The three hundred and fifty dollars, with three years' intrust at seven per cent., making it now—I've calkelated it all without compounding—something over four hundred and twenty-five dollars—well, squire, that's not much to you, I reckon, with your large capital. But it's something to me.'

"But I ask you again, sir,' he says, 'what is all this to you?"

"Jist about what I tells you—say four hundred and twenty-five dollars; and I've come hyar this morning, bright and airly, in hope you'll be able to square up and satisfy the mortgage. Hyar's the dockymment.'

"And I drawed the paper from my breast-pocket.

"And you tell me that Dr. Mills sent you hyar,' says he, 'to collect this money?"

"No; I come myself on my own hook.'

"Well,' says he, 'you shill hev your answer at onst. Take that paper back to Dr. Mills and tell him that I'll take an airly opportunity to call and arrange the business with him. You hev your answer, sir,' he says, quite grand, 'and the sooner you makes yourself scarce the better.'

"Much obleeged to you, squire, for your ceveelity,' says I; 'but I ain't quite satisfied with that answer. I've come for the money due on this paper, and must hev it, squire, or thar will be what the lawyers call *four closures* upon it!"

"Enough! tell Dr. Mills I will answer his demand in person."

"You needn't trouble yourself, squire;

for ef you'll jest look at the back of that paper and read the 'signmeant, you'll see that you've got to settle with Sam Snaffles, and not with Columbus Mills.'

"Then he snatches up the dockymment, turns it over, and reads the rigilar 'signmeant, writ in Columbus Mills' own handwrite.

"Then the squire looks at me with a great stare, and he says, to himself like:

"It's a *bonny fodder* 'signmeant.'

"Yes,' says I, 'it's *bonny fodder*—rigilar in law—and the titles all made out complete to me, Sam Snaffles; signed, sealed, and delivered, as the lawyers says it.'

"And how the Old Harry come you by this paper?' says he.

"I was gitting riled, and I was detarmined, this time, to gin my hook a pretty sharp jerk in his gills; so I says:

"See, I've got my wedding-breeches on. I'm to be married to-night, and I wants to take my wife to her own fairm as soon as I kin. Now, you see, squire, I all along set my hairt on this fairm of yourn, and I detarmined ef ever I could git the 'capital,' to get hold of it; and that was the idee I hed when I bought the 'signmeant of the mortgage from Columbus Mills. So, you see, ef you kain't pay a'ter three years, you never kin pay, I reckon; and ef I don't git my money this day, why—I kain't help it—the lawyers will hev to see to the *four closures* to-morrow!"

"Great God, sir!' says he, rising out of his chair, and crossing the room up and down, 'do you coolly propose to turn me and my family headlong out of my house?"

"Well now,' says I, 'squire, that's not edzactly the way to put it. As I reads this dockymment'—and I tuk up and put the mortgage in my pocket—'the house and fairm are *mine* by law. They onst was yourn; but it wants nothing now but the *four closures* to make 'em mine.'

"And would you force the sale of property worth two thousand dollars and more for a miserable four hundred dollars?"

"It must sell for what it'll bring, squire; and I stands ready to buy it for my wife, you see, ef it costs me twice as much as the mortgage."

"Your wife!' says he; 'who the Old Harry is she? You once pertended to have an affection for my da'ter.'

"So I hed; but you hedn't the proper affection for your da'ter that I hed. You prefar'd money to her affections, and you drive me off to git 'capital!' Well, I tuk your advice, and I've got the capital."

"'And whar the Old Harry,' said he, 'did you get it?'"

"'Well, I made good tairms with the old devil for a hundred years, and he found me in the money.'

"'It must hev been so,' said he. 'You waur not the man to git capital in any other way.'

"'Then he goes on: 'But what becomes of your pertended affection for my da'ter?'"

"'Twan't pertended; but you throwed yourself betwixt us with all your force, and broke the gal's hairt, and broke mine, so far as you could; and as I couldn't live without company, I hed to look for myself and find a wife as I could. I tell you, as I'm to be married to-night, and as I've sworn a most eternal oath to hev this fairm, you'll hev to raise the wind to-day, and square off with me, or the lawyers will be at you with the *four closures* to-morrow, bright and airly.'

"'Dod dern you!' he cries out. 'Does you want to drive me mad?'"

"'By no manner of means,' says I, jest about as cool and quiet as a cowcumber.

"'The poor old squire fairly sweated, but he couldn't say much. He'd come up to me and say:

"'Ef you only did love Merry Ann!'"

"'Oh,' says I, 'what's the use of your talking that? Ef you only hed ha' loved your own da'ter!'"

Then the old chap begun to cry, and as I seed that I jest kicked over my saddle-bags lying at my feet, and the silver Mexicans rolled out—a bushel on 'em, I reckon—and, oh, Lawd! how the old fellow jumped, staring with all his eyes at me and the dollars.

"'It's money,' says he.

"'Yes,' says I, 'jest a few hundreds of thousands of *my* 'capital.' I didn't stop at the figgers, you see.

"'Then he turns to me, and says, 'Sam Snaffles, you're a most wonderful man. You're a mystery to me. Whar, in the name of Heaven, hev you been? and what hev you been doing? and whar did you git all this power of capital?'"

"'I jest laughed, and went to the door and called Merry Ann. She come mighty quick. I reckon she was watching and waiting.

"'Says I, 'Merry Ann, that's money. Pick it up and put it back in the saddle-bags, ef you please.'

"'Then says I, turning to the old man, 'Thar's that whole bushel of Mexicans, I reckon. Thar monstrous heavy. My old mar—ax her about her ribs now!—she fairly squelched onder the weight of me and that

money. And I'm pretty heavy loaded myself. I must lighten, with your leave, squire.'

"'And I pulled out a leetle doeskin bag of gould half-eagles from my right-hand pocket and poured them out upon the table; then I emptied my left-hand pocket, then the side-pockets of the coat, then the skairt-pockets, and jist spread the shiners out upon the table.

"'Merry Ann was fairly frightened, and run out of the room; then the old woman she come in, and as the old squire seed her, he tuk her by the shoulder and said:

"'Jest you look at that thar.'

"'And when she looked and seed, the poor old hypercritical scamp sinner turned round to me and flung her airms round my neck, and said:

"'I always said you waur the only right man for Merry Ann.'

"'The oia spooney!"

"'Well, we were married that night, and hev been comfortable ever since."

That was the end of Yaou's story.

THE PARISH POOR-HOUSE.

There in yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;—
There children dwell who know no parent's care;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve,
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixed with the clamours of the crowd below;
Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whose laws indeed for ruined age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.

Say ye, oppress'd by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock-patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone, can cure;

How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
 Despised, neglected, left alone to die?
 How would ye bear to draw your latest breath,
 Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?
 Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
 And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
 Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
 And lath and mud are all that lie between;
 Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patched, gives way
 To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
 Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
 The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
 For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
 Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
 No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
 Nor promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

GEORGE CRABBE.

THOUGHTS AND APHORISMS.

FROM SWIFT.

An old miser kept a tame jackdaw, that used to steal pieces of money, and hide them in a hole, which the cat observing, asked, "Why he would hoard up those round shining things that he could make no use of?" "Why," said the jackdaw, "my master has a whole chestful, and makes no more use of them than I."

If the men of wit and genius would resolve never to complain in their works of critics and detractors, the next age would not know that they ever had any.

I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.

Imaginary evils soon become real ones, by indulging our reflections on them; as he, who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or the wainscot, can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.

Men of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public business, because they are apt to go out of the common road by the quickness of their imagination. This I once said to my Lord Bolingbroke, and desired he would observe, that the clerks in his office used a sort of ivory knife with a blunt edge to divide a sheet of paper, which never failed to cut it even, only requiring a steady hand; whereas if they should make use of a sharp penknife, the sharpness would make it often go out of the crease, and disfigure the paper.

"He who does not provide for his own house," St. Paul says, "is worse than an infidel."

And I think he who provides only for his own house, is just equal with an infidel.

When I am reading a book, whether wise or silly, it seems to me to be alive, and talking to me.

I never yet knew a wag (as the term is) who was not a dunce.

A person reading to me a dull poem of his own making, I prevailed on him to scratch out six lines together; in turning over the leaf, the ink being wet, it marked as many lines on the other side; whereof the poet complaining, I bid him be easy, for it would be better if those were out too.

We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.

When we desire or solicit anything, our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our minds run wholly on the bad ones.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

Would a writer know how to behave himself with relation to posterity, let him consider in old books what he finds that he is glad to know, and what omissions he most laments.

It is grown a word of course for writers to say, "this critical age," as divines say, "this sinful age."

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next: "Future ages shall talk of this: this shall be famous to all posterity;" whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now.

I never heard a finer piece of satire against lawyers, than that of astrologers, when they pretend by rules of art to tell when a suit will end, and whether to the advantage of the plaintiff or defendant; thus making the matter depend entirely upon the influence of the stars, without the least regard to the merits of the cause.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities, which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbours and passengers, but not the owner within.

If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, &c., beginning from his youth, and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last!

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable; for the happy impute all their success to prudence or merit.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

Arbitrary power is the natural object of temptation to a prince; as wine or women to a young fellow, or a bribe to a judge, or avarice to old age, or vanity to a woman.

The humour of exploding many things under the name of trifles, fopperies, and only imaginary goods, is a very false proof either of wisdom or magnanimity, and a great check to virtuous actions. For instance, with regard to fame; there is in most people a reluctance and unwillingness to be forgotten. We observe, even among the vulgar, how fond they are to have an inscription over their grave. It requires but little philosophy to discover and observe that there is no intrinsic value in all this; however, if it be founded in our nature, as an incitement to virtue, it ought not to be ridiculed.

Complaint is the largest tribute Heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth; so people come faster out of church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride. Vain men delight in telling what honours have been done them, what great company they have kept, and the like, by which they plainly confess that these honours were more than their due, and such as their friends would not believe if they had not been told: whereas a man truly proud thinks the greatest honours below his merit, and consequently scorns to boast. I therefore deliver it as a

maxim, that whoever desires the character of a proud man, ought to conceal his vanity.

I have known several persons of great fame for wisdom in public affairs and councils governed by foolish servants.

I have known great ministers, distinguished for wit and learning, who preferred none but dunces.

I have known men of great valour cowards to their wives.

I have known men of the greatest cunning perpetually cheated.

Dignity, high station, or great riches, are in some sort necessary to old men, in order to keep the younger at a distance, who are otherwise too apt to insult them upon the score of their age.

Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old.

Love of flattery, in most men, proceeds from the mean opinion they have of themselves; in women, from the contrary.

Kings are commonly said to have long hands; I wish they had as long ears.

Princes, in their infancy, childhood, and youth, are said to discover prodigious parts and wit, to speak things that surprise and astonish: strange, so many hopeful princes, so many shameful kings! If they happen to die young, they would have been prodigies of wisdom and virtue: if they live, they are often prodigies, indeed, but of another sort.

Apollo was held the god of physic and sender of diseases. Both were originally the same trade, and still continue.

"That was excellently observed," said I, when I read a passage in an author where his opinion agrees with mine: when we differ, there I pronounce him to be mistaken.

Very few men, properly speaking, live at present; but are providing to live another time.

As universal a practice as lying is, and as easy a one as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good lies in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty.

FROM POPE.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us: it being with the follies of the mind, as with the weeds of a field, which, if destroyed and consumed upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever sprung there.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves, which we cannot suffer in others, is neither

better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves, than to have others so.

Our passions are like convulsion fits, which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us weaker ever after.

A brave man thinks no one his superior, who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other, by forgiving it.

To relieve the oppressed, is the most glorious act a man is capable of; it is in some measure doing the business of God and Providence.

What Tully says of war, may be applied to disputing; it should be always so managed as to remember, that the only end of it is peace: but, generally, true disputants are like true sportsmen, their whole delight is in the pursuit: and a disputant no more cares for the truth, than the sportsman for the hare.

Such as are still observing upon others, are like those who are always abroad at other men's houses, reforming everything there, while their own run to ruin.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

The greatest advantage I know of being thought a wit by the world, is, that it gives one the greater freedom of playing the fool.

We ought, in humanity, no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind, than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at one for having his brains cracked, than for having his head broke.

A man of wit is not incapable of business, but above it. A sprightly generous horse is able to carry a pack-saddle as well as an ass, but he is too good to be put to the drudgery.

Giving advice is, many times, only the privilege of saying a foolish thing one's self, under pretence of hindering another from doing one.

A person who is too nice an observer of the business of the crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the labour of bees, will often be stung for his curiosity.

It is a certain truth, that a man is never so easy, or so little imposed upon, as among people of the best sense; it costs far more trouble to be admitted or continued in ill company than in good; as the former have less understanding to be employed, so they have more vanity to be pleased; and to keep a fool constantly in good humour with himself, and with others, is no very easy task.

The difference between what is commonly called ordinary company and good company,

is only hearing the same things said in a little room or in a large saloon, at small tables or at great tables, before two candles or twenty sconces.

It is with narrowed-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing, more a cunning thing, but very few a generous thing.

The most positive men are the most credulous; since they most believe themselves, and advise most with their falsest flatterer, and worst enemy, their own self-love.

There is nothing wanting, to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.

We are sometimes apt to wonder to see those people proud, who have done the meanest things, whereas a consciousness of having done poor things, and a shame of hearing them, often make the composition we call pride.

An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie: for an excuse is a lie guarded.

Praise is like ambergris; a little whiff of it, and by snatches, is very agreeable: but when a man holds a whole lump of it to your nose, it is a stink, and strikes you down.

The general cry is against ingratitude; be sure the complaint is misplaced, it should be against vanity. None but direct villains are capable of wilful ingratitude; but almost everybody is capable of thinking he has done more than another deserves, while the other thinks he has received less than he deserves.

I never knew a man in my life, who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness, or ill grace, in little and inconsiderable things, than in expenses of any consequence. A very few pounds a year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice.¹

The people all running to the capital city, is like a confluence of all the animal spirits to the heart; a symptom that the constitution is in danger.

The greatest things and the most praiseworthy, that can be done for the public good, are not what require great parts, but great honesty: therefore for a king to make an ami-

¹ It is said of Frederick the Great that an additional guinea was only wanting to render his fêtes and entertainments magnificent.

able character, he needs only to be a man of common honesty, well advised.

There is nothing meritorious but virtue and friendship; and indeed friendship itself is but a part of virtue.

FROM LAVATER.

He who is open, without levity; generous, without waste; secret, without craft; humble, without meanness; cautious, without anxiety; regular, yet not formal; mild, yet not timid; firm, yet not tyrannical: is made to pass the ordeal of honour, friendship, virtue.

He who begins with severity in judging of another, ends commonly with falsehood.

A sneer is often the sign of heartless malignity.

There is a manner of forgiving so divine, that you are ready to embrace the offender for having called it forth.

He who is master of the fittest moment to crush his enemy, and magnanimously neglects it, is born to be a conqueror.

Everything may be mimicked by hypocrisy, but humility and love united. The humblest star twinkles most in the darkest night. The more rare humility and love unite, the more radiant when they meet.

The wrath that on conviction subsides into mildness, is the wrath of a generous mind.

If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; I shall say indolence: who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest.

Avoid the eye that discovers with rapidity the bad, and is slow to see the good.

Sagacity in selecting the good, and courage to honour it, according to its degree, determines your own degree of goodness.

Who cuts is easily wounded. The reader you are to offend, the sooner you are offended.

He who is respectable when thinking himself alone and free from observation, will be so before the eye of all the world.

The manner of giving shows the character of the giver more than the gift itself: there is a princely manner of giving and a royal manner of accepting.

He who affects useless singularity, has a little mind.

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint: the affectation of sanctity is a blotch on the face of piety.

The wrangler, the puzzler, the word-hunter, are incapable of great actions.

Who, at the relation of some unmerited misfortune smiles, is either a fool, a fiend, or a villain.

Know, that the great art to love your enemy consists in never losing sight of *man* in him: humanity has power over all that is human; the most inhuman man still remains man, and never *can* throw off all taste for what belongs to man—but you must learn to wait.

The most abhorred thing in nature is the face that smiles abroad, and flashes fury when it returns to the lap of a tender, helpless family.

Between passion and lie there is not a finger's breadth.

Then talk of patience, when you have borne him who has none, without repining.

Trust not him with your secrets, who, when left alone in your room, turns over your papers.

It is possible that a wise and good man may be prevailed on to game; but it is impossible that a professed gamester should be a wise and great man.

He who believes not in virtue, must be vicious; all faith is only the reminiscence of the good that once arose and the omen of the good that may arise within us.

If you mean to know yourself, interline such of these aphorisms as affected you, and set a mark to such as left a sense of uneasiness with you, and then show your copy to whom you please.

PLEASURES OF PROMISE.

Things may be well to seem that are not well to be,
And thus hath fancy's dream been realized to me.
We deem the distant tide a blue and solid ground;
We seek the green hill's side, and thorns are only found.

Is hope then ever so?—or is it as a tree,
Whereon fresh blossoms grow, for those that faded be?
Oh, who may think to sail from peril and from snare,
When rocks beneath us fail, and bolts are in the air?

Yet hope the storm can quell with a soft and happy
tune,
Or hang December's cell with figures caught from June:
And even unto me there cometh, less forlorn,
An impulse from the sea, a promise from the morn.

When summer shadows break, and gentle winds rejoice,
On mountain or on lake ascends a constant voice
With a hope and with a pride, its music woke of old,
And every pulse replied in tales as fondly told.

Though illusion aids no more the poetry of youth,
Its fabled sweetness o'er, it leaves a pensive truth:—
That tears the sight obscure, that sounds the ear betray,
That nothing can allure the heart to go astray.

S. LAMAN BLANCHARD.

THE VISION OF THE MAID OF
ORLEANS.¹

[Robert Southey, LL.D., born at Bristol, 12th August, 1774; died at Keswick, Cumberland, 21st March, 1843. Poet, historian, biographer, and miscellaneous writer. For some time he was uncertain what profession to adopt: his friends advised the church; he flirted with law, and at length devoted himself to literature. In 1807 he received a pension of £144 a year for literary services; in 1813 he was appointed poet laureate; in 1835 he was placed on the civil list for £300 a year, and Sir Robert Peel offered him a baronetcy, which he declined. Of his numerous works we may mention, amongst his poems: *Joan of Arc*; *Thalaba the Destroyer*; *Madoc*; *Metrical Tales and other Poems*; *Roderick*; *the Last of the Goths*; *Wat Tyler*; *The Curse of Kehama*; *The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo*, &c. Amongst his prose writings—*The Life of Nelson*—which Macaulay said was, "beyond all doubt, the most perfect of his works"—*Life of John Wesley*; *History of the Peninsular War*; *Lives of Uneducated Poets*; *Essays, Moral and Political*, &c. In his *Poetic Literature*, D. M. Moir observed: "Southey shone in the paths of gentle meditation and philosophic reflection; but his chief strength lay in description, where he had few equals. . . . His capacious mind may be likened to a variegated continent, one region of which is damp with fogs, rough with rocks, barren and unprofitable; the other bright with glorious sunshine, valleys of rich luxuriance, and forests of perpetual verdure." *Joan of Arc* was his first publication of any importance, and appeared in 1795. In his later years the poet carefully revised the poem for the complete edition of his works published by Longmans and Co. *The Maid of Orleans*—so-called on account of her heroic defence of that city—was born in the hamlet of Domremy, near the Meuse, in 1410 or 1411, and her marvellous career closed in May, 1431, in the market-place of Rouen, where she was burned as a sorceress. Southey in his preface to the poem wrote: "That she believed herself inspired, few will deny; that she was inspired, few will venture to assert; and it is difficult to believe that she was herself imposed upon by Charles and Dunois. That she discovered the king when he disguised himself, among the courtiers, to deceive her, and that, as a proof of her mission, she demanded a sword from the tomb of St. Catherine, are facts in which all historians agree. . . . The Maid was not knowingly an impostor."]]

Orleans was hush'd in sleep. Stretch'd on her couch
The delegated Maiden lay: with toil
Exhausted, and sore anguish, soon she closed
Her heavy eyelids; not reposing then,
For busy phantasy in other scenes
Awaken'd: whether that superior powers,
By wise permission, prompt the midnight dream,

¹ In the first edition of *Joan of Arc* this Vision formed the ninth book, allegorical machinery having been introduced throughout the poem as originally written. All that remained of such machinery was expunged in the second edition, and the Vision was then struck out, as no longer according with the general design.

Instructing best the passive faculty;
Or that the soul, escaped its fleshly clog,
Flies free, and soars amid the invisible world,
And all things are that seem.

Along a moor,
Barren, and wide, and drear, and desolate,
She roam'd, a wanderer through the cheerless night.
Far through the silence of the unbroken plain
The bitter'n's boom was heard; hoarse, heavy, deep,
It made accordant music to the scene.
Black clouds, driven fast before the stormy wind,
Swept shadowing: through their broken folds the moon
Struggled at times with transitory ray,
And made the moving darkness visible.
And now arrived beside a fenny lake
She stands, amid whose stagnate waters, hoarse
The long reeds rustled to the gale of night.
A time-worn bark receives the maid, impell'd
By powers unseen; then did the moon display
Where through the crazy vessel's yawning side
The muddy waters oozed. A woman guides,
And spreads the sail before the wind, which mourn'd
As melancholy mournful to her ear,
As ever by a dungeon'd wretch was heard
Howling at evening round his prison towers.
Wan was the pilot's countenance, her eyes
Hollow, and her sunk cheeks were furrow'd deep,
Channell'd by tears! a few gray locks hung down
Beneath her hood: and through the maiden's veins
Chill crept the blood, when, as the night-breeze pass'd,
Lifting her tatter'd mantle, coil'd around
She saw a serpent gnawing at her heart.

The plumeless bats with short shrill note flit by.
And the night-raven's scream came fitfully,
Borne on the hollow blast. Eager the Maid
Look'd to the shore, and now upon the bank
Leapt, joyful to escape, yet trembling still
In recollection.

There, a mouldering pile
Stretch'd its wide ruins, o'er the plain below
Casting a gloomy shade, save where the moon
Shone through its fretted windows: the dark yew,
Withering with age, branch'd there its naked roots,
And there the melancholy cypress rear'd
Its head; the earth was heaved with many a mound,
And here and there a half-demolish'd tomb.

And now, amid the ruin's darkest shade,
The virgin's eye beheld where pale blue flames
Rose wavering, now just gleaming from the earth,
And now in darkness drown'd. An aged man
Sat near, seated on what in long-past days
Had been some sculptured monument, now fallen
And half-obscured by moss, and gather'd heaps
Of wither'd yew-leaves and earth-mouldering bones.
His eye was large and rayless, and fix'd full
Upon the maid; the tomb-fires on his face
Shed a blue light; his face was of the hue
Of death; his limbs were mantled in a shroud.
Then with a deep heart-terrifying voice,

Exclaim'd the spectre, "Welcome to these realms,
These regions of despair, O thou whose steps
Sorrow hath guided to my sad abodes!
Welcome to my drear empire, to this gloom
Eternal, to this everlasting night,
Where never morning darts the enlivening ray,
Where never shines the sun, but all is dark,
Dark as the bosom of their gloomy king."

So saying, he arose, and drawing on,
Her to the abbey's inner ruin led,
Resisting not his guidance. Through the roof
Once fretted and emblazed, but broken now
In part, elsewhere all open to the sky,
The moonbeams enter'd, chequer'd here, and here
With unimpeded light. The ivy twined
Round the dismantled columns; imaged forms
Of saints and warlike chiefs, moss-canker'd now
And mutilate, lay strewn upon the ground,
With crumbled fragments, crucifixes fallen,
And rusted trophies. Meantime overhead
Roar'd the loud blast, and from the tower the owl
Scream'd as the tempest shook her secret nest.
He, silent, led her on, and often paused,
And pointed, that her eye might contemplate
At leisure the drear scene.

He dragg'd her on
Through a low iron door, down broken stairs;
Then a cold horror through the maiden's frame
Crept, for she stood amid a vault, and saw,
By the sepulchral lamp's dim glaring light,
The fragments of the dead.

"Look here!" he cried,
"Damsel, look here! survey this house of death;
O soon to tenant it; soon to increase
These trophies of mortality, . . . for hence
Is no return. Gaze here; behold this skull,
These eyeless sockets, and these unflesh'd jaws,
That with their ghastly grinning seem to mock
Thy perishable charms; for thus thy cheek
Must moulder. Child of grief! shrinks not thy soul,
Viewing these horrors? trembles not thy heart
At the dread thought that here its life's blood soon
Shall stagnate, and the finely-fibred frame,
Now warm in life and feeling, mingle soon
With the cold clod? thing horrible to think, . . .
Yet in thought only, for reality
Is none of suffering here; here all is peace;
No nerve will throb to anguish in the grave.
Dreadful it is to think of losing life,
But having lost, knowledge of loss is not,
Therefore no ill. Oh, wherefore then delay
To end all ills at once!"

So spake Despair.
The vaulted roof echoed his hollow voice,
And all again was silence. Quick her heart
Panted. He placed a dagger in her hand,
And cried again, "Oh wherefore then delay!
One blow, and rest for ever!" On the fiend
Dark scowl'd the virgin with indignant eye,
And threw the dagger down. He next his heart

Replaced the murderous steel, and drew the maid
Along the downward vault.

The damp earth gave
A dim sound as they pass'd: the tainted air
Was cold, and heavy with unwholesome dews.
"Behold!" the fiend exclaim'd, "how loathsomely
The fleshly remnant of mortality
Moulders to clay!" then fixing his broad eye
Full on her face, he pointed where a corpse
Lay livid; she beheld with horrent look,
The spectacle abhorr'd by living man.

"Look here!" Despair pursued, "this loathsome mass
Was once as lovely, and as full of life
As, damsel, thou art now. Those deep-sunk eyes
Once beam'd the mild light of intelligence,
And where thou seest the pamper'd flesh-worm trail,
Once the white bosom heaved. She fondly thought
That at the hallow'd altar, soon the priest
Should bless her coming union, and the torch
Its joyful lustre o'er the hall of joy,
Cast on her nuptial evening: earth to earth
That priest consign'd her, for her lover went
By glory lured to war, and perish'd there;
Nor she endured to live. Ha! fades thy cheek?
Dost thou then, maiden, tremble at the tale?
Look here! behold the youthful paramour!
The self-devoted hero!"

Fearfully
The maid look'd down, and saw the well-known face
Of Theodore. In thoughts unspeakable,
Convulsed with horror, o'er her face she clasp'd
Her cold damp hands: "Shrink not," the phantom
cried,

"Gaze on!" and unrelentingly he grasp'd
Her quivering arm: "this lifeless mouldering clay,
As well thou know'st, was warm with all the glow
Of youth and love; this is the hand that cleft
Proud Salisbury's crest, now motionless in death,
Unable to protect the ravaged frame
From the foul offspring of mortality
That feed on heroes. Though long years were thine
Yet never more would life reanimate
This slaughter'd youth; slaughter'd for thee! for thou
Didst lead him to the battle from his home,
Where else he had survived to good old age:
In thy defence he died: strike then! destroy
Remorse with life."

The Maid stood motionless,
And, wistless what she did, with trembling hand
Received the dagger. Starting then, she cried,
"Avaunt, Despair! Eternal Wisdom deals
Or peace to man, or misery, for his good
Alike design'd; and shall the creature cry,
'Why hast thou done this?' and with impious pride
Destroy the life God gave?"

The fiend rejoind,
"And thou dost deem it impious to destroy
The life God gave? What, Maiden, is the lot
Assign'd to mortal man? born but to drag,
Through life's long pilgrimage, the wearying load

Of being; care-corroded at the heart;
 Assail'd by all the numerous train of ills
 That flesh inherits; till at length worn out,
 This is his consummation!—Think again!
 What, Maiden, canst thou hope from lengthen'd life,
 But lengthen'd sorrow? If protracted long,
 Till on the bed of death thy feeble limbs
 Stretch out their languid length, oh think what thoughts,
 What agonizing feelings, in that hour,
 Assail the sinking heart! slow beats the pulse,
 Dim grows the eye, and clammy drops bedew
 The shuddering frame; then in its mightiest force,
 Mightiest in impotence, the love of life
 Seizes the throbbing heart; the faltering lips
 Pour out the impious prayer that fain would change
 The Unchangeable's decree; surrounding friends
 Sob round the sufferer, wet his cheeks with tears;
 And all he loved in life embitters death.

"Such, Maiden, are the pangs that wait the hour
 Of easiest dissolution! yet weak man
 Resolves, in timid piety, to live;
 And veiling fear in superstition's garb,
 He calls her resignation!

Coward wretch!

Fond coward, thus to make his reason war
 Against his reason. Insect as he is,
 This sport of chance, this being of a day,
 Whose whole existence the next cloud may blast,
 Believes himself the care of heavenly powers,
 That God regards man, miserable man,
 And preaching thus of power and providence,
 Will crush the reptile that may cross his path!

"Fool that thou art! the Being that permits
 Existence, gives to man the worthless boon:
 A goodly gift to those who, fortune-blest,
 Bask in the sunshine of prosperity,
 And such do well to keep it. But to one
 Sick at the heart with misery, and sore
 With many a hard unmerited affliction,
 It is a hair that chains to wretchedness
 The slave who dares not burst it!

Thinkest thou,

The parent, if his child should unrecalled
 Return and fall upon his neck, and cry,
 'Oh! the wide world is comfortless, and full
 Of fleeting joys and heart-consuming cares,
 I can be only happy in my home
 With thee—my friend!—my father!' Thinkest thou,
 That he would thrust him as an outcast forth?
 Oh! he would clasp the truant to his heart,
 And love the trespass."

Whilst he spake, his eye
 Dwelt on the Maiden's cheek, and read her soul
 Struggling within. In trembling doubt she stood,
 Even as a wretch, whose fathom'd entrails crave
 Supply, before him sees the poison'd food
 In greedy horror.

Yet, not silent long.

"Eloquent tempter, cease!" the Maiden cried,

"What though affliction be my portion here,
 Thinkest thou I do not feel high thoughts of joy,
 Of heart-ennobling joy, when I look back
 Upon a life of duty well perform'd,
 Then lift mine eyes to heaven, and there in faith
 Know my reward? . . . I grant, were this life all,
 Was there no morning to the tomb's long night,
 If man did mingle with the senseless clod,
 Himself as senseless, then wert thou indeed
 A wise and friendly comforter! . . . But, fiend,
 There is a morning to the tomb's long night,
 A dawn of glory, a reward in heaven,
 He shall not gain who never merited.
 If thou didst know the worth of one good deed
 In life's last hour, thou would'st not bid me lose
 The precious privilege, while life endures
 To do my Father's will. A mighty task
 Is mine, . . . a glorious call. France looks to me
 For her deliverance."

"Maiden, thou hast done
 Thy mission here," the unabashed fiend replied:
 "The foes are fled from Orleans; thou, perchance
 Exulting in the pride of victory,
 Forgettest him who perish'd: yet albeit
 Thy harden'd heart forget the gallant youth,
 That hour allotted canst thou not escape,
 That dreadful hour, when contumely and shame
 Shall sojourn in thy dungeon. Wretched Maid!
 Destined to drain the cup of bitterness,
 Even to its dregs, . . . England's inhuman chiefs
 Shall scoff thy sorrows, blacken thy pure fame,
 Wit-wanton it with lewd barbarity,
 And force such burning blushes to the cheek
 Of virgin modesty, that thou shalt wish
 The earth might cover thee. In that last hour,
 When thy bruise'd breast shall heave beneath the chains
 That link thee to the stake, a spectacle
 For the brute multitude, and thou shalt hear
 Mockery more painful than the circling flames
 Which then consume thee; wilt thou not in vain
 Then wish my friendly aid? then wish thine ear
 Had drunk my words of comfort? that thy hand
 Had grasp'd the dagger, and in death preserved
 Insulted modesty?"

Her glowing cheek
 Blush'd crimson; her wide eye on vacancy
 Was fix'd; her breath short panted. The cold fiend,
 Grasping her hand, exclaim'd, "Too timid Maid,
 So long repugnant to the healing aid
 My friendship proffers, now shalt thou behold
 The allotted length of life."

He stamp'd the earth,
 And dragging a huge coffin as his car,
 Two Ghouls came on, of form more fearful-foul
 Than ever palsied in her wildest dream
 Hag-ridden Superstition. Then Despair
 Seized on the Maid, whose curdling blood stood still,
 And placed her in the seat, and on they pass'd
 Adown the deep descent. A meteor light
 Shot from the demons, as they dragg'd along
 The unwelcome load, and mark'd their brethren feast
 On carcasses.

Below, the vault dilates
 Its ample bulk. "Look here!"—Despair address
 The shuddering virgin, "see the dome of Death!"
 It was a spacious cavern, hewn amid
 The entrails of the earth, as though to form
 A grave for all mankind: no eye could reach
 Its distant bounds. There, thronged in darkness, dwelt
 The unseen power of Death.

Here stopt the Gouls,
 Reaching the destined spot. The fiend stepped out,
 And from the coffin as he led the Maid,
 Exclaim'd, "Where mortal never stood before,
 Thou standest: look around this boundless vault;
 Observe the dole that nature deals to man,
 And learn to know thy friend."

She answer'd not,
 Observing where the Fates their several tasks
 Plied ceaseless. "Mark how long the shortest web
 Allow'd to man!" he cried; "observe how soon,
 Twined round yon never-resting wheel, they change
 Their snowy hue, darkening through many a shade,
 Till Atropos relentless shuts the sheers."

Too true he spake, for of the countless threads,
 Drawn from the heap, as white as unsunn'd snow,
 Or as the spotless lily of the vale,
 Was never one beyond the little span
 Of infancy untainted; few there were
 But lightly tinged; more of deep crimson hue,
 Or deeper sable dyed. Two Genii stood,
 Still as the web of being was drawn forth,
 Sprinkling their powerful drops. From ebon urn,
 The one unsparing dash'd the bitter drops
 Of woe; and as he dash'd, his dark-brown brow
 Relax'd to a hard smile. The milder form
 Shed less profusely there his lesser store;
 Sometimes with tears increasing the scant boon,
 Compassionating man; and happy he
 Who on his thread those precious tears receives;
 If it be happiness to have the pulse
 That throbs with pity, and in such a world
 Of wretchedness, the generous heart that aches
 With anguish at the sight of human woe.

To her the fiend, well hoping now success,
 "This is thy thread; observe how short the span;
 And little doth the evil Genius spare
 His bitter tincture there." The Maiden saw
 Calmly. "Now gaze!" the tempter fiend exclaim'd,
 And placed again the poniard in her hand,
 For Superstition, with a burning torch,
 Approach'd the loom. "This, damsel, is thy fate!
 The hour draws on—now strike the dagger home!
 Strike now, and be at rest!"

The Maid replied,
 "Or to prevent or change the will of Heaven,
 Impious I strive not: let that will be done!"

She spake, and lo! celestial radiance beam'd
 Amid the air, such odours wafting now

As erst came blended with the evening gale,
 From Eden's bowers of bliss. An angel form
 Stood by the Maid; his wings, ethereal white,
 Flash'd like the diamond in the noontide sun,
 Dazzling her mortal eye: all else appear'd
 Her Theodore.

Amazed she saw: the fiend
 Was fled, and on her ear the well-known voice
 Sounded, though now more musically sweet
 Than ever yet had thrill'd her soul attuned,
 When eloquent affection fondly told
 The day-dreams of delight.

"Beloved Maid!
 Lo! I am with thee, still thy Theodore!
 Hearts in the holy hands of love combined,
 Death has no power to sever. Thou art mine!
 A little while and thou shalt dwell with me
 In scenes where sorrow is not. Cheerily
 Tread thou the path that leads thee to the grave,
 Rough though it be and painful, for the grave
 Is but the threshold of eternity."

THE ADMIRAL ON SHORE.

BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

I do not know any moment in which the
 two undelightful truisms which we are all so
 ready to admit and to run away from—the quick
 progress of time and the instability of common
 events—are brought before us with a more un-
 comfortable consciousness than that of visiting,
 after a long absence, a house with whose former
 inhabitants we had been on terms of intimacy.
 The feeling is still more unpleasant when it
 comes to us unexpectedly and finds us unpre-
 pared, as has happened to me to-day.

A friend requested me this morning to ac-
 company her to call on her little girl, whom
 she had recently placed at the Belvidere, a new
 and celebrated boarding-school—I beg pardon!
 —establishment for young ladies, about ten
 miles off. We set out accordingly, and, my
 friend being a sort of person in whose company
 one is apt to think little of anything but her-
 self, had proceeded to the very gate of the
 Belvidere before I had at all recollected the
 road we were travelling, when in our momentary
 stop at the entrance of the lawn, I at once re-
 cognized the large substantial mansion, sur-
 rounded by magnificent oaks and elms, whose
 shadow lay broad and heavy on the grass in
 the bright sun of August; the copse-like shrub-
 bery, which sunk with a pretty natural wild-
 ness to a dark clear pool, the ha ha, which
 parted the pleasure-ground from the open com-
 mon, and the beautiful country which lay like
 a panorama beyond—in a word, I knew at a

glance, in spite of the disguise of its new appellations, the White House at Hannonby, where ten years ago I had so often visited my good old friend Admiral Floyd.

The place had undergone other transmogrifications besides its change of name; in particular, it had gained a few prettinesses and had lost much tidiness. A new rustic bench, a green-house, and a verandah, may be laid to the former score; a torn book left littering on the seat, a broken swing dangling from the trees, a skipping-rope on the grass, and a straw bonnet on a rose-bush, to the latter; besides which, the lawn which, under the naval reign, had been kept almost as smooth as water, was now in complete neglect, the turf in some places growing into grass, in others trodden quite bare by the continual movement of little rapid feet; leaves lay under the trees; weeds were on the gravel; and dust upon the steps. And in two or three chosen spots small fairy gardens had been cribbed from the shrubberies, where seedy mignonette and languishing sweet-peas, and myrtles over-watered, and geraniums, trained as never geraniums were trained before, gave manifest tokens of youthful gardening. None of the inhabitants were visible, but it was evidently a place gay and busy with children, devoted to their sports and their exercise. As we neared the mansion, the sounds and sights of school-keeping became more obvious. Two or three pianos were jingling in different rooms, a guitar tinkling, and a harp twanging; a din of childish voices, partly French partly English, issued from one end of the house; and a foreign-looking figure advanced from the other, whom, from his silk stockings, his upright carriage, and the boy who followed him carrying his kit, I set down for the dancing-master; whilst in an upstairs apartment were two or three rosy laughing faces, enjoying the pleasure of disobedience in peeping out of window, one of which faces disappeared the moment it caught sight of the carriage, and was in another instant hanging round its mother's neck in the hall. I could not help observing to the governess, who also met us there, that it was quite shocking to think how often disobedience prospers amongst these little people. If Miss Emily had not been peeping out of the window when we drove up to the door, she would have been at least two minutes later in kissing her dear mamma—a remark to which the little girl assented very heartily, and at which her accomplished preceptress tried to look grave.

Leaving Emily with her mother, I sallied forth on the lawn to reconnoitre old scenes and

recollect old times. My first visit especially forced itself on my remembrance. It had been made, like this, under the sultry August sun. We then lived within walking distance, and I had been proceeding hither to call on our new neighbours, Admiral and Mrs. Floyd, when a very unaccountable noise on the lawn induced me to pause at the entrance; a moment's observation explained the nature of the sounds. The admiral was shooting wasps with a pocket-pistol; a most villanous amusement, as it seemed to me, who am by nature and habit a hater of such poppery, and indeed of all noises which are at once sudden and expected. My first impulse was to run away, and I had actually made some motions towards a retreat, when, struck with the ludicrous nature of the sport, and the folly of being frightened at a sort of squibbery, which even the unusual game (though the admiral was a capital marksman, and seldom failed to knock down his insect) did not seem to regard, I faced about manfully, and contenting myself with putting my hands to my ears to keep out the sound, remained at a very safe distance to survey the scene. There, under the shade of the tall elms, sat the veteran, a little old withered man, very like a pocket-pistol himself, brown, succinct, grave, and fiery. He wore an old-fashioned naval uniform of blue, faced with white, which set off his mahogany countenance, drawn into a thousand deep wrinkles, so that his face was as full of lines as if it had been tattooed, with the full force of contrast. At his side stood a very tall, masculine, large-boned, middle-aged woman, something like a man in petticoats, whose face, in spite of a quantity of rouge and a small portion of modest assurance, might still be called handsome, and could never be mistaken for belonging to other than an Irish woman. There was a touch of the brogue in her very look. She, evidently his wife, stood by marking the covies, and enjoying, as it seemed to me, the smell of gunpowder, to which she had the air of being quite as well accustomed as the admiral. A younger lady was watching them at a little distance, apparently as much amused as myself, and far less frightened; on her advancing to meet me the pistol was put down, and the admiral joined us. This was my first introduction: we were acquainted in a moment; and before the end of my visit he had shown me all over his house, and told me the whole history of his life and adventures.

In these there was nothing remarkable, excepting their being so entirely of the sea. Some sixty-five years before, he had come into

the world in the middle of the British Channel, while his mother was taking a little trip from Portsmouth to Plymouth on board her husband's flag-ship (for he, too, had been an admiral), when, rather before he was expected, our admiral was born. This *début* fixed his destiny. At twelve years old he went to sea, and had remained there ever since, till now, when an unlucky promotion sent him ashore, and seemed likely to keep him there. I never saw a man so unaffectedly displeased with his own title. He forbade any of his family from calling him by it, and took it as a sort of affront from strangers.

Being, however, on land, his first object was to make his residence as much like a man-of-war as possible, or rather as much like that *beau-ideal* of a habitation his last frigate, the *Mermaiden*, in which he had by different prizes made above sixty thousand pounds. By that standard his calculations were regulated; all the furniture of the White House at Hannonby was adapted to the proportions of his majesty's ship the *Mermaiden*. The great drawing-room was fitted up exactly on the model of her cabin, and the whole of that spacious and commodious mansion made to resemble, as much as possible, that wonderfully inconvenient abode, the inside of a ship; every thing crammed into the smallest possible compass; space most unnecessarily economized, and contrivances devised for all those matters which need no contriving at all. He victualled the house as for an East-India voyage, served out the provisions in rations, and swung the whole family in hammocks.

It will easily be believed that these innovations, in a small village in a midland county, where nineteen-twentieths of the inhabitants had never seen a piece of water larger than Hannonby great pond, occasioned no small commotion. The poor admiral had his own troubles. At first every living thing about the place rebelled—there was a general mutiny; the very cocks and hens whom he crammed up in coops in the poultry-yard screamed aloud for liberty; and the pigs, ducks, and geese, equally prisoners, squeaked and gabbled for water; the cows lowed in their stall—the sheep bleated in their pens, the whole live-stock of Hannonby was in durance.

The most unmanageable of these complainers were of course the servants; with the men, after a little while, he got on tolerably, sternness and grog (the wind and sun of the fable) conquered them; his stanchest opponents were of the other sex, the whole tribe of housemaids and kitchenmaids abhorred him to a woman,

and plagued and thwarted him every hour of the day. He, on his part, returned their aversion with interest; talked of female stupidity, female awkwardness, and female dirt; and threatened to compound an household of the crew of the *Mermaiden*, that should shame all the twirlers of mops and brandishers of brooms in the county. Especially, he used to vaunt the abilities of a certain Bill Jones, as the best laundress, sempstress, cook, and housemaid in the navy; him he was determined to procure, to keep his refractory household in some order; accordingly, he wrote to desire his presence; and Bill, unable to resist the summons of his old commander, arrived accordingly.

This Avatar, which had been anticipated by the revolted damsels with no small dismay, tended considerably to ameliorate matters. The dreaded major-domo turned out to be a smart young sailor, of four or five-and-twenty, with an arch smile, a bright merry eye, and a most knowing nod, by no means insensible to female oburgation or indifferent to female charms. The women of the house, particularly the pretty ones, soon perceived their power; and as this Admirable Crichton, of his majesty's ship the *Mermaiden*, had, amongst his other accomplishments, the address completely to govern his master, all was soon in the smoothest track possible. Neither, universal genius though he were, was Bill Jones at all disdainful of female assistance, or averse to the theory of a division of labour. Under his wise direction and discreet patronage, a peace was patched up between the admiral and his rebellious handmaids. A general amnesty was proclaimed, with the solitary exception of an old crone of a she-cook, who had, on some occasion of culinary interference, turned her master out of his own kitchen, and garnished Bill Jones' jacket with an unseemly rag, yeleft a dish-clout. She was dismissed by mutual consent; and Sally the kitchenmaid, a pretty black-eyed girl, promoted to the vacant post, which she filled with eminent ability.

Soothed, guided, and humoured by his trusty adherent, and influenced perhaps a little by the force of example and the effect of the land breeze, which he had never breathed so long before, our worthy veteran soon began to show symptoms of a man of this world. The earth became, so to say, his native element. He took to gardening, to farming, for which Bill Jones had also a taste; set free his prisoners in the *basse-cour*, to the unutterable glorification and crowing of cock and hen, and cackling and gabbling of goose and turkey, and enlarged his own walk from pacing backwards and forwards

in the dining-room, followed by his old ship-mates, a Newfoundland dog and a tame goat, into a stroll round his own grounds, to the great delight of those faithful attendants. He even talked of going pheasant-shooting, bought a hunter, and was only saved from following the fox-hounds by accidentally taking up *Peregrine Pickle*, which, by a kind of Sortes Virgillianæ, opened on the mischances of Lieutenant Hatchway and Commodore Truncheon in a similar expedition.

After this warning, which he considered as nothing less than providential, he relinquished any attempt at mounting that formidable animal a horse, but having found his land-legs, he was afoot all day long in his farm or his garden, setting people to rights in all quarters, and keeping up the place with the same scrupulous nicety that he was wont to bestow on the planks and rigging of his dear *Mermaden*. Amongst the country people he soon became popular. They liked the testy little gentleman, who dispensed his beer and grog so bountifully and talked to them so freely. He would have his own way, to be sure, but then he paid for it; besides, he entered into their tastes and amusements, promoted May-games, revels, and other country sports, patronized dancing-dogs and monkeys, and bespoke plays in barns. Above all, he had an exceeding partiality to vagrants, strollers, gipsies, and such like persons; listened to their tales with a delightful simplicity of belief; pitied them, relieved them, fought their battles at the bench and the vestry, and got into two or three scrapes with constables and magistrates by the activity of his protection. Only one counterfeit sailor with a sham wooden-leg, he found out at a question, and, by aid of Bill Jones, ducked in the horse-pond, for an impostor, till the unlucky wretch, who was, as the worthy seaman suspected, totally unused to the water, a thorough land-lubber, was nearly drowned; an adventure which turned out the luckiest of his life, he having carried his case to an attorney, who forced the admiral to pay fifty pounds for the exploit.

Our good veteran was equally popular amongst the gentry of the neighbourhood. His own hospitality was irresistible, and his frankness and simplicity, mixed with a sort of petulant vivacity, combined to make him a most welcome relief to the dullness of a country dinner-party. He enjoyed society extremely, and even had a spare bed erected for company; moved thereunto by an accident which befel the fat factor of Kinton, who having unfortunately consented to sleep at Hannonby one wet

night, had alarmed the whole house, and nearly broken his own neck, by a fall from his hammock. The admiral would have put up twenty spare beds if he could have been sure of filling them, for besides his natural sociability, he was, it must be confessed, in spite of his farming, and gardening, and keeping a log-book, a good deal at a loss how to fill up his time. His reading was none of the most extensive; *Robinson Crusoe*, the naval *Chronicle*, Southey's admirable *Life of Nelson*, and Smollett's novels, formed the greater part of his library; and for other books he cared little, though he liked well enough to pore over maps and charts, and to look at modern voyages, especially if written by landmen or ladies; and his remarks on those occasions often displayed a talent for criticism, which, under different circumstances, might have ripened into a very considerable reviewer.

For the rest, he was a most kind and excellent person, although a little testy and not a little absolute; and a capital disciplinarian, although addicted to the reverse sins of making other people tipsy whilst he kept himself sober, and of sending forth oaths in volleys whilst he suffered none other to swear. He had besides a few prejudices incident to his condition—loved his country to the point of hating all the rest of the world, especially the French; and regarded his own profession with a pride which made him intolerant of every other. To the army he had an intense and growing hatred, much augmented since victory upon victory had deprived him of the comfortable feeling of scorn. The battle of Waterloo fairly posed him. "To be sure to have drubbed the French was a fine thing—a very fine thing—no denying that! but why not have fought out the quarrel by sea?"

I made no mention of Mrs. Floyd in enumerating the admiral's domestic arrangements, because, sooth to say, no one could have less concern in them than that good lady. She had not been Mrs. Floyd for five-and-twenty years without thoroughly understanding her husband's despotic humour, and her own light and happy temper enabled her to conform to it without the slightest appearance of reluctance or discontent. She liked to be managed—it saved her trouble. She turned out to be Irish, as I had suspected. The admiral, who had reached the age of forty without betraying the slightest symptom of matrimony, had, during a sojourn in Cork harbour, fallen in love with her, then a buxom widow, and married her in something less than three weeks after their acquaintance began, chiefly moved

to that unexpected proceeding by the firmness with which she bore a salute to the lord-lieutenant which threw half the ladies on board into hysterics.

Mrs. Floyd was indeed as gallant a woman as ever stood fire. Her first husband had been an officer in the army, and she had followed the camp during two campaigns; had been in one battle and several skirmishes, and had been taken and retaken with the carriages and baggage without betraying the slightest symptom of fear. Her naval career did not shame her military reputation. She lived chiefly on board, adopted sea-phrases and sea-customs, and but for the petticoat might have passed for a sailor herself.

And of all the sailors that ever lived she was the merriest, the most generous, the most unselfish; the very kindest of that kindest race! There was no getting away from her hearty hospitality, no escaping her prodigality of presents. It was dangerous to praise or even to approve of anything belonging to herself in her hearing; if it had been the carpet under her feet or the shawl on her shoulders, either would instantly have been stripped off to offer. Then her exquisite good humour! Coarse and boisterous she certainly was, and terribly Irish; but the severest stickler for female decorum, the nicest critic of female manners, would have been disarmed by the contagion of Mrs. Floyd's good humour.

My chief friend and favourite of the family was however one who hardly seemed to belong to it—Anne, the eldest daughter. I liked her even better than I did her father and mother, although for very different qualities. She was "inland bred," and combined in herself sufficient self-possession and knowledge of the world, of literature, and of society, to have set up the whole house, provided it had been possible to supply their deficiency from her superabundance; she was three or four-and-twenty, too, past the age of mere young ladyism, and entirely unaccomplished, if she could be called so, who joined to the most elegant manners a highly cultivated understanding and a remarkable talent for conversation. Nothing could exceed the fascination of her delicate and poignant raillery, her voice and smile were so sweet, and her wit so light and glancing. She had the still rarer merit of being either entirely free from vanity, or of keeping it in such good order, that it never appeared in look or word. Conversation, much as she excelled in it, was not necessary to her, as it is to most eminent talkers. I think she enjoyed quiet observation full as much, if not

more; and at such times there was something of good-humoured malice in her bright hazel eye, that spoke more than she ever allowed her tongue to utter. Her father's odd ways, for instance, and her mother's odd speeches, and her sister's lack-a-daisicalness, amused her rather more than they ought to have done; but she had never lived with them, having been brought up by an aunt who had recently died leaving her a splendid fortune; and even now that she had come to reside at home, was treated by her parents, although very kindly, rather as an honoured guest than a cherished daughter.

Anne Floyd was a sweet creature in spite of a little over-acuteness. I used to think she wanted nothing but falling in love to soften her proud spirit and tame her bright eye; but falling in love was quite out of her way—she had the unfortunate distrust of an heiress, satiated with professions of attachment, and suspecting every man of wooing her fortune rather than herself. By dint of hearing exaggerated praise of her beauty, she had even come to think herself plain; perhaps another circumstance a little contributed to this persuasion—she was said to be, and undoubtedly was, remarkably like her father. There is no accounting for the strange freaks that nature plays in the matter of family likeness. The admiral was certainly as ugly a little man as one should see in a summer day, and Anne was as certainly a very pretty young woman; yet it was quite impossible to see them together, and not be struck with the extreme and even absurd resemblance between his old battered face and her bright and sparkling countenance. To have been so like my good friend the admiral might have cured a lighter spirit of vanity.

Julia, the younger and favourite daughter, was a fine tall handsome girl of nineteen, just what her mother must have been at the same age; she had been entirely brought up by Mrs. Floyd, except when deposited from time to time in various country boarding-schools, whilst that good lady enjoyed the pleasure of a cruise. Miss Julia exhibited the not uncommon phenomenon of having imbibed the opposite faults to those of her instructress, and was soft, mincing, languid, affected, and full of airs and graces of the very worst sort; but I don't know that she was much more ignorant and silly than a girl of nineteen, with a neglected education, must needs be; and she had the farther excuse of being a spoiled child. Her father doted upon her, and thought her the most accomplished young

woman of the age; for certain, she could play a little, and sing a little, and paint a little, and talk a little very bad French, and dance and dress a great deal. She had also cultivated her mind by reading all the love-stories and small poetry that came in her way; corresponded largely with half-a-dozen bosom friends picked up at her different seminaries; and even aspired to the character of authoress, having actually perpetrated a sonnet to the moon, which sonnet, contrary to the well-known recipe of Boileau and the ordinary practice of all nations, contained eighteen lines, four quatrains, and a couplet; a prodigality of words which the fair poetess endeavoured to counterbalance by a corresponding sparingness of idea. There was no harm in Julia, poor thing, with all her affectation. She was really warm-hearted and well-tempered, and might have improved under her sister's kind and judicious management, but for a small accident which interrupted the family harmony, and eventually occasioned their removal from Hannonby.

The admiral, always addicted to favouritism, had had under his protection, from boyhood to manhood, one youth of remarkable promise. He had been his first lieutenant on board the *Mermiden*, and was now, at three-and-twenty, a master and commander; which promotion, although it ejected him from that paragon of frigates, the young captain did not seem to think so great an evil as the admiral had found his advancement. He was invited to the White House forthwith; and the gallant veteran, who seldom took the trouble to conceal any of his purposes, soon announced that Captain Claremont was his intended son-in-law, and that Miss Julia was the destined bride.

The gentleman arrived, and did as much honour to the admiral's taste as his other favourite Bill Jones. Captain Claremont was really a very fine young man, with the best part of beauty, figure and countenance, and a delightful mixture of frankness and feeling, of spirit and gaiety, in his open and gentlemanly manners; he was, at a word, just the image that one conjures up when thinking of a naval officer. His presence added greatly to the enjoyment of the family; the admiral "fought his battles over again," and so did his lady, who talked and laughed all day long: Anne watched the proceedings with evident amusement, and looked even archer than usual; whilst Julia, the heroine of the scene, behaved as is customary in such cases, walked about, exquisitely dressed, with a book in her hand, or reclined in a picturesque attitude, expecting

to be made love to; and Captain Claremont, who had never seen either sister before, pleased with Julia's beauty and a little alarmed at Anne's wit, appeared in a fair way of losing his heart in the proper quarter. In short, the flirtation seemed going on very prosperously; and the admiral, in high glee, vented divers sea-jokes on the supposed lovers, and chuckled over the matter to Bill Jones, who winked and grinned and nodded responsively.

After a few weeks that sagacious adherent began to demur.

"Things seemed," as he observed, "rather at a stand-still—the courtship was a deal slacker, and his honour, the captain, had talked of heaving anchor and sailing off for Lincolnshire."

To this the admiral answered nothing but "Tush!" and "pshaw!" and as the captain actually relinquished, with very little pressing, his design of leaving Hannonby, Bill Jones' suspicions did seem a little super-subtle. Bill, however, at the end of ten days, retained his opinion.

"For certain," he said, "Miss Julia had all the signs of liking upon her, and moped and hung her head and talked to herself like the negro who drowned himself for love on board the *Mermiden*; and the captain, he could not say but he might be in love—he was very much fallen away since he had been in that latitude—had lost his spunk, and was become extraordinarily forgetsome—he might be in love, likely enough, but not with Miss Julia—he was sure to sheer away from her; never spoke to her at breakfast or dinner, and would tack a hundred ways not to meet her, whilst he was always following in the wake of Miss Anne; and she (Miss Julia) had taken to writing long letters again, and to walking the terrace between the watches, and did not seem to care for the captain. He could not make the matter out, Miss Anne, indeed!"

Here the admiral, to whom the possibility of a failure in his favourite scheme had never occurred, interrupted his confidant by a thousand exclamations of "Ass! blockhead! lubber!" to which tender appellations that faithful satellite made no other reply than a shake of the head as comprehensive as Lord Burleigh's.

The next morning vindicated Bill's sagacity. Anne, who, for obvious reasons, had taken the task upon herself, communicated to her father that Captain Claremont had proposed to her and that she had accepted his offer. The admiral was furious, but Anne, though very mild, was very firm; she would not give up her lover, nor would her lover relinquish

her; and Julia, when appealed to, asserted her female privilege of white-lying, and declared that if there was not another man in the world she would never have married Captain Claremont.

The admiral, thwarted by everybody, and compelled to submit for the first time in his life (except in the affair of his promotion and that of the ducked sailor), stormed, and swore, and scolded all round, and refused to be pacified; Mrs. Floyd, to whom his fiat had seemed like fate, was frightened at the general temerity, and vented her unusual discomfort in scolding too; Anne took refuge in the house of a friend; and poor Julia, rejected by one party and lectured by the other, comforted herself by running away, one fine night, with a young officer of dragoons, with whom she had had an off-and-on correspondence for a twelvemonth. This elopement was the copestone of the admiral's misfortunes; he took a hatred to Hannonby, and left it forthwith; and it seemed as if he had left his anger behind him, for the next tidings we heard of the Floyds, Julia and her spouse were forgiven in spite of his soldier-ship, and the match had turned out far better than might have been expected; and Anne and her captain were in high favour, and the admiral gaily anticipating a flag-ship and a war, and the delight of bringing up his grandsons to be the future ornaments of the British navy.

THE WORLD.¹

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World you are beautifully drest.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

You friendly earth! how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers
that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, world, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
"You are more than the earth, though you are
such a dot:

You can love and think, and the earth can not!"

¹ From *Lilliput Lectures*, by the author of *Lilliput Lovee* (Mathew Browne).

THE DORTY BAIRN.

[David Wingate, born at Cowglen, Renfrewshire, 1828; died 1891. At the age of nine years he began work in a coal-mine; he subsequently studied at the Glasgow School of Mines, and qualified himself for the responsible position of manager of extensive collieries in Lanarkshire. In 1862 appeared his first volume, *Poems and Songs*, and in 1866 another volume, *Anne Weir and other Poems*, both published by Blackwood and Sons. Mr. Wingate at once obtained general recognition as one of the foremost of modern Scottish poets. Healthy pathos, honest humour, and a spirit of sturdy independence, are the most prominent characteristics of his verse.]

Preserve me! Lizzie Allan,
Hae ye no your breakfast taen?
Sic a face ye hae wi' greetin'!
What's the matter wi' ye, wean?

Aye! "A flee ran owre your parritch?"
"Fanny snowkit at your bread?"
My certie! Leddy Lizzie!
Ye're a dainty dame indeed!

But the parritch can be keepit,
And the bread can be laid bye,
And if hunger proves nae kitchen,
Then the tawse we'll hae to try.

Aye! a bairn may weel be saucy
Whare there's plenty and to spare;
But there's mony a better lassie
Would be blythe to see sic fare.

Oh! waes me! but it's vexin',
Yet it's needless to miscn—
Sec, there's the glass. 'What think ye?
D'ye ken yoursel ara?

There's the een I praised this mornin',
For the happy licht within,
Noo as red's the fire wi' rubbin',
Baith as bleart's the cludit moon.

There's the pina¹ that an hour sin'
Was as white's the driven snaw,
Noo as draiglet as the dish-cloot,—
D'ye ken yoursel ara?

And your hauns that were like lilies,
Saw ye e'er sic hauns as thae?
And your cheeks! Their verra roses
Ye'll hae rubbit aff some day.

Oh Lizzie, Lizzie Allan!
Ye maun mend, or ye shall learn
That it's mair o' cuffs than cuddlin'
That awaits a dorty bairn.

¹ "Pina," i.e. pinafore.

"You've a kiss to gie me," hae ye?
 "You've a kiss as weel as him?"
 Oh thae een! There's nae resistin'
 When it's sorrow makes them dim.

Ay, you'll get anither pina',
 And I'll kame your curls sae broon,
 And you'll be my ain wee Lizzie,
 And the best in a' the town.

THE MORTAL IMMORTAL.

[Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, born 1798; died in London, 1st February, 1851. She was the daughter of William Godwin, the author of *Calch Williams*, &c., and became the second wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley. During their residence on the banks of the Lake of Geneva in 1816, Byron, Shelley, and Mrs. Shelley agreed to beguile a rainy season by writing something in imitation of the weird German legends they had been reading. Mrs. Shelley produced *Frankenstein*, a romance, which, by its wildness and daring originality, obtained popularity at the date of its publication. She subsequently wrote: *Falkner*, or the Life and Adventures of Castruccio, Prince of Lucca; *Lodore*; *The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck*; *The Last Man*; *Falkner*—novels which are now little known. She also contributed to the *Annals*, &c., and published an edition of the works of Shelley with biographical preface and notes. The following is a specimen of Mrs. Shelley's eerie powers of imagination.]

July 16, 1833.—This is a memorable anniversary for me; on it I complete my three hundred and twenty-third year!

The Wandering Jew?—certainly not. More than eighteen centuries have passed over his head. In comparison with him, I am a very young Immortal.

Am I, then, immortal? This is a question which I have asked myself, by day and night, for now three hundred and three years, and yet cannot answer it. I detected a gray hair amidst my brown locks this very day—that surely signifies decay. Yet it may have remained concealed there for three hundred years—for some persons have become entirely white-headed before twenty years of age.

I will tell my story, and my reader shall judge for me. I will tell my story, and so contrive to pass some few hours of a long eternity, become so wearisome to me. For ever! Can it be? to live for ever! I have heard of enchantments, in which the victims were plunged into a deep sleep, to wake, after a hundred years, as fresh as ever; I have heard of the Seven Sleepers—thus to be immortal would not be so burdensome; but, oh! the weight of never-ending time—the tedious passage of the still-succeeding hours! How happy

was the fabled Nourjahad!—but to my task.

All the world has heard of Cornelius Agrippa. His memory is as immortal as his arts have made me. All the world has also heard of his scholar, who, unawares, raised the foul fiend during his master's absence, and was destroyed by him. The report, true or false, of this accident, was attended with many inconveniences to the renowned philosopher. All his scholars at once deserted him—his servants disappeared. He had no one near him to put coals on his ever-burning fires while he slept, or to attend to the changeful colours of his medicines while he studied. Experiment after experiment failed, because one pair of hands was insufficient to complete them: the dark spirits laughed at him for not being able to retain a single mortal in his service.

I was then very young—very poor—and very much in love. I had been for about a year the pupil of Cornelius, though I was absent when this accident took place. On my return, my friends implored me not to return to the alchemist's abode. I trembled as I listened to the dire tale they told; I required no second warning; and when Cornelius came and offered me a purse of gold if I would remain under his roof, I felt as if Satan himself tempted me. My teeth chattered—my hair stood on end;—I ran off as fast as my trembling knees would permit.

My failing steps were directed whither for two years they had every evening been attracted,—a gently bubbling spring of pure living waters, beside which lingered a dark-haired girl, whose beaming eyes were fixed on the path I was accustomed each night to tread. I cannot remember the hour when I did not love Bertha; we had been neighbours and playmates from infancy—her parents, like mine, were of humble life, yet respectable—our attachment had been a source of pleasure to them. In an evil hour a malignant fever carried off both her father and mother, and Bertha became an orphan. She would have found a home beneath my paternal roof, but unfortunately, the old lady of the near castle, rich, childless, and solitary, declared her intention to adopt her. Henceforth Bertha was clad in silk—inhabited a marble palace—and was looked on as being highly favoured by fortune. But in her new situation among her new associates, Bertha remained true to the friend of her humbler days; she often visited the cottage of my father, and when forbidden to go thither, she would stray towards the neighbouring wood, and meet me beside its shady fountain.

She often declared that she owed no duty to her new protectress equal in sanctity to that which bound us. Yet still I was too poor to marry, and she grew weary of being tormented on my account. She had a haughty but an impatient spirit, and grew angry at the obstacles that prevented our union. We met now after an absence, and she had been sorely beset while I was away; she complained bitterly, and almost reproached me for being poor. I replied hastily,—

"I am honest, if I am poor!—were I not, I might soon become rich!"

This exclamation produced a thousand questions. I feared to shock her by owning the truth, but she drew it from me; and then, casting a look of disdain on me, she said—

"You pretend to love, and you fear to face the Devil for my sake!"

I protested that I had only dreaded to offend her;—while she dwelt on the magnitude of the reward that I should receive. Thus encouraged—shamed by her—led on by love and hope, laughing at my late fears, with quick steps and a light heart I returned to accept the offers of the alchemist, and was instantly installed in my office.

A year passed away. I became possessed of no insignificant sum of money. Custom had banished my fears. In spite of the most painful vigilance, I had never detected the trace of a cloven foot; nor was the studious silence of our abode ever disturbed by demoniac howls. I still continued my stolen interviews with Bertha, and hope dawned on me—hope—but not perfect joy; for Bertha fancied that love and security were enemies, and her pleasure was to divide them in my bosom. Though true of heart, she was somewhat of a coquette in manner; and I was jealous as a Turk. She slighted me in a thousand ways, yet would never acknowledge herself to be in the wrong. She would drive me mad with anger, and then force me to beg her pardon. Sometimes she fancied that I was not sufficiently submissive, and then she had some story of a rival, favoured by her protectress. She was surrounded by silk-clad youths—the rich and gay—What chance had the sad-robed scholar of Cornelius compared with these?

On one occasion the philosopher made such large demands upon my time, that I was unable to meet her as I was wont. He was engaged in some mighty work, and I was forced to remain, day and night, feeding his furnaces and watching his chemical preparations. Bertha waited for me in vain at the fountain. Her haughty spirit fired at this neglect; and

when at last I stole out during the few short minutes allotted to me for slumber, and hoped to be consoled by her, she received me with disdain, dismissed me in scorn, and vowed that any man should possess her hand rather than he who could not be in two places at once for her sake. She would be revenged!—And truly she was. In my dingy retreat I heard that she had been hunting, attended by Albert Hoffer. Albert Hoffer was favoured by her protectress, and the three passed in cavalcade before my smoky window. Methought that they mentioned my name—it was followed by a laugh of derision, as her dark eyes glanced contemptuously towards my abode.

Jealousy, with all its venom and all its misery, entered my breast. Now I shed a torrent of tears, to think that I should never call her mine; and, anon, I imprecated a thousand curses on her inconstancy. Yet still I must stir the fires of the alchemist, still attend on the changes of his unintelligible medicines.

Cornelius had watched for three days and nights, nor closed his eyes. The progress of his alembics was slower than he expected; in spite of his anxiety, sleep weighed upon his eyelids. Again and again he threw off drowsiness with more than human energy; again and again it stole away his senses. He eyes his crucibles wistfully. "Not ready yet," he murmured; "will another night pass before the work is accomplished? Winzy, you are vigilant—you are faithful—you have slept, my boy—you slept last night. Look at that glass vessel. The liquid it contains is of a soft rose-colour: the moment it begins to change its hue, awaken me—till then I may close my eyes. First, it will turn white, and then emit golden flashes; but wait not till then; when the rose-colour fades, rouse me." I scarcely heard the last words, muttered as they were in sleep. Even then he did not quite yield to nature. "Winzy, my boy," he again said, "do not touch the vessel—do not put it to your lips; it is a philter—a philter to cure love; you would not cease to love your Bertha—be ware to drink!"

And he slept. His venerable head sunk on his breast, and I scarce heard his regular breathing. For a few minutes I watched the vessel—the rosy hue of the liquid remained unchanged. Then my thoughts wandered—they visited the fountain, and dwelt on a thousand charming scenes never to be renewed—never! Serpents and adders were in my heart as the word "Never!" half formed itself on my lips. False girl!—false and cruel!

Never more would she smile on me as that evening she smiled on Albert. Worthless, detested woman! I would not remain unrevenged—she should see Albert expire at her feet—she should die beneath my vengeance. She had smiled in disdain and triumph—she knew my wretchedness and her power. Yet what power had she?—the power of exciting my hate—my utter scorn—my—oh, all but indifference! Could I attain that—could I regard her with careless eyes, transferring my rejected love to one fairer and more true, that were indeed a victory!

A bright flash darted before my eyes. I had forgotten the medicine of the adept; I gazed on it with wonder: flashes of admirable beauty, more bright than those which the diamond emits when the sun's rays are on it, glanced from the surface of the liquid; an odour the most fragrant and grateful stole over my sense; the vessel seemed one globe of living radiance, lovely to the eye, and most inviting to the taste. The first thought, instinctively inspired by the grosser sense, was, I will—I must drink. I raised the vessel to my lips. "It will cure me of love—of torture!" Already I had quaffed half of the most delicious liquor ever tasted by the palate of man, when the philosopher stirred. I started—I dropped the glass—the fluid flamed and glanced along the floor, while I felt Cornelius's grip at my throat, as he shrieked aloud, "Wretch! you have destroyed the labour of my life!"

The philosopher was totally unaware that I had drunk any portion of his drug. His idea was, and I gave a tacit assent to it, that I had raised the vessel from curiosity, and that, frightened at its brightness, and the flashes of intense light it gave forth, I had let it fall. I never undeceived him. The fire of the medicine was quenched—the fragrance died away—he grew calm, as a philosopher should under the heaviest trials, and dismissed me to rest.

I will not attempt to describe the sleep of glory and bliss which bathed my soul in paradise during the remaining hours of that memorable night. Words would be faint and shallow types of my enjoyment, or of the gladness that possessed my bosom when I woke. I trod air—my thoughts were in heaven. Earth appeared heaven, and my inheritance upon it was to be one trance of delight. "This it is to be cured of love," I thought; "I will see Bertha this day, and she will find her lover cold and regardless; too happy to be disdainful, yet how utterly indifferent to her!"

The hours danced away. The philosopher,

secure that he had once succeeded, and believing that he might again, began to concoct the same medicine once more. He was shut up with his books and drugs, and I had a holiday. I dressed myself with care; I looked in an old but polished shield, which served me for a mirror; methought my good looks had wonderfully improved. I hurried beyond the precincts of the town, joy in my soul, the beauty of heaven and earth around me. I turned my steps towards the castle—I could look on its lofty turrets with lightness of heart, for I was cured of love. My Bertha saw me afar off, as I came up the avenue. I know not what sudden impulse animated her bosom, but at the sight she sprung with a light fawn-like bound down the marble steps, and was hastening towards me. But I had been perceived by another person. The old high-born hag, who called herself her protectress, and was her tyrant, had seen me also; she hobbled, panting, up the terrace; a page, as ugly as herself, held up her train, and fanned her as she hurried along, and stopped my fair girl with a "How, now, my bold mistress? whither so fast? Back to your cage—hawks are abroad!"

Bertha clasped her hands—her eyes were still bent on my approaching figure. I saw the contest. How I abhorred the old crone who checked the kind impulses of my Bertha's softening heart. Hitherto, respect for her rank had caused me to avoid the lady of the castle; now I disdained such trivial considerations. I was cured of love, and lifted above all human fears; I hastened forwards, and soon reached the terrace. How lovely Bertha looked! her eyes flashing fire, her cheeks glowing with impatience and anger, she was a thousand times more graceful and charming than ever—I no longer loved—Oh! no, I adored—worshipped—idolized her!

She had that morning been persecuted, with more than usual vehemence, to consent to an immediate marriage with my rival. She was reproached with the encouragement that she had shown him—she was threatened with being turned out of doors with disgrace and shame. Her proud spirit rose in arms at the threat; but when she remembered the scorn that she had heaped upon me, and how, perhaps, she had thus lost one whom she now regarded as her only friend, she wept with remorse and rage. At that moment I appeared. "O, Winzy!" she exclaimed, "take me to your mother's cot; swiftly let me leave the detested luxuries and wretchedness of this noble dwelling—take me to poverty and happiness."

I clasped her in my arms with transport.

The old lady was speechless with fury, and broke forth into invective only when we were far on our road to my natal cottage. My mother received the fair fugitive, escaped from a gilt cage to nature and liberty, with tenderness and joy; my father, who loved her, welcomed her heartily; it was a day of rejoicing, which did not need the addition of the celestial potion of the alchemist to steep me in delight.

Soon after this eventful day I became the husband of Bertha. I ceased to be the scholar of Cornelius, but I continued his friend. I always felt grateful to him for having, unawares, procured me that delicious draught of a divine elixir, which, instead of curing me of love (sad cure! solitary and joyless remedy for evils which seem blessings to the memory), had inspired me with courage and resolution, thus winning for me an inestimable treasure in my Bertha.

I often called to mind that period of trance-like inebriation with wonder. The drink of Cornelius had not fulfilled the task for which he affirmed that it had been prepared, but its effects were more potent and blissful than words can express. They had faded by degrees, yet they lingered long—and painted life in hues of splendour. Bertha often wondered at my lightness of heart and unaccustomed gaiety; for, before, I had been rather serious, or even sad, in my disposition. She loved me the better for my cheerful temper, and our days were winged by joy.

Five years afterwards I was suddenly summoned to the bedside of the dying Cornelius. He had sent for me in haste, conjuring my instant presence. I found him stretched on his pallet, enfeebled even to death; all of life that yet remained animated his piercing eyes, and they were fixed on a glass vessel, full of a roseate liquid.

"Behold," he said, in a broken and inward voice, "the vanity of human wishes! a second time my hopes are about to be crowned, a second time they are destroyed. Look at that liquor—you remember five years ago I had prepared the same, with the same success;—then, as now, my thirsting lips expected to taste the immortal elixir—you dashed it from me! and at present it is too late."

He spoke with difficulty, and fell back on his pillow. I could not help saying—

"How, revered master, can a cure for love restore you to life?"

A faint smile gleamed across his face as I listened earnestly to his scarcely intelligible answer.

"A cure for love and for all things—the

Elixir of Immortality. Ah! if now I might drink, I should live for ever!"

As he spoke, a golden flash gleamed from the fluid; a well-remembered fragrance stole over the air; he raised himself, all weak as he was—strength seemed miraculously to re-enter his frame—he stretched forth his hand—a loud explosion startled me—a ray of fire shot up from the elixir, and the glass vessel which contained it was shattered to atoms! I turned my eyes towards the philosopher; he had fallen back—his eyes were glassy—his features rigid—he was dead!

But I lived, and was to live for ever! So said the unfortunate alchemist, and for a few days I believed his words. I remembered the glorious drunkenness that had followed my stolen draught. I reflected on the change I had felt in my frame—in my soul. The bounding elasticity of the one—the buoyant lightness of the other. I surveyed myself in a mirror, and could perceive no change in my features during the space of the five years which had elapsed. I remembered the radiant hues and grateful scent of that delicious beverage—worthy the gift it was capable of bestowing—I was, then, IMMORTAL!

A few days after I laughed at my credulity. The old proverb, that "a prophet is least regarded in his own country," was true with respect to me and my defunct master. I loved him as a man—I respected him as a sage—but I derided the notion that he could command the powers of darkness, and laughed at the superstitious fears with which he was regarded by the vulgar. He was a wise philosopher, but had no acquaintance with any spirits but those clad in flesh and blood. His science was simply human; and human science, I soon persuaded myself, could never conquer nature's laws so far as to imprison the soul for ever within its carnal habitation. Cornelius had brewed a soul-refreshing drink—more inebriating than wine—sweeter and more fragrant than any fruit: it possessed probably strong medicinal powers, imparting gladness to the heart and vigour to the limbs; but its effects would wear out; already were they diminished in my frame. I was a lucky fellow to have quaffed health and joyous spirits, and perhaps long life, at my master's hands; but my good fortune ended there: longevity was far different from immortality.

I continued to entertain this belief for many years. Sometimes a thought stole across me—Was the alchemist indeed deceived? But my habitual credence was, that I should meet the fate of all the children of Adam at my ap-

pointed time—a little late, but still at a natural age. Yet it was certain that I retained a wonderfully youthful look. I was laughed at for my vanity in consulting the mirror so often, but I consulted it in vain—my brow was untrenched—my cheeks—my eyes—my whole person continued as untarnished as in my twentieth year.

I was troubled. I looked at the faded beauty of Bertha—I seemed more like her son. By degrees our neighbours began to make similar observations, and I found at last that I went by the name of the scholar bewitched. Bertha herself grew uneasy. She became jealous and peevish, and at length she began to question me. We had no children; we were all in all to each other; and though, as she grew older, her vivacious spirit became a little allied to ill-temper, and her beauty sadly diminished, I cherished her in my heart as the mistress I had idolized, the wife I had sought and won with such perfect love.

At last our situation became intolerable: Bertha was fifty—I twenty years of age. I had, in very shame, in some measure adopted the habits of a more advanced age; I no longer mingled in the dance among the young and gay, but my heart bounded along with them while I restrained my feet; and a sorry figure I cut among the Nestors of our village. But before the time I mention things were altered—we were universally shunned; we were—at least, I was—reported to have kept up an iniquitous acquaintance with some of my former master's supposed friends. Poor Bertha was pitted, but deserted. I was regarded with horror and detestation.

What was to be done? we sat by our winter fire—poverty had made itself felt, for none would buy the produce of my farm; and often I had been forced to journey twenty miles, to some place where I was not known, to dispose of our property. It is true we had saved something for an evil day—that day was come.

We sat by our lone fireside—the old-hearted youth and his antiquated wife. Again Bertha insisted on knowing the truth; she recapitulated all she had ever heard said about me, and added her own observations. She conjured me to cast off the spell; she described how much more comely gray hairs were than my chestnut locks; she desecrated on the reverence and respect due to age—how preferable to the slight regard paid to mere children: could I imagine that the despicable gifts of youth and good looks outweighed disgrace, hatred, and scorn? Nay, in the end I should be burned as a dealer in the black art, while she, to whom I had not

deigned to communicate any portion of my good fortune, might be stoned as my accomplice. At length she insinuated that I must share my secret with her, and bestow on her like benefits to those I myself enjoyed, or she would denounce me—and then she burst into tears.

Thus beset, methought it was the best way to tell the truth. I revealed it as tenderly as I could, and spoke only of a *very long life*, not of immortality—which representation, indeed, coincided best with my own ideas. When I ended, I rose and said,

“And now, my Bertha, will you denounce the lover of your youth?—You will not, I know. But it is too hard, my poor wife, that you should suffer from my ill-luck and the accursed arts of Cornelius. I will leave you—you have wealth enough, and friends will return in my absence. I will go; young as I seem, and strong as I am, I can work and gain my bread among strangers, unsuspected and unknown. I loved you in youth; God is my witness that I would not desert you in age, but that your safety and happiness require it.”

I took my cap and moved towards the door; in a moment Bertha's arms were round my neck, and her lips were pressed to mine. “No, my husband, my Winzy,” she said, “you shall not go alone—take me with you; we will remove from this place, and, as you say, among strangers we shall be unsuspected and safe. I am not so very old as quite to shame you, my Winzy; and I dare say the charm will soon wear off, and, with the blessing of God, you will become more elderly-looking, as is fitting; you shall not leave me.”

I returned the good soul's embrace heartily. “I will not, my Bertha; but for your sake I had not thought of such a thing. I will be your true, faithful husband while you are spared to me, and do my duty by you to the last.”

The next day we prepared secretly for our emigration. We were obliged to make great pecuniary sacrifices—it could not be helped. We realized a sum sufficient, at least, to maintain us while Bertha lived; and, without saying adieu to any one, quitted our native country to take refuge in a remote part of western France.

It was a cruel thing to transport poor Bertha from her native village, and the friends of her youth, to a new country, new language, new customs. The strange secret of my destiny rendered this removal immaterial to me; but I compassionated her deeply, and was glad to perceive that she found compensation for her misfortunes in a variety of little ridiculous

circumstances. Away from all tell-tale chronicles, she sought to decrease the apparent disparity of our ages by a thousand feminine arts—rouge, youthful dress, and assumed juvenility of manner. I could not be angry—Did not I myself wear a mask? Why quarrel with hers, because it was less successful? I grieved deeply when I remembered that this was my Bertha, whom I had loved so fondly, and won with such transport—the dark-eyed, dark-haired girl, with smiles of enchanting archness and a step like a fawn—this mincing, simpering, jealous old woman. I should have revered her gray locks and withered cheeks; but thus!—It was my work, I knew; but I did not the less deplore this type of human weakness.

Her jealousy never slept. Her chief occupation was to discover that, in spite of outward appearances, I was myself growing old. I verily believed that the poor soul loved me truly in her heart, but never had woman so tormenting a mode of displaying fondness. She would discern wrinkles in my face and decrepitude in my walk, while I bounded along in youthful vigour, the youngest looking of twenty youths. I never dared address another woman: on one occasion, fancying that the belle of the village regarded me with favouring eyes, she brought me a gray wig. Her constant discourse among her acquaintances was, that though I looked so young, there was ruin at work within my frame; and she affirmed that the worst symptom about me was my apparent health. My youth was a disease, she said, and I ought at all times to prepare, if not for a sudden and awful death, at least to awake some morning white-headed, and bowed down with all the marks of advanced years. I let her talk—I often joined in her conjectures. Her warnings chimed in with my never-ceasing speculations concerning my state, and I took an earnest, though painful, interest in listening to all that her quick wit and excited imagination could say on the subject.

Why dwell on these minute circumstances? We lived on for many long years. Bertha became bed-ridden and paralytic; I nursed her as a mother might a child. She grew peevish, and still harped upon one string—of how long I should survive her. It has ever been a source of consolation to me, that I performed my duty scrupulously towards her. She had been mine in youth, she was mine in age, and at last, when I heaped the sod over her corpse, I wept to feel that I had lost all that really bound me to humanity.

Since then how many have been my cares and woes, how few and empty my enjoyments!

I pause here in my history—I will pursue it no further. A sailor without rudder or compass, tossed on a stormy sea—a traveller lost on a wide-spread heath, without landmark or stone to guide him—such have I been: more lost, more hopeless than either. A nearing ship, a gleam from some far cot, may save them; but I have no beacon except the hope of death.

Death! mysterious, ill-visaged friend of weak humanity! Why alone of all mortals have you cast me from your sheltering fold? O, for the peace of the grave! the deep silence of the iron-bound tomb! that thought would cease to work in my brain, and my heart beat no more with emotions varied only by new forms of sadness!

Am I immortal? I return to my first question. In the first place, is it not more probable that the beverage of the alchemist was fraught rather with longevity than eternal life? Such is my hope. And then be it remembered, that I only drank *half* of the potion prepared by him. Was not the whole necessary to complete the charm? To have drained half the Elixir of Immortality is but to be half immortal—my For-ever is thus truncated and null.

But again, who shall number the years of the half of eternity? I often try to imagine by what rule the infinite may be divided. Sometimes I fancy age advancing upon me. One gray hair I have found. Fool! do I lament? Yes, the fear of age and death often creeps coldly into my heart; and the more I live, the more I dread death, even while I abhor life. Such an enigma is man—born to perish—when he wars, as I do, against the established laws of his nature.

But for this anomaly of feeling surely I might die: the medicine of the alchemist would not be proof against fire—sword—and the strangling waters. I have gazed upon the blue depths of many a placid lake, and the tumultuous rushing of many a mighty river, and have said, Peace inhabits those waters; yet I have turned my steps away, to live yet another day. I have asked myself, whether suicide would be a crime in one to whom thus only the portals of the other world could be opened. I have done all, except presenting myself as a soldier or duellist, an object of destruction to my—no, *not* my fellow-mortals, and therefore I have shrunk away. They are not my fellows. The inextinguishable power of life in my frame, and their ephemeral existence, places us wide as the poles asunder. I could not raise a hand against the meanest or the most powerful among them.

Thus I have lived on for many a year—alone,

and weary of myself—desirous of death, yet never dying—a mortal immortal. Neither ambition nor avarice can enter my mind, and the ardent love that gnaws at my heart, never to be returned—never to find an equal on which to expend itself—lives there only to torment me.

This very day I conceived a design by which I may end all—without self-slaughter, without making another man a Cain—an expedition, which mortal frame can never survive, even endued with the youth and strength that inhabits mine. Thus I shall put my immortality to the test, and rest for ever—or return, the wonder and benefactor of the human species.

Before I go, a miserable vanity has caused me to pen these pages. I would not die, and leave no name behind. Three centuries have passed since I quaffed the fatal beverage: another year shall not elapse before, encountering gigantic dangers—warring with the powers of frost in their home—beset by famine, toil, and tempest—I yield this body, too tenacious a cage for a soul which thirsts for freedom, to the destructive elements of air and water—or, if I survive, my name shall be recorded as one of the most famous among the sons of men; and, my task achieved, I shall adopt more resolute means, and, by scattering and annihilating the atoms that compose my frame, set at liberty the life imprisoned within, and so cruelly prevented from soaring from this dim earth to a sphere more congenial to its immortal essence.

THE CHARM.

FROM THE SPANISH.

Wind the shell, bind the spell;—
What is in it? Fond farewell!
Wreathed with drops from azure eyes,
Twilight vows, and midnight sighs.

Bind it on the maiden's soul!
Suns may set, and years may roll;
Yet beneath the tender twine
All the spirit shall be thine.

Oceans may between you sweep,
But the spell's as strong and deep!
Anguish, distance, time are vain—
Death alone can loose the chain.

Literary Gazette.

THE TEACHER'S LESSON.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

I saw a child some four years old,
Along a meadow stray;
Alone she went—unchecked—untold—
Her home not far away.

She gazed around on earth and sky—
Now paused, and now proceeded;
Hill, valley, wood—she passed them by,
Unmarked, perchance unheeded.

And now gay groups of roses bright,
In circling thickets bound her—
Yet on she went with footsteps light,
Still gazing all around her.

And now she paused, and now she stooped,
And plucked a little flower—
A simple daisy 'twas, that drooped
Within a rosy bower.

The child did kiss the little gem,
And to her bosom pressed it;
And there she placed the fragile stem,
And with soft words caressed it.

I love to read a lesson true,
From nature's open book—
And oft I learn a lesson new
From childhood's careless look.

Children are simple—loving—true;
'Tis Heaven that made them so;
And would you teach them—be so too—
And stoop to what they know.

Begin with simple lessons—things
On which they love to look:
Flowers, pebbles, insects, birds on wings—
These are God's spelling-book.

And children know His A, B, C,
As bees where flowers are set:
Would'st thou a skilful teacher be?—
Learn, then, this alphabet.

From leaf to leaf, from page to page,
Guide thou thy pupil's look,
And when he says, with aspect sage,
"Who made this wondrous book?"

Point thou with reverent gaze to heaven,
And kneel in earnest prayer,
That lessons thou hast humbly given,
May lead thy pupil there.

THE PANTOFLES.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GOZZI.

In Bagdad lived an old merchant of the name of Abon Casem, who was famous for his riches, but still more for his avarice. His coffers were small to look at (if you could get a sight of them), and very dirty; but they were crammed with jewels. His clothes were as scanty as need be; but then, even in his clothes there was *multum in parvo*; to wit, much dirt in little space. All the embroidery he wore was of that kind which is of necessity attendant upon a ragged state of drapery. It meandered over his bony form in all the beauty of ill-sewn patches. His turban was of the finest kind of linen for lasting; a kind of canvas, and so mixed with elementary substances, that its original colour, if it still existed, was invisible. But of all his habiliments, his slippers were most deserving the study of the curious. They were the extreme cases both of his body and his dirt. The soles consisted chiefly of huge nails, and the upper leathers of almost everything. The ship of the Argonauts was not a greater miscellany. During the ten years of their performance in the character of shoes, the most skilful cobblers had exercised their science and ingenuity in keeping them together. The accumulation of materials had been so great, and their weight was so heavy in proportion, that they were promoted to honours of proverbialism; and Abon Casem's slippers became a favourite comparison when a superfluity of weight was the subject of discourse.

It happened one day, as this precious merchant was walking in the market, that he had a great quantity of fine glass bottles offered him for sale; and as the proposed bargain was greatly on his side, and he made it still more so, he bought them. The vendor informed him, furthermore, that a perfumer having lately become bankrupt, had no resource left but to sell, at a very low price, a large quantity of rose-water; and Casem, greatly rejoicing at this news, and hastening to the poor man's shop, bought up all the rose-water at half its value. He then carried it home, and comfortably put it in his bottles. Delighted with these good bargains, and buoyant in his spirits, our hero, instead of making a feast, according to the custom of his fellows, thought it more advisable to go to the bath, where he had not been for some time.

While employed in the intricate business of undressing, one of his friends, or one whom

he believed such (for your misers seldom have any), observed that his pantofles had made him quite the by-word of the city, and that it was high time to buy a new pair. "To say the truth," said Casem, "I have long thought of doing so, but they are not yet so worn as to be unable to serve me a little longer!"—and having undressed himself, he went into the stove.

During the luxury he was there enjoying, the Cadi of Bagdad came in, and having undressed himself, he went into the stove likewise. Casem soon after came out, and having dressed himself, looked about for his pantofles, but nowhere could he find them. In the place of his own he found a pair sufficiently different to be not only new, but splendid; and feeling convinced that they were a gift from his friend (not the less so, perhaps, because he wished it), he triumphantly thrust his toes in them, and issued forth into the air, radiant with joy and a skin nearly clean.

On the other hand, when the cadi had performed the necessary purifications, and was dressed, his slaves looked for his lordship's slippers in vain. Nowhere could they be found. Instead of the embroidered pantofles of the judge, they detected, in a corner, only the phenomena left by Casem, which were too well known to leave a doubt how their master's had disappeared. The slaves made out immediately for Casem, and brought him back to the indignant magistrate, who, deaf to his attempts at defence, sent him to prison. Now in the East, the claws of justice open just as wide, and no wider, as the purse of the culprit; and it may be supposed that Abon Casem, who was known to be as rich as he was miserly, did not get his freedom at the same rate as his rose-water.

The miserable Casem returned home, tearing his beard, for beard is not a dear stuff; and being mightily enraged with the pantofles, he seized upon them, and threw them out of his window into the Tigris. It happened a few days after, that some fishermen drew their nets under the window, and the weight being greater than usual, they were exulting in their success, when out came the pantofles. Furious against Casem (for who did not know Casem's pantofles?) they threw them in at the window, at the same time reviling him for the accident. Unhappy Casem! The pantofles flew into his room, fell among his bottles, which were ranged with great care along the shelf, and overthrowing them, covered the room with glass and rose-water. Imagine, if you can, the miser's agony! With a loud voice, and tearing his beard, according to custom, he roared out,

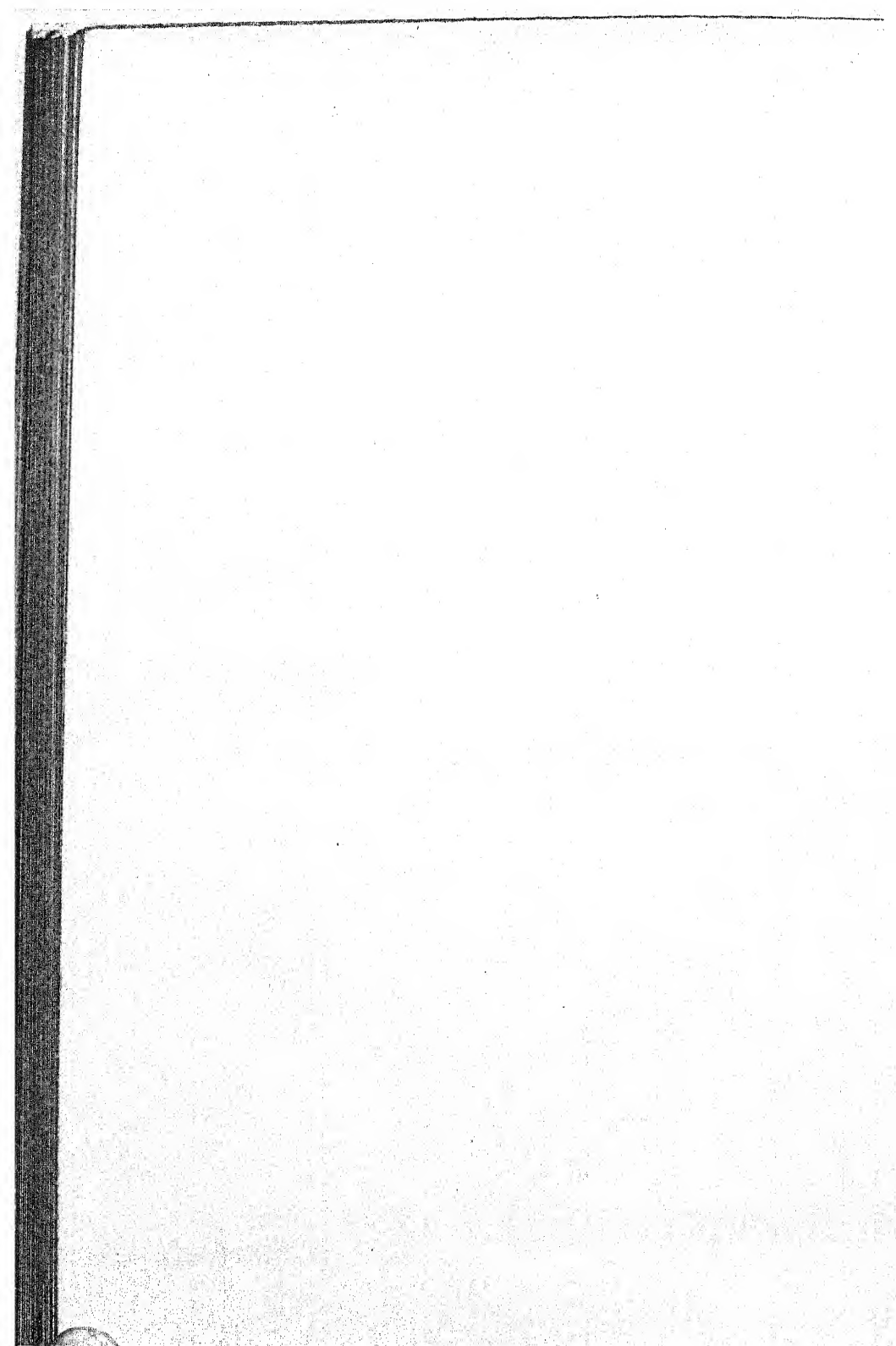


PAUL HARDY.

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CASEM THROWS HIS OLD SLIPPERS INTO THE RESERVOIR.

Vol. iii. page 376.



"Accursed pantofles, will you never cease persecuting the wretched Casem?" So saying, he took a spade, and went into his garden to bury them.

It so happened that one of his neighbours was looking out of the window at the time; and seeing Casem poking about the earth in his garden, he ran to the cadi, and told him that his old friend had discovered a treasure. Nothing more was requisite to excite the cupidity of the judge. He allowed the miser to aver, as loudly as he pleased, that he was burying his slippers, and had found no treasure, but at the same time demanded the treasure he had found. Casem talked to no purpose. Wearied out at last with his own asseverations, he paid the money, and departed, cursing the very souls of the pantofles.

Determined to get rid of these unhappy movables, our hero walked to some distance from the city, and threw them into a reservoir, hoping he had now fairly seen the last of them; but the devil, not yet tired of tormenting him, guided the pantofles precisely to the mouth of the conduit. From this point they were carried along into the city, and sticking at the mouth of the aqueduct, they stopped it up, and prevented the water from flowing into the basin. The overseers of the city fountains, seeing that the water had stopped, immediately set about repairing the damage; and at length dragged into the face of day the old reprobate slippers, which they immediately took to the cadi, complaining loudly of the damage they had caused.

The unfortunate proprietor was now condemned to pay a fine still heavier than before: but far was he from having the luck of seeing his chattels detained. The cadi, having delivered the sentence, said, like a conscientious magistrate, that he had no power of retaining other people's property, upon which the slippers, with much solemnity, were faithfully returned to their distracted master. He carried them home with him; and meditating as he went, and as well as he was able to meditate, how he should destroy them; at length he determined upon committing them to the flames. He accordingly tried to do so, but they were too wet; so he put them on a terrace to dry. But the devil, as aforesaid, had reserved a still more cruel accident than any before: for a dog, whose master lived hard by, seeing these strange wild fowl of a pair of shoes, jumped from one terrace to the other, till he came to the miser's, and began to play with one of them; in his sport he dropped it over the balustrade, and it fell, heavy with hobnails and the accumulated

guilt of years, on the tender head of an infant, and killed him on the spot. The parents went straight to the cadi and complained that they had found their child dead, and Casem's pantofle lying by it, upon which the judge condemned him to pay a very heavy fine.

Casem returned home, and taking the pantofles, went back to the cadi, crying out with an enthusiasm that convulsed everybody, "Behold! behold! See here the fatal cause of all the sufferings of Casem, these accursed pantofles, which have at length brought ruin upon his head. My lord cadi, be so merciful, I pray you, as to give an edict that may free me from all imputation of accident which these slippers henceforth may occasion, as they certainly will to anybody who ventures into their accursed leather." The cadi could not refuse this request; and the miser learned to his cost the ill effects of not buying a new pair of shoes.

THE VIOLET-GIRL.

BY LORD HOUGHTON.

When Fancy will continually rehearse
Some painful scene once present to the eye,
'Tis well to mould it into gentle verse,
That it may lighter on the spirit lie.

Home yester-eve I wearily returned,
Though bright my morning mood and short my way,
But sad experience, in one moment earned,
Can crush the heap'd enjoyments of a day.

Passing the corner of a pop'lous street,
I marked a girl whose wont it was to stand,
With pallid cheek, torn gown, and naked feet,
And bunches of fresh violets in each hand.

There her small commerce in the chill March weather
She plied with accents miserably mild;
It was a frightful thought to set together
Those healthy blossoms and that fading child:—

—Those luxuries and largess of the earth,
Beauty and pleasure to the sense of man,
And this poor sorry weed cast loosely forth
On life's wild waste to struggle as it can!

To me that odorous purple ministers
Hope-bearing memories and inspiring glee,
While meanest images alone are hers,
The sordid wants of base humanity.

Think after all this lapse of hungry hours,
In the disfurnished chamber of dim cold,

How she must loathe the very scented flowers
That on the squalid table lie unsold!

Rest on your woodland banks and wither there,
Sweet preluders of spring! far better so,
Than live misused to fill the grasp of care,
And serve the piteous purposes of woe.

Ye are no longer Nature's gracious gift,
Yourselves so much, and harbingers of more—
But a most bitter irony to lift
The veil that hides our sorest mortal sore.

EDUCATION.

[Martin Luther, born at Eisleben, Saxony, 10th November, 1483; died 18th February, 1546. The great Reformer, and revered by his countrymen as the father of the German language and literature. The following extract from "A Discourse on the Spiritual Advantages arising from the Futherance of Schools, and the Injury consequent on the Neglect of Them," is an interesting specimen of Luther's powers as an essayist, and has a curious significance in these days of school-boards.]

Now if thou hast a child that is fit to receive instruction, and art able to hold him to it and dost not, but goest thy way and carest not what shall become of the secular government, its laws, its peace, &c., thou warrest against the secular government, as much as in thee lies, like the Turk, yea, like the devil himself. For thou withholdest from the kingdom, principality, country, city, a redeemer, comfort, corner-stone, helper, and saviour. And on thy account the emperor loses both sword and crown; the country loses safeguard and freedom, and thou art the man through whose fault (as much as in thee lies) no man shall hold his body, wife, child, house, home, and goods in safety. Rather thou sacrificest all these without ruth in the shambles, and givest cause that men shall become mere beasts, and at last devour one another. This all thou wilt assuredly do, if thou withdraw thy child from so wholesome a condition, for the belly's sake. Now art thou not a pretty man and a useful in the world? who makest daily use of the kingdom and its peace, and by way of thanks, in return, robbest the same of thy son, and deliverest him up to avarice, and labourst with all diligence to this end, that there may be no man who shall help maintain the kingdom, law, and peace; but that all may go to wreck, notwithstanding thou thyself possessest and holdest body and life,

goods and honour, by means of said kingdom.

I will say nothing here of how fine a pleasure it is for a man to be learned, albeit he have never an office; so that he can read all manner of things by himself at home, talk and converse with learned people, travel and act in foreign lands. For peradventure there be few who will be moved by such delights. But seeing thou art so bent upon mammon and victual, look here and see how many and how great goods God has founded upon schools and scholars, so that thou shalt no more despise learning and art by reason of poverty. Behold! emperors and kings must have chancellors and scribes, counsellors, jurists, and scholars. There is no prince but he must have chancellors, jurists, counsellors, scholars, and scribes: so likewise, all counts, lords, cities, castles, must have syndics, city clerks, and other learned men; nay, there is not a nobleman but must have a scribe. Reckon up, now, how many kings, princes, counts, lords, cities, and towns, &c. Where will they find learned men three years hence? seeing that here and there already a want is felt. Truly I think kings will have to become jurists and princes chancellors, counts and lords will have to become scribes, and burgomasters sacristans.

Therefore I hold that never was there a better time to study than now; not only for the reason that the art is now so abundant and so cheap, but also because great wealth and honour must needs ensue, and they that study now will be men of price; inasmuch that two princes and three cities shall tear one another for a single scholar. For look above or around thee and thou wilt find that innumerable offices wait for learned men, before ten years shall have sped; and that few are being educated for the same.

Besides honest gain, they have also honour. For chancellors, city clerks, jurists, and people in office, must sit with those who are placed on high, and help, counsel, and govern. And they, in fact, are the lords of this world, although they are not so in respect of person, birth, and rank.

Solomon himself mentions that a poor man once saved a city, by his wisdom, against a mighty king. Not that I would have, herewith, warriors, troopers, and what belongs to strife done away, or despised and rejected. They also, where they are obedient, help to preserve peace and all things with their fist. Each has his honour before God as well as his place and work.

On the other hand, there are found certain

scratchers¹ who conceit that the title of writer is scarce worthy to be named or heard. Well, then, regard not that, but think on this wise: these good people must have their amusement and their jest. Leave them their jest, but remain thou, nevertheless, a writer before God and the world. If they scratch long, thou shalt see that they honour, notwithstanding, the pen above all things; that they place it² upon hat and helmet, as if they would confess, by their action, that the pen is the top of the world, without which they can neither be equipped for battle nor go about in peace; much less scratch so securely. For they also have need of the peace which the emperors, preachers, and teachers (the lawyers) teach and maintain. Wherefore thou seest that they place our implement, the dear pen, uppermost. And with reason, since they gird their own implement, the sword, about the thighs; there it hangs fitly and well for their work; but it would not be seem the head: there must hover the plume. If, then, they have sinned against thee, they herewith expiate the offence, and thou must forgive them.

There be some that deem the office of a writer to be an easy and trivial office; but to ride in armour, to endure heat, cold, dust, thirst, and other inconvenience, they think to be laborious. Yea! that is the old, vulgar, daily tune: that no one sees where the shoe pinches another. Every one feels only his own troubles, and stares at the ease of others. True it is, it would be difficult for me to ride in armour; but then, on the other hand, I would like to see the rider who should sit me still the whole day long and look into a book, though he were not compelled to care for aught, to invent, or think, or read. Ask a chancery-clerk, a preacher, or an orator, what kind of work writing and haranguing is? Ask a schoolmaster what kind of work is teaching and bringing up of boys? The pen is light, it is true, and among all trades no tool so easily furnished as that of the writing trade, for it needeth only a goose's wing, of which one shall everywhere find a sufficiency *gratis*. Nevertheless, in this employment, the best piece in the human body (as the head), and the noblest member (as the tongue), and the highest work (as speech) must take part and labour most; while, in others, either the fist, or the feet, or the back, or members of that class alone work; and they that pursue them may sing merrily the while, and

jest freely, which a writer cannot do. Three fingers do the work (so they say of writers), but the whole body and soul must co-operate.

I have heard of the worthy and beloved emperor Maximilian, how, when the great boobies complained that he employed so many writers for missions and other purposes, he is reported to have said: "What shall I do? They will not suffer themselves to be used in this way, therefore I must employ writers." And further: "Knights I can create, but doctors I cannot create." So have I likewise heard of a fine nobleman, that he said, "I will let my son study. It is no great art to hang two legs over a steed and be a rider; he shall soon learn me that; and he shall be fine and well-spoken."

They say, and it is true, the pope was once a pupil too. Therefore despise me not the fellows who say "*panem propter Deum*" before the doors and sing the bread-song.³ Thou hearest, as this psalm says, great princes and lords sing. I too have been one of these fellows, and have received bread at the houses, especially at Eisenach, my native city. Although, afterward, my dear father maintained me, with all love and faith, in the high-school at Erfurt, and, by his sore sweat and labour, has helped me to what I have become—still I have been a beggar at the doors of the rich, and, according to this psalm, have attained so far by means of the pen, that now I would not compound with the Turkish emperor, to have his wealth and forego my art. Yea, I would not take for it the wealth of the world many times multiplied; and yet, without doubt, I had never attained to it had I not chanced upon a school and the writers' trade.

Therefore let thy son study, nothing doubting, and though he should beg his bread the while, yet shalt thou give to our Lord God a fine piece of wood out of which he can whittle thee a lord. And be not disturbed that vulgar niggards condemn the art so disdainfully, and say, Aha! if my son can write German, and read and cipher, he knows enough; I will have him a merchant. They shall soon become so tame that they will be fain to dig with their fingers, ten yards deep in the earth, for a scholar. For my merchant will not be a merchant long, when law and preaching fail. That know I for certain; we theologians and lawyers must remain, or all must go down with us together. It cannot be otherwise. When theologians go, then goes the Word of God, and

¹ *Scharnhansen*, men who scratch for money, and think of nothing else.—Tr.

² The word *Feder*, feather, is used indifferently in German to denote pen or plume.—Tr.

³ A song or psalm which the poor students of Luther's time sang, when they went about imploring charity at the doors of the rich.

remains nothing but the heathen, yea! mere devils. When jurists go, then goes justice together with peace, and remains only murder, robbery, outrage, force, yea! mere wild beasts. But what the merchant shall earn and win, when peace is gone, I will leave it to his books to inform him. And how much profit all his wealth shall be to him when preaching fails, his conscience, I trow, shall declare to him.

I will say briefly of a diligent pious school-teacher or magister, or of whomsoever it is, that faithfully brings up boys and instructs them, that such an one can never be sufficiently recompensed or paid with money; as also the heathen Aristotle says. Yet is this calling so shamefully despised among us, as though it were altogether nought. And we call ourselves Christians!

And if I must or could relinquish the office of preacher and other matters, there is no office I would more willingly have than that of school-master or teacher of boys. For I know that this work, next to the office of preacher, is the most profitable, the greatest, and the best. Besides, I know not even which is the best of the two. For it is hard to make old dogs tame and old rogues upright; at which task, nevertheless, the preacher's office labours, and often labours in vain. But young trees be more easily bent and trained, howbeit some should break in the effort. *Beloved! count it one of the highest virtues upon earth, to educate faithfully the children of others, which so few, and scarcely any, do by their own.*

MY LOVE.

A tender paleness stealing o'er her cheek
Vell'd her sweet smile as 'twere a passing cloud,
And such pure dignity of love avowed,
That in my eyes my full soul strove to speak.

Then knew I how the spirits of the blest
Communion hold in heaven; so beamed serene
That pitying thought, by every eye unseen
Save mine, wont ever on her charms to rest.

Each grace angelic, each meek glance humane,
That Love ere to his fairest votaries lent,
By this, were deemed ungente cold disdain.

Her lovely looks in sadness downward bent,
In silence, to my fancy, seemed to say,
Who calls my faithful friend so far away?

PETARCH.

THE COMMON LOT.¹

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Once, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man:—and WHO was HE?—
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown;
His name hath perish'd from the earth;
This truth survives alone:—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast;
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear!—
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
O, she was fair!—but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encounter'd all that troubles thee:
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

¹In 1806 Byron wrote an "Answer to a beautiful poem entitled *The Common Lot*," in which he pleads that honour and fame never die. The following stanzas will show the argument of the poem:

"The rolling seasons pass away,
And Time untiring waves his wing;
Whilst honour's laurels ne'er decay,
But bloom in fresh, unfading spring.

What though the sculpture be destroy'd,
From dark oblivion meant to guard;
A bright renown shall be enjoyed
By those whose virtues claim reward.

Then do not say the common lot
Of all lies deep in Lethe's wave;
Some few who ne'er will be forgot,
Shall burst the bondage of the grave."

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of HIM afford no other trace
Than this,—THERE LIVED A MAN!

DRAWN FOR A SOLDIER.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

"Arma Virumque Canoe."

I was once—for a few hours only—in the militia. I suspect I was in part answerable for my own mishap. There is a story in *Joe Miller* of a man who, being pressed to serve his majesty on another element, pleaded his polite breeding, to the gang, as a good ground of exemption; but was told that the crew being a set of sad unmannerly dogs, a Chesterfield was the very character they wanted. The militiamen acted, I presume, on the same principle. Their customary schedule was forwarded to me, at Brighton, to fill up, and in a moment of incautious hilarity—induced, perhaps, by the absence of all business or employment, except pleasure—I wrote myself down in the descriptive column as "*Quite a Gentleman.*"

The consequence followed immediately. A precept, addressed by the High Constable of Westminster to the Low ditto of the parish of St. M——, and endorsed with my name, informed me that it had turned up in that involuntary lottery, the ballot.

At the sight of the orderly, who thought proper to deliver the document into no other hands than mine, my mother-in-law cried, and my wife fainted on the spot. They had no notion of any distinctions in military service—a soldier was a soldier—and they imagined that, on the very morrow, I might be ordered abroad to a fresh Waterloo. They were unfortunately ignorant of that benevolent provision, which absolved the militia from going out of the kingdom—"except in case of an invasion." In vain I represented that we were "locals;" they had heard of local diseases, and thought there might be wounds of the same description. In vain I explained that we were not troops of the line;—they could see nothing to choose between being shot in a line, or in any other figure. I told them next that I was not obliged to "serve myself;"—but they answered, "'twas so much the harder I should

be obliged to serve any one else." My being sent abroad, they said, would be the death of them; for they had witnessed at Ramsgate the embarkation of the Walcheren expedition, and too well remembered "the misery of the soldiers' wives at seeing their husbands in *transports*!"

I told them that, at the very worst, if I *should* be sent abroad, there was no reason why I should not return again;—but they both declared, they never did, and never would believe in those "Returns of the Killed and Wounded."

The discussion was in this stage when it was interrupted by another loud single knock at the door, a report equal in its effects on us to that of the memorable cannon-shot at Brussels; and before we could recover ourselves, a strapping sergeant entered the parlour with a huge bow, or rather rainbow, of party-coloured ribbons in his cap. He came, he said, to offer a substitute for me; but I was prevented from reply by the indignant females asking him in the same breath, "Who and what did he think *could* be a substitute for a son and a husband?"

The poor sergeant looked foolish enough at this turn; but he was still more abashed when the two anxious ladies began to cross-examine him on the length of his services abroad, and the number of his wounds, the campaigns of the militiaman having been confined doubtless to Hounslow, and his bodily marks militant to the three stripes on his sleeve. Parrying these awkward questions he endeavoured to prevail upon me to see the proposed proxy, a fine young fellow, he assured me, of unusual stature; but I told him it was quite an indifferent point with me whether he was 6-feet-2 or 2-feet-6, in short, whether he was as tall as the flag, or "under the standard."

The truth is, I reflected that it was a time of profound peace, that a civil war or an invasion, was very unlikely; and as for an occasional drill, that I could make shift, like Lavater, to right-about-face.

Accordingly, I declined seeing the substitute, and dismissed the sergeant with a note to the war-secretary to this purport—"That I considered myself *drawn*, and expected therefore to be well *quarter'd*. That, under the circumstances of the country, it would probably be unnecessary for militiamen 'to be mustarded;' but that if his majesty did '*call me out*,' I hoped I should '*give him satisfaction*.'"

The females were far from being pleased with this billet. They talked a great deal of moral suicide, wilful murder, and seeking the

bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth; but I shall ever think that I took the proper course, for, after the lapse of a few hours, two more of the general's red-coats, or general post-men, brought me a large packet sealed with the war-office seal, and superscribed "Henry Hardinge," by which I was officially absolved from serving on horse or on foot, or on both together, then and thereafter.

And why, I know not—unless his majesty doubted the handsomeness of discharging me in particular, without letting off the rest,—but so it was, that in a short time afterwards there issued a proclamation by which the services of all militiamen were for the present dispensed with,—and we were left to pursue our several avocations,—of course, all the lighter in our *spirits* for being *disembodied*.

—From the *Comic Annual*.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A VARIATION.

Youth rambles on life's arid mount,
And strikes the rock, and finds the vein,
And brings the water from the fount,
The fount which shall not flow again.

The man mature with labour chops
For the bright stream a channel grand,
And sees not that the sacred drops
Ran off and vanish'd out of hand.

And then the old man totters nigh,
And feebly rakes among the stones.
The mount is mute, the channel dry!
And down he lays his weary bones.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

HAPPINESS.

Because the Few with signal virtue crowned,
The heights and pinnacles of human mind,
Sadder and wearier than the rest are found,
Wish not thy soul less wise or less refined,
True, that the small delights which every day
Cheer and distract the pilgrim are not theirs;
True, that, though free from passion's lawless sway,
A loftier being brings severer cares.
Yet have they special pleasures, even mirth,
By those undreamt-of who have only trod
Life's valley smooth; and if the rolling earth
To their nice ear have many a painful tone,
They know, man does not live by joy alone,
But by the presence of the power of God.

LORD HOUGHTON.

THE LADY OF GOLLERUS.

BY T. CROFTON CROKER.¹

On the shore of Smerwick harbour, one fine summer's morning, just at daybreak, stood Dick Fitzgerald "shogging the dudeen," which may be translated, smoking his pipe. The sun was gradually rising behind the lofty Brandon, the dark sea was getting green in the light, and the mists, clearing away out of the valleys, went rolling and curling like the smoke from the corner of Dick's mouth.

"'Tis just the pattern of a pretty morning," said Dick, taking the pipe from between his lips, and looking towards the distant ocean, which lay as still and tranquil as a tomb of polished marble. "Well, to be sure," continued he, after a pause, "'tis mighty lonesome to be talking to one's self by way of company, and not to have another soul to answer one—nothing but the child of one's own voice, the echo! I know this, that if I had the luck, or maybe the misfortune," said he, with a melancholy smile, "to have the woman, it would not be this way with me!—and what in the wide world is a man without a wife? He's no more surely than a bottle without a drop of drink in it, or dancing without music, or the left leg of a scissors, or a fishing-line without a hook, or any other matter that is no ways complete.—Is it not so?" said Dick Fitzgerald, casting his eyes towards a rock upon the strand, which, though it could not speak, stood up as firm and looked as bold as ever Kerry witness did.

But what was his astonishment at beholding, just at the foot of that rock, a beautiful young creature combing her hair, which was of a sea-green colour; and now, the salt water shining on it, appeared, in the morning light, like melted butter upon cabbage.

Dick guessed at once that she was a Merrow, although he had never seen one before, for he spied the *cohuteen driuth*, or little enchanted cap, which the sea people use for diving down into the ocean, lying upon the strand, near her; and he had heard, that if once he could possess himself of the cap, she would lose the power of going away into the water: so he seized it with all speed, and she, hearing the noise, turned her head about as natural as any Christian.

When the Merrow saw that her little diving-cap was gone, the salt tears—doubly salt, no

¹ From *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*. See *Casquet*, page 193, vol. i.

doubt, from her—came trickling down her cheeks, and she began a low mournful cry with just the tender voice of a new-born infant. Dick, although he knew well enough what she was crying for, determined to keep the *cohuleen driuth*, let her cry never so much, to see what luck would come out of it. Yet he could not help pitying her; and when the dumb thing looked up in his face, and her cheeks all moist with tears, 'twas enough to make any one feel, let alone Dick, who had ever and always, like most of his countrymen, a mighty tender heart of his own.

"Don't cry, my darling," said Dick Fitzgerald; but the Merrow, like any bold child, only cried the more for that.

Dick sat himself down by her side, and took hold of her hand by way of comforting her. 'Twas in no particular an ugly hand, only there was a small web between the fingers, as there is in a duck's foot; but 'twas as thin and as white as the skin between egg and shell.

"What's your name, my darling?" says Dick, thinking to make her conversant with him; but he got no answer; and he was certain sure now, either that she could not speak, or did not understand him: he therefore squeezed her hand in his, as the only way he had of talking to her. It's the universal language; and there's not a woman in the world, be she fish or lady, that does not understand it.

The Merrow did not seem much displeased at this mode of conversation; and, making an end of her whining all at once—"Man," says she, looking up in Dick Fitzgerald's face, "man, will you eat me?"

"By all the red petticoats and check aprons between Dingle and Tralee," cried Dick, jumping up in amazement, "I'd as soon eat myself, my jewel! Is it I eat you, my pet?—Now, 'twas some ugly ill-looking thief of a fish put that notion into your own pretty head, with the nice green hair down upon it, that is so cleanly combed out this morning!"

"Man," said the Merrow, "what will you do with me, if you won't eat me?"

Dick's thoughts were running on a wife: he saw, at the first glimpse, that she was handsome; but since she spoke, and spoke too like any real woman, he was fairly in love with her. 'Twas the neat way she called him man, that settled the matter entirely.

"Fish," says Dick, trying to speak to her after her own short fashion; "fish," says he, "here's my word, fresh and fasting, for you this blessed morning, that I'll make you Mistress Fitzgerald before all the world, and that's what I'll do."

"Never say the word twice," says she, "I'm ready and willing to be yours, Mister Fitzgerald; but stop, if you please, 'till I twist up my hair."

It was sometime before she had settled it entirely to her liking; for she guessed, I suppose, that she was going among strangers, where she would be looked at. When that was done, the Merrow put the comb in her pocket, and then bent down her head and whispered some words to the water that was close to the foot of the rock.

Dick saw the murmur of the words upon the top of the sea, going out towards the wide ocean, just like a breath of wind rippling along, and, says he, in the greatest wonder, "Is it speaking you are, my darling, to the salt water?"

"It's nothing else," says she, quite carelessly, "I'm just sending word home to my father, not to be waiting breakfast for me; just to keep him from being uneasy in his mind."

"And who's your father, my duck?" says Dick.

"What!" said the Merrow, "did you never hear of my father? he's the king of the waves, to be sure!"

"And yourself, then, is a real king's daughter?" said Dick, opening his two eyes to take a full and true survey of his wife that was to be. "Oh, I'm nothing else but a made man with you, and a king your father—to be sure he has all the money that's down in the bottom of the sea!"

"Money," repeated the Merrow, "what's money?"

"'Tis no bad thing to have when one wants it," replied Dick; "and maybe now the fishes have the understanding to bring up whatever you bid them?"

"Oh yes," said the Merrow, "they bring me what I want."

"To speak the truth, then," said Dick, "'tis a straw bed I have at home before you, and that, I'm thinking, is no ways fitting for a king's daughter; so if 'twould not be displeasing to you, just to mention, a nice feather bed, with a pair of new blankets—but what am I talking about? maybe you have not such thing as beds down under the water?"

"By all means," said she, "Mr. Fitzgerald—plenty of beds at your service. I've fourteen oyster beds of my own, not to mention one just planting for the rearing of young ones."

"You have," says Dick, scratching his head and looking a little puzzled. "'Tis a feather bed I was speaking of—but clearly, yours is

the very cut of a decent plan, to have bed and supper so handy to each other, that a person when they'd have the one need never ask for the other."

However, bed or no bed, money or no money, Dick Fitzgerald determined to marry the Merrow, and the Merrow had given her consent. Away they went, therefore, across the strand, from Gollerus to Ballinrinnig, where Father Fitzgibbon happened to be that morning.

"There are two words to this bargain, Dick Fitzgerald," said his reverence, looking mighty glum. "And is it a fishy woman you'd marry?—the Lord preserve us!—Send the scaly creature home to her own people, that's my advice to you, wherever she came from."

Dick had the *cohuleen driuth* in his hand, and was about to give it back to the Merrow, who looked covetously at it, but he thought for a moment, and then, says he—

"Please your reverence, she's a king's daughter."

"If she was the daughter of fifty kings," said Father Fitzgibbon, "I tell you, you can't marry her, she being a fish."

"Please your reverence," said Dick again, in an undertone, "she's as mild and beautiful as the moon."

"If she was as mild and as beautiful as the sun, moon, and the stars, all put together, I tell you, Dick Fitzgerald," said the priest, stamping his right foot, "you can't marry her, she being a fish!"

"But she has all the gold that's down in the sea only for the asking, and I'm a made man if I marry her: and," said Dick, looking up slyly, "I can make it worth any one's while to do the job."

"Oh! that alters the case entirely," replied the priest; "why, there's some reason now in what you say: why didn't you tell me this before?—marry her by all means, if she was ten times a fish. Money, you know, is not to be refused in these bad times, and I may as well have the hansom of it as another, that maybe would not take half the pains in counselling you that I have done."

So Father Fitzgibbon married Dick Fitzgerald to the Merrow, and like any loving couple, they returned to Gollerus, well pleased with each other. Everything prospered with Dick—he was at the sunny side of the world; the Merrow made the best of wives, and they lived together in the greatest contentment.

It was wonderful to see, considering where she had been brought up, how she would busy herself about the house, and how well she nursed the children; for at the end of three

years, there were as many young Fitzgeralds—two boys and a girl.

In short, Dick was a happy man, and so he might have continued to the end of his days, if he had only the sense to take proper care of what he had got; many another man, however, beside Dick, has not had wit enough to do that.

One day when Dick was obliged to go to Tralee, he left the wife, minding the children at home after him, and thinking she had plenty to do without disturbing his fishing-tackle.

Dick was no sooner gone than Mrs. Fitzgerald set about cleaning up the house, and chancing to pull down a fishing-net, what should she find behind it in a hole in the wall, but her own *cohuleen driuth*.

She took it out and looked at it, and then she thought of her father the king, and her mother the queen, and her brothers and sisters, and she felt a longing to go back to them.

She sat down on a little stool, and thought over the happy days she had spent under the sea; then she looked at her children, and thought on the love and affection of poor Dick, and how it would break his heart to lose her. "But," says she, "he won't lose me entirely, for I'll come back to him again, and who can blame me for going to see my father and my mother after being so long away from them?"

She got up and went towards the door, but came back again to look once more at the child that was sleeping in the cradle. She kissed it gently, and as she kissed it, a tear trembled for an instant in her eye, and then fell on its rosy cheek. She wiped away the tear, and turning to the eldest little girl, told her to take good care of her brothers, and to be a good child herself, until she came back. The Merrow then went down to the strand. The sea was lying calm and smooth, just heaving and glittering in the sun, and she thought she heard a faint sweet singing, inviting her to come down. All her old ideas and feelings came flooding over her mind, Dick and her children were at the instant forgotten, and placing the *cohuleen driuth* on her head, she plunged in.

Dick came home in the evening, and missing his wife, he asked Kathleen, his little girl, what had become of her mother, but she could not tell him. He then inquired of the neighbours, and he learned that she was seen going towards the strand with a strange-looking thing like a cocked hat in her hand. He returned to his cabin to search for the *cohuleen driuth*. It was gone, and the truth now flashed upon him.

Year after year did Dick Fitzgerald wait expecting the return of his wife, but he never saw her more. Dick never married again, always thinking that the Merrow would sooner or later return to him, and nothing could ever persuade him but that her father the king kept her below by main force; "for," said Dick, "she surely would not of herself give up her husband and her children."

While she was with him, she was so good a wife in every respect, that to this day she is spoken of in the tradition of the country, as the pattern for one, under the name of THE LADY OF GOLLEBUS.

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

Mournfully! O, mournfully

This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet plaintive melody
Of ages long gone by:

It speaks a tale of other years—
Of hopes that bloomed to die—
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully! O, mournfully

This midnight wind doth moan;
It stirs some chord of memory
In each dull heavy tone:
The voices of the much-loved dead
Seem floating thereupon—
All, all my fond heart cherished
Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully! O, mournfully

This midnight wind doth swell,
With its quaint pensive minstrelsy,
Hope's passionate farewell
To the dreamy joys of early years,
Ere yet grief's canker fell
On the heart's bloom—ay! well may tears
Start at that parting knell!

WM. MOTHERWELL.

HOPE.

The wretch, condemned with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE HEIRESS.

How much of human hostility depends on that circumstance—distance! If the most bitter enemies were to come into contact, how much their ideas of each other would be chastened and corrected! They would mutually amend their erroneous impressions; see much to admire, and much to imitate in each other; and half the animosity that sheds its baneful influence on society would fade away and be forgotten.

It was one day when I was about seven years old, after an unusual bustle in the family mansion, and my being arrayed in a black frock, much to my inconvenience, in the hot month of August, that I was told my asthmatic old uncle had gone off like a lamb, and that I was heiress of ten thousand per annum. This information, given with an air of infinite importance, made no very great impression upon me at the time, and in spite of the circumstance being regularly dwelt on, by my French governess, at Camden House, after every heinous misdemeanour, I had thought little or nothing on the subject till at the age of eighteen I was called on to bid adieu to Levizac and pirouettes, and hear uncle's will read by my guardian.

It furnished me, indeed, with ample materials for thinking. Dr. Marrowfat's face, neither human nor divine—I see it before me, while I am writing—appeared positively frightful as he recited its monstrous contents. It appeared that my father and uncle, though brothers, had wrangled and jangled through life; and that the only subject on which they ever agreed, was supporting the dignity of the Varasour family. That in a moment of unprecedented unison they had determined, that, as the title fell to my cousin Edgar, and the estates to me, to keep both united in the family, we should marry. And it seemed, whichever party violated these precious conditions, was actually dependent on the other for bread and butter. When I first heard of this arrangement I blessed myself, and Sir Edgar cursed himself. A passionate, overbearing, dissolute young man, thought I, for a husband—for the husband of an orphan—of a girl who has not a nearer relation than himself in the world—who has no father to advise her, no mother to support her:—a professed rake too—who will merely view me as an incumbrance on his estate, who will think no love, no confidence, no respect due to me; who will insult my feelings, deride my senti-

ments, and wither with unkindness the best affections of my nature. No! I concluded, as my constitutional levity returned—I have the greatest possible respect for guardians—revere their office—and tremble at their authority—but to make myself wretched merely to please them—no! no! I positively cannot think of it.

Well—time, who is no respecter of persons, went on. The gentleman was within a few months of being twenty-one, and on the day of his attaining age he was to say whether it was his pleasure to fulfil the engagement. My opinion I found was not to be asked. A titled husband was procured for me, and I was to take him and be thankful. I was musing on my singular situation when a thought struck me. Can I not see him, and judge of his character unsuspected by himself. This is the season when he pays an annual visit to my godmother; why not persuade her to let me visit her *incog*. The idea, strange as it was, was instantly acted on, and a week saw me at Vale-Royal, without carriages, without horses, without servants; to all appearance a girl of no pretensions or expectations, and avowedly dependent on a distant relation.

To this hour I remember my heart beating audibly as I descended to the dining-room, where I was to see, for the first time, the future arbiter of my fate; and I shall never forget my surprise when a pale, gentlemanly, and rather reserved young man, in apparent ill health, was introduced to me for the noisy, dissolute, distracting, and distracted baronet! Preciously have I been hoaxed, thought I, as, after a long and rather interesting conversation with Sir Edgar, I, with the other ladies, left the room.

Days rolled on in succession. Chance continually brought us together, and prudence began to whisper, “You had better return home.” Still I lingered—till one evening, towards the close of a long tête-a-tête conversation, on my saying that I never considered money and happiness as synonymous terms, and thought it very possible to live on five hundred a year, he replied,

“One admission more—could you live on it with me? You are doubtless acquainted,” he continued, with increasing emotion, “with my unhappy situation, but not perhaps aware, that, revolting from a union with Miss Vavasour, I have resolved on taking orders, and accepting a living from a friend. If foregoing more brilliant prospects you would condescend to share my retirement.”

His manner, the moment, the lovely scene which surrounded us, all combined against

me, and Heaven only knows what answer I might have been hurried into had I not got out, with a gaiety foreign to my heart,

“I can say nothing to you till you have, in person, explained your sentiments to Miss Vavasour. Nothing—positively nothing.”

“But why? Can seeing her again and again,” he returned, “ever reconcile me to her manners, habits, and sentiments—or any states induce me to place, at the head of my table, a hump-backed *bas-bleu* in green spectacles?”

“Hump-backed?”

“Yes, from her cradle. But you colour. Do you know her?”

“Intimately. She’s my most particular friend!”

“I sincerely beg your pardon. What an unlucky dog I am! I hope you’re not offended?”

“Offended! offended! offended! oh no—not offended. Hump-backed! good heavens! Not the least offended. Hump-backed! of all things in the world!” and I involuntarily gave a glance at the glass.

“I had no conception,” he resumed, as soon as he could collect himself, “that there was any acquaintance.”

“The most intimate,” I replied; “and I can assure you that you have been represented to her as the most dissolute, passionate, awkward, ill-disposed young man breathing.”

“The deuce!”

“Don’t swear, but hear me. See your cousin. You will find yourself mistaken. With her answer you shall have mine.” And with a ludicrous attempt to smile, when I was monstrously inclined to cry, I contrived to make my escape.

I heard something very like “Curse Miss Vavasour!” on the way to my own apartment. We did not meet again; for the next morning, in no very enviable frame of mind, I returned home.

A few weeks afterwards Sir Edgar came of age. The bells were ringing blythely in the breeze—the tenants were carousing on the lawn—when he drove up to the door. My cue was taken. With a large pair of green spectacles on my nose—in a darkened room—I prepared for this tremendous interview. After hems and hahs innumerable, and with confusion the most distressing to himself, and the most amusing to me, he gave me to understand he could not fulfil the engagement made for him, and regretted it had ever been contemplated.

“No—no,” said I, in a voice that made him start, taking off my green spectacles with a profound courtesy, “no! no! it is preposterous

to suppose that Sir Edgar Vavasour would ever connect himself with an ill-bred, awkward, hump-backed girl."

Exclamations and explanations, laughter and raileries, intermixed with more serious feelings, followed; but the result of all was—that—that—that we were married.

—From *The Blank-Book of a Small Colleger.*

WHILE TAKIN' A WIFT O' MY PIPE.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.¹

While takin' a wift o' my pipe tother neet,
A thowt trickled into my pate,
That sulkin' becose everything isn't sweet,
Is nought but a foolish consate;
Iv mon had bin made for a bit of a spree,
An' th' world were a marlockin' schoo',
Wi' nought nobbut heytin', an' drinkin', an' glee,
An' holiday gam to go through,
He'd sicken afore
His frolic were o'er,
An' feel he'd bin born for a foo'.

Poor crayer, he's o' discontentment an' deawt,
Whatever his fortin may be;
He's just like a chylt at goes cryin' abeawt,
"Eawr Johnny's moor traycle nor me;"
One minute he's trouble't, next minute he's fain,
An' then, they're so blended i' one,
It's hard to tell whether he's laughin' through pain,
Or whether he's peawtin' for fun;—
He stumbles, an' grumbles,
He struggles, an' juggles,—
He capers a bit,—an' he's gone.

It's wise to be humble i' prosperous ways,
For trouble may chance to be nee;
It's wise for to struggle wi' sorrowful days
Till sorrow breeds sensible glee;
He's rich that, contented wi' little, lives weel,
An' nurses his little to moor;
He's weel off 'at's rich, iv he nobbut can feel
He's brother to those that are poor;
An' to him 'at does fair,
Though his livin' be bare,
Some comfort shall olez be sure.

We'n nobbut a lifetime a-piece here below,
An' th' lungest is very soon spent;
There's summat aboon measur's cuts for us o',
An' th' most on 'em nobbut a fent;
Lung or short, rough or fine, little matter for that,
We'n make th' best o'th stuff till it's done,
An' when it leets awt to get riven a bit,
Let's darn it as weel as we can;
When th' order comes to us
To doff these owd cloos,
There'll surely be new uns to don.

¹ From *Lancashire Songs.*

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

[Alexander Wilson, born in Paisley, 6th July, 1766; died in Philadelphia, 23d August, 1813. A poet and the founder of American ornithology. For several years he worked at the loom as a weaver in his native town, and afterwards travelled through the country as a peddler. He published his first volume of poems in 1790, and two years later issued, anonymously, his humorous ballad of *Watty and Meg*, which, much to the author's delight, was attributed to Burns. He emigrated to America in 1794; and found occupation as a schoolmaster. Upon settling at Kingsessing, he began to prepare for his great work on American ornithology; he explored the country, generally alone, and personally collected all his specimens. He lived to complete the eighth volume of the work; the ninth was produced under the care of his friend and occasional companion in his explorations, George Ord. Wilson's poetical talent has been almost forgotten, whilst his fame as an ornithologist remains undiminished.]

Of all professions that this world has known,
From clowns and cobblers upwards to the throne;
From the grave architect of Greece and Rome,
Down to the framer of a farthing broom,
The worst for care and undeserved abuse,
The first in real dignity and use
(If skill'd to teach and diligent to rule),
Is the leam'd master of a little school.
Not he who guides his legs, or skills the clown
To square his fist, and knock his fellow down:
Not he who shows the still more barbarous art
To parry thrusts and pierce th' unguarded heart;
But that good man, who, faithful to his charge,
Still toils the opening reason to enlarge;
And leads the growing mind, through every stage,
From humble A, B, C, to God's own page;
From black, rough *pothooks*, horrid to the sight,
To fairest lines that float o'er purest white;
From *numeration*, through an opening way,
Till dark *annuities* seem clear as day;
Pours o'er the mind a flood of mental light,
Expands its wings, and gives it powers for flight,
Till earth's remotest bound, and heaven's bright train
He trace, weigh, measure, picture, and explain.

If such his toils, sure honour and regard
And wealth and fame will be his dear reward.
Sure every tongue will utter forth his praise,
And blessings gild the evening of his days!
Yes!—bless'd indeed, by cold ungrateful scorn,
With study pale, by daily crosses worn,
Despised by those who to his labours owe
All that they read, and almost all they know;
Condemn'd, each tedious day, such cares to bear
As well might drive e'en Patience to despair;
The partial parent's taunt—the idler dull—
The blockhead's dark impenetrable skull—
The endless round of A, B, C's whole train
Repeated o'er ten thousand times in vain.
Placed on a point, the object of each sneer,
His faults enlarge, his merits disappear:

If mild—"Our lazy master loves his ease,
The boys at school do anything they please."
 If rigid—"He's a cross hard-hearted wretch,
He drives the children stupid with his birch.
My child, with gentle means, will mind a breath;
But frowns and flogging frighten him to death."
 Do as he will his conduct is arraign'd,
 And dear the little that he gets is gain'd;
 E'en that is given him, on the quarter day,
 With looks that call it—*money thrown away.*
 Just heaven! who knows the unremitting care
 And deep solicitude that teachers share;
 If such their fate, by thy divine control
 O give them health and fortitude of soul!
 Souls that disdain the murderous tongue of Fame,
 And strength to make the sturdiest of them tame.
 Grant this, ye powers! to Dominies distress'd,
 Their sharp-tailed *hickories* will do the rest.

THE TURNIP.

BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

There were two brothers who were both soldiers; the one was rich, the other poor. The poor man thought he would try to better himself; so, pulling off his red coat, he became a gardener, and dug his ground well, and sowed turnips.

When the seed came up, there was one plant bigger than all the rest; and it kept getting larger and larger, and seemed as if it would never cease growing; so that it might have been called the prince of turnips, for there never was such a one seen before, and never will again. At last it was so big that it filled a cart, and two oxen could hardly draw it; and the gardener knew not what in the world to do with it, nor whether it would be a blessing or a curse to him. One day he said to himself, "What shall I do with it? if I sell it, it will bring no more than another; and for eating the little turnips are better than this; the best thing perhaps is to carry it and give it to the king as a mark of respect."

Then he yoked his oxen, and drew the turnip to the court, and gave it to the king. "What a wonderful thing!" said the king; "I have seen many strange things, but such a monster as this I never saw. Where did you get the seed? or is it only your good luck? If so, you are a true child of fortune." "Ah, no!" answered the gardener, "I am no child of fortune; I am a poor soldier, who never could get enough to live upon; so I laid aside my red coat, and set to work, tilling the ground. I have a brother, who is rich, and your majesty knows him well, and all the world knows him; but because I am poor, everybody forgets me."

The king then took pity on him, and said, "You shall be poor no longer. I will give you so much that you shall be even richer than your brother." Then he gave him gold and lands and flocks, and made him so rich that his brother's fortune could not at all be compared with his.

When the brother heard of all this, and how a turnip had made the gardener so rich, he envied him sorely, and bethought himself how he could contrive to get the same good fortune for himself. However, he determined to manage more cleverly than his brother, and got together a rich present of gold and fine horses for the king; and thought he must have a much larger gift in return: for if his brother had received so much for only a turnip, what must his present be worth?

The king took the gift very graciously, and said he knew not what to give in return more valuable and wonderful than the great turnip; so the soldier was forced to put it into a cart, and drag it home with him. When he reached home he knew not upon whom to vent his rage and spite; and at length wicked thoughts came into his head, and he resolved to kill his brother.

So he hired some villains to murder him; and having shown them where to lie in ambush, he went to his brother and said, "Dear brother, I have found a hidden treasure; let us go and dig it up, and share it between us." The other had no suspicions of his roguery; so they went out together, and as they were travelling along the murderers rushed out upon him, bound him, and were going to hang him on a tree.

But whilst they were getting all ready, they heard the trampling of a horse at a distance, which so frightened them that they pushed their prisoner neck and shoulders together into a sack, and swung him up by a cord to the tree, where they left him dangling, and ran away. Meantime he worked and worked away, till he made a hole large enough to put out his head.

When the horseman came up he proved to be a student, a merry fellow, who was journeying along on his nag, and singing as he went. As soon as the man in the sack saw him passing under the tree, he cried out, "Good morning! good morning to thee, my friend!" The student looked about everywhere, and seeing no one, and not knowing where the voice came from, cried out, "Who calls me?"

Then the man in the tree answered, "Lift up thine eyes, for behold here I sit in the sack of wisdom; here have I, in a short time, learned great and wondrous things. Compared to this seat all the learning of the schools is as empty

air. A little longer, and I shall know all that man can know, and shall come forth wiser than the wisest of mankind. Here I discern the signs and motions of the heavens and the stars, the laws that control the winds, the number of the sands on the sea-shore, the healing of the sick, the virtues of all simples, of birds, and of precious stones. Wert thou but once here, my friend, thou wouldst feel and own the power of knowledge."

The student listened to all this, and wondered much; at last he said, "Blessed be the day and hour when I found you; cannot you contrive to let me into the sack for a little while?" Then the other answered, as if very unwillingly, "A little space I may allow thee to sit here, if thou wilt reward me well and entreat me kindly; but thou must tarry yet an hour below, till I have learned some little matters that are yet unknown to me."

So the student sat himself down and waited a while; but the time hung heavy upon him, and he begged earnestly that he might ascend forthwith, for his thirst of knowledge was great. Then the other pretended to give way, and said, "Thou must let the sack of wisdom descend, by untying yonder cord, and then thou shalt enter." So the student let him down, opened the sack, and set him free. "Now, then," cried he, "let me ascend quickly." As he began to put himself into the sack, heels first, "Wait awhile," said the gardener, "that is not the way." Then he pushed him in head first, tied up the sack, and soon swung up the searcher after wisdom, dangling in the air. "How is it with thee, friend?" said he, "dost thou not feel that wisdom comes unto thee? Rest there in peace, till thou art a wiser man than thou wert."

So saying, he trotted off on the student's nag, and left the poor fellow to gather wisdom till somebody should come and let him down.

WOMAN.¹

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is, to die.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

¹ First printed in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, c. xxiv.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

[George Gordon, Lord Byron, born in London, 22d January, 1788; died at Missolonghi, 19th April, 1824. He was the only child of Captain John Byron, of the Guards, and Catherine Gordon, of Gight, Aberdeenshire. Until the age of ten he was educated at Aberdeen under the care of his mother; he was then—having become heir to the title and estate of his grand-uncle, Lord Byron of Newstead Abbey—removed to Harrow, and subsequently to Cambridge. In 1807 appeared the *Hours of Idleness*, and the severe comments made upon it by the *Edinburgh Review* inspired the poet with his satire of the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* (1809). He travelled on the Continent for a couple of years, and soon after his return issued the first two cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (1812), which at once elevated him to the pinnacle of poetic fame. In 1815 he married Miss Milbanke; a year afterwards Lady Byron, with her infant daughter Ada, returned to her father's house in Leicestershire. Byron thereupon quitted England with the determination never to return. He flitted about from place to place, but spent most of his time in Italy. In 1823 he proved his devotion to Greece by joining in the attempt to secure its independence, giving to that object his fortune and his life—for it was in the course of this enterprise that he was attacked by the illness which closed his career. His life provoked many scandals, which have been more than once revived since his death; and on this subject a French critic makes the following observations:—"Our curiosity has killed our enthusiasm; whether it regards a great poet or a great man, we lose sight of his work or his actions to occupy ourselves only with his private life. . . . The heritage of a great man is not in that which brings him down to our level, but in that which exalts him above us."]

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse:
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

¹ Henri Blaze de Bury in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1st October, 1872.

² Of Byron's works Macaulay wrote:—"It was in description and meditation that he excelled. 'Description,' as he said in *Don Juan*, 'was his forte.' His manner is indeed peculiar, and is almost unequalled—rapid, sketchy, full of vigour; the selection happy; the strokes few and bold. . . . Never had any writer so vast a command of the whole eloquence of scorn, misanthropy, and despair. That *Marah* was never dry. . . . But, after the closest scrutiny, there will still remain much that can only perish with the English language."

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

THE WAVERLEY MYSTERY.

It is difficult nowadays to realize the intensity of the curiosity which long prevailed regarding the authorship of the Waverley Novels. The secret was well kept; several intimate friends had no doubt that Scott was the author, but few were certain of it. The works were attributed to various known and unknown men; then the rapidity with which one novel followed the other gave rise to the idea that they could not be the productions of one man. This suggested to Scott the most humorous of all his introductions, namely, the preface to the *Betrothed*, which he called "Minutes of sedentary of a general meeting of the shareholders designing to form a joint-stock company, united for the purpose of writing and publishing the class of works called the Waverley Novels." Curiosity was at length satisfied and false rumours extinguished by Sir Walter Scott's public acknowledgment of the authorship at the first dinner of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund,

held in the Assembly Rooms, on Friday, 23d February, 1827. The fund had been established in 1819, under the patronage of Frederick, Duke of York, for the benefit of sick and aged players. It was considered advisable by the managers of the institution to attract attention to the charity by means of a public dinner, and Sir Walter Scott consented to preside on the occasion. The following sketch of the proceedings appeared shortly after the event in a Glasgow periodical called the *Ant*, and is valuable as the report of an eye-witness:—

“Never was dinner so delayed, or so little worth being waited for, till the company was stupefied, and in that mood taken by surprise on the entrance of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Fife, and other gentlemen, by the centre door. When they were recognized, every man stood up and cheered, as the chairman, with his ‘peers,’ halted his way up the middle passage to the elevated seat beneath the royal canopy at the cross table, looking down the room. There was no grace before meat, and very little at it, believe me, for we were all as ravenous as wolves, and every man was there ‘his own carver.’

“As I sent you more than one of the Edinburgh papers, it is needless for me to recapitulate the proceedings of the evening, as, upon the whole, they were faithfully reported; although it was impossible for them to convey an idea of the intense spirit of sociality, and intimate brotherhood of feeling, as it were, which speedily pervaded the meeting, and distinguished it from the stiff formality and ostentatious parade of public dinners in general. All that I can do is merely to gather up a few crumbs of intelligence that escaped the regular caterers for the public, or were deemed too trivial for their notice. Sir Walter spoke of the memory of the Duke of York with the feeling of one who had lost a friend, but we were obliged to pledge it and many other toasts with empty glasses. Mr. Robertson, the jolly croupier, even whose rotundity hardly made him visible to one-half of the company, so lowly was he seated, did not relish this, and prevented Sir Walter from going farther till he, at least, was supplied. At a later period he rose up and declared, with rich emphasis, that ‘the room was still full of waiters, but empty of wine,’ and at last we all got to port. The chairman hesitated considerably in his opening or formal speech. He seemed to have written and forgotten it; but no sooner was the task-work over, than he felt at his own ease, and made his auditors be at theirs. In fact, each of us very speedily experienced the same agreeable feeling that would have

been ours had we been seated at table with Sir Walter, and been on terms of perfect intimacy with him. At length Lord Meadowbank got up and petrified us all by his direct, and, as it at first appeared, scandalously rude allusion to his friend’s being the author of *Waverley*. The next sensation was that of wonder, how Sir Walter, so involved, would contrive to extricate himself from the dilemma. He rose up; a smile played upon his rough and shagged, but expressive face; and in a low tone, which yet was heard in the remotest corner of the room, revealed the truth that no one there had doubted, but that every one was electrified to hear from his own lips—that he was the author—or, as he added, the sole author of the writings that have placed *Waverley* and its successors at the head of the romance literature of the world. There was, as you may guess, cheering at this till the roof sent back the thundering plaudits. . . . I must conclude. Mackay’s speech was well *written*; but he has only one way of delivery, whether of ‘my conscience!’ or ‘the immortal Garrick,’ &c. He can sing plaintively, however, and with feeling, as well as comically and with mirth, as he that night evinced. The badinage between him and Sir Walter was highly dramatic—so much so, as to appear premeditated to some. Good-nature, rather than very good taste, at all events, prompted the giving a second-rate actor’s health next, after such a ceremony as the revelation of the ‘Veiled Prophet.’ The more minute touches—in which it was that the chairman excelled,—of course could not be detailed in the newspaper reports—as where he alluded to his son’s being a hussar—where he spoke of auld Scotland, and ‘every lass in her cottage, and countess in her castle’—and of Mrs. Siddons—Mrs. Anne Page, and ‘her probabilities’—and Lord Ogilby and his ‘twinge’—nor can they convey to you the Northumbrian raciness of his ‘hurra’—of P. Robertson’s mellow tones, smacking of old port and good living.”

Sir Walter Scott took the chair, amid enthusiastic greetings, at six o’clock, supported on his right hand by the Earl of Fife, and on the left by Lord Meadowbank. On the right of the Earl of Fife were Sir John Hope of Pinkie, Bart., Admiral Adam, Robert Dundas, Esq. of Arniston, and several officers of the 7th Hussars; and on the left of the chair sat Baron Clerk Rattray, Gilbert Innes, Esq. of Stow, James Walker, Esq. of Dalry, and several officers: Patrick Robertson, Esq., Advocate, and Sir Samuel Stirling of Glorat, Bart., croupiers. Professor Wilson was ill, and unable to attend the meeting.

After the toasts of "The King," "The Duke of Clarence and the Royal Family," and the late "Duke of York," the chairman proposed the Theatrical Fund. He spoke with much fervour of the dramatic art, and warmly pleaded for the poor player, whose wants were not of his own making, but arose from the natural sources of sickness and old age. Mackay, the popular Scottish actor who was long identified with the character he represented in the stage version of *Rob Roy*, Bailie Nicol Jarvie, returned thanks on behalf of his brethren. Before sitting down he proposed the health of the Patrons of the Theatrical Fund; and then came what proved to be the event of the evening.

Lord Meadowbank begged to return the thanks of the patrons for the honour now conferred on them. He could bear testimony to the anxiety which they all felt for the interests of the institution. And now, that he might in some measure repay the gratification which had been afforded himself, he begged to propose a health, which he was sure, in an assembly of Scotsmen, would be received, not with an ordinary feeling of delight, but with rapture and enthusiasm. He knew that it would be painful to his feelings if he were to speak to him in the terms which his heart prompted; and that he had sheltered himself under his native modesty from the applause which he deserved. But the clouds were now dispelled—the *darkness visible* was cleared away—and the Great Unknown—(here the room literally rung with applauses, which were continued for some minutes)—the minstrel of our country—the mighty magician who had rolled back the current of time, and conjured up the men and the manners which had long passed away, stood revealed to the hearts and the eyes of his affectionate and admiring countrymen. If he himself were capable of imagining all that belonged to this mighty subject—were he even able to give utterance to all that, as a friend, as a man, and as a Scotsman, he must feel regarding it; yet knowing, as he well did, that this illustrious individual was not more distinguished for his towering talents, than for those feelings which rendered such allusions ungrateful to him, however sparingly introduced, he would on that account still refrain from doing that which would otherwise be no less pleasing to him than to his audience. But this his lordship hoped he would be allowed to say—his auditors would not pardon him were he to say less—we owe to him as a people a large and heavy debt of gratitude. He it is who has opened to foreigners the grand and characteristic beauties of our country. It is

by him that our gallant ancestors and the struggles of our illustrious patriots, who fought and bled in order to secure that independence and that liberty we now enjoy, have obtained a fame no longer confined to the boundaries of a remote and comparatively obscure nation: it is he who has called down on their struggles for glory and freedom the admiration of foreign countries. He has conferred a new reputation on our national character, and bestowed on Scotland an imperishable name, were it only by her having given birth to himself. [Loud and rapturous applause showed that the audience thoroughly appreciated and endorsed this encomium.]

Sir Walter Scott certainly did not think that, in coming here to-day, he would have the task of acknowledging, before three hundred gentlemen, a secret which, considering that it was communicated to more than twenty people, was remarkably well kept. He was now before the bar of his country, and might be understood to be on trial before Lord Meadowbank as an offender; yet he was sure that every impartial jury would bring in a verdict of Not Proven. He did not now think it necessary to enter into the reasons of his long silence. A variety of reasons had led to the concealment; perhaps caprice had the greatest share in it. He had now to say, however, that the merits of these works, if they had any, and their faults, were entirely imputable to himself. (Long and loud cheering.) He was afraid to think on what he had done. "Look on't again, I dare not." He had thus far unbosomed himself, but as this would go to the public, he wished to speak seriously; and when he said that he was the author, he meant that *he was the total and undivided author*. With the exception of quotations, there was not a single word that was not derived from himself, or suggested in the course of his reading. The wand was now broken, and the rod buried. You will allow me further to say, with Prospero, "Your breath has filled my sails;" and to crave one single toast in the capacity of the author of these novels; and he would dedicate a bumper to the health of one who has represented some of those characters, of which he had endeavoured to give the skeleton, with a degree of liveliness which rendered him grateful. He would propose the health of his friend Bailie Nicol Jarvie (loud applause)—and he was sure, that when the author of *Waverley* and *Rob Roy* drinks to Nicol Jarvie, it would be received with that degree of applause to which that gentleman has always been accustomed, and that they would take care that on the present occasion

it should be PRONOUNCED!—(Long and vehement applause.)

Mr. Mackay, after a short pause, exclaimed, in the character of Bailie Jarvie,—“My conscience! My worthy faither the deacon could not have believed that siccan a great honour should befa’ me his son—that I should hae had sic a compliment paid to me by the Great Unknown.”

Sir Walter Scott—“The Small Known now, Mr. Bailie.”

Mr. Mackay.—He had been long identified with the Bailie, and he was vain of the cognomen which he had now worn for eight years; and he questioned if any of his brethren in the Council had gi’en sic universal satisfaction to a’ parties—(loud laughter and applause).—Before he sat down, he begged to propose “The Lord Provost and the City of Edinburgh.”

Bailie Bonar returned thanks.

Mr. Patrick Robertson, one of the wittiest and most jovial of the old school of Scottish lawyers—who afterwards became one of the lords of the Court of Session, and astounded everybody by publishing two volumes of poems and sonnets—next proposed the health of Mrs. Henry Siddons and success to the Theatre Royal of Edinburgh. Mr. Murray, the brother of Mrs. H. Siddons and then manager of the Theatre, returned thanks for his sister, and told how the theatre had been rescued from ruin, and all its difficulties overcome, by the production of *Rob Roy*—a statement which might have been made by many subsequent managers in Edinburgh and Glasgow, for in these cities the play always proves attractive. The toasts which followed were: by the chairman, “Mr. Murray,” who replied; “The Stewards,” which Mr. Vandenhoff, the actor, acknowledged; by Lord Meadowbank, “The Earl of Fife,” who replied, and concluded by giving the health of the “Edinburgh Theatrical Company,” by P. Robertson, “Lord Jeffrey,” whose absence was due to ill-health; by Mr. J. Maconochie, “Mrs. Siddons, senior, the most distinguished ornament of the stage,” by Mr. Dundas of Arniston, “The Memory of Home, the Author of Douglas.” The chairman next said he had too long delayed proposing a toast which must be ever hailed with pleasure in a Scottish meeting. He meant the land that bore us,—the Land of Oakes; every river, every loch, every hill, from Tweed to Johnnie Groat’s house—every lass in her cottage, and countess in her castle. (Applause.) So long as her sons should stand by her, as their fathers had done, she must be a happy country and a respected one. And he who would not drink a

bumper to this toast, may he never drink whisky more.

Then Mr. H. G. Bell proposed the health of James Sheridan Knowles. The chairman followed with “Shakspeare,” and “Joanna Bailie;” and after these toasts had been honoured, came “Mr. Terry” (who dramatized most of the Waverley Novels); “Allan Ramsay;” “the Patronesses of the Theatre;” “the New Theatre;” and “Henry Mackenzie, ‘the man of feeling.’”

Immediately afterwards Sir Walter said: “Gentlemen,—it is now wearing late, and I shall request permission to retire. Like Partridge, I may say, ‘*non sum qualis eram.*’ At my time of day, I can agree with Lord Ogilby as to his rheumatism, and say, ‘There’s a twinge.’ I hope, therefore, you will excuse me for leaving the chair.”—The worthy baronet then retired amidst long, loud, and rapturous cheering.

Mr. Patrick Robertson was then called to the chair by acclamation.

“Gentlemen,”—said Mr. Robertson,—“I take the liberty of asking you to fill a bumper to the very brim. There is not one of us who will not remember, while he lives, being present at this day’s festival, and the declaration made this night by the gentleman who has just left the chair. That declaration has rent the veil from the features of the Great Unknown—a name which must now merge in the name of the Great Known. It will be henceforth coupled with the name of Scott, which will become familiar like a household word. We have heard the confession from his own immortal lips—(tremendous cheering)—and we cannot dwell with too much or too fervent praise on the merits of one of the greatest men Scotland has produced.”

The following is Sir Walter’s own comment upon the proceedings at the Theatrical Fund dinner: it is an entry in his diary for February 24th, . . . “If our jests were not good, our laughter was abundant. I think I will hardly take the chair again when the company is so miscellaneous; though they all behaved perfectly well. Meadowbank taxed me with the novels, and to end that farce at once, I pleaded guilty; so that splore is ended. As to the collection—it has been ‘much cry and little woo, as the deil said when he shore the sow.’ I got away at ten at night.” Lord Meadowbank had, when going into the meeting, asked Scott if he might refer to the authorship of the novels; and as the facts were pretty generally known since the failure of his publishing house, Scott answered: “Do as you like—only, don’t say much about so old a story.”

THE SCOTT CENTENARY.

The 15th August, 1871, was the hundredth anniversary of Sir Walter Scott's birth, and the Edinburgh Border Counties Association inaugurated the movement for a festival in honour of the memory of Scott, to be held on that occasion. For reasons of convenience, the celebration was arranged to take place on Wednesday the 9th August, and accordingly, with few exceptions, the centenary honours were paid on that day. In the principal cities of the United Kingdom, of America, the Continent, and the colonies, and, indeed, wherever there was a reading population, the genius of Scott was gratefully remembered in public and private on the hundredth anniversary of his birth. Edinburgh, being his natal city, was appropriately the centre of these rejoicings; and as the British Association held its meeting there in August, the number of strangers who attended the chief festival was considerably increased. During the day the city was crowded with visitors from far and near; flags were raised on the public buildings and on several private houses; relics of "the great magician"—his manuscripts, portraits, and other articles intimately associated with his life and works—were exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy; and, in brief, town and people presented the appearance of a national and popular holiday. In the evening various parts of the town were illuminated and the streets were crowded with sightseers. The Scott banquet was held in the Corn Exchange, which was decorated for the occasion, and the company numbered about two thousand. Amongst the guests were the most famous representatives of literature, art, and science. The Earl of Dalkeith—one of the Scotts of Buccleuch—presided, and the vice-chairmen were Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, the Earl of Dalhousie, Lord Jerviswood, the Lord Justice-general, and the Lord-provost of Edinburgh.

As one of the best specimens of the oratory which the occasion inspired, we desire to preserve here the address of Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell, who, after the customary loyal toasts from the chair, proposed "The Memory of Sir Walter Scott."

SIR WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL said:—To offer for your consideration some of the reasons why the memory of Sir Walter Scott should be honoured in an assembly composed mainly of his countrymen, and wholly of his admirers, may seem a very simple task. To state in

any adequate manner his services to his country and mankind would be a task of a very different kind. It would involve nothing less than a review of the literature which he found, the literature which he left, and the literature which a later age has created, and an examination into the part which literature holds in the vital system of a people. I need hardly say that the first and simpler method of treating the subject is the one which I propose to myself, and that in approaching even that, I am sensible how much I stand in need of your indulgence. I would first remind you of the amount of work accomplished by Scott, and the comparatively brief period in which it was performed. In 1796, his twenty-fifth year, he began to toy with literature as a translator of German ballads. But his own original writings, beginning with the *House of Aspen*, and ending with the *Surgeon's Daughter*, all saw the light between 1799 and 1831. His career as a popular poet may be said to have opened with the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* in 1805, and ended with *Harold the Dauntless* in 1817. His career as our first writer of prose fiction commenced with *Waverley* in 1814, and closed with his life. By the side of this ample and sparkling stream of original writing flowed another of scarcely inferior volume, consisting of miscellaneous works, editorial, critical, biographical, or historical, of which it is enough to mention the editions of *Dryden and Swift*, the *Life of Napoleon*, and the *Tales of a Grandfather*. As an officer of the Court of Session and sheriff of Selkirk, professional work occupied a considerable portion of his time, and so also did the mercantile concerns in which he was unfortunately a partner. For a good many years, the years of seeming financial prosperity, say from 1817 or 1818 to 1825, he was one of the most prominent figures in social life in Scotland, and one of the favourite lions of London. In these busy thirty-two years enough was done to fill the lives of ten not inconsiderable mortals. One of the Homeric heroes seemed to have reappeared upon the earth, clothed in superhuman strength and the wig and gown of a Scotch advocate. (Applause.)

As a poet, Scott, like other great masters of the lyre, may be said to have fulfilled the aspirations, and given full and triumphant truth to the thought, with which many kindred minds have been in labour, but which they had lacked strength to bring forth. In days when letters here in Scotland were still young, there was a strong disposition to gather up, and afterwards a no less strong wish to reproduce, the relics of earliest song. The ballads

which collectors like George Bannatyne and Richard Maitland loved, later poets like Allan Ramsay and Elizabeth Halket eagerly imitated, and so considerable was the power and the industry of these imitators that it has lately been argued with plausibility that the best of our so-called old Scottish ballads belong to the age of Sir Roger de Coverley. Thomson's *Castle of Indolence* and Percy's *Reliques* are later indications of the tendency of thought and taste which in another branch of art was likewise marked by the plaster pinnacles of Strawberry Hill. Scott himself, cradled in the ballad-land, became the most zealous as well as the ablest of ballad editors. In collecting materials for the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, thinking, as it was said, "of little but the queerness and the fun," he was making himself for the work of his life. He was also in no small degree making at the same time the public taste to which that work was to be submitted. In fulness of time the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* was born, to fascinate a world athwart which the genius of Burns had lately flashed, but in which Hayley was probably the most popular poet, and the laurel of Dryden certainly wreathed the brows of Pye. Few critics will question the supremacy of Scott, at least in our language, in the field of metrical romance. Opinion may vary as to the rank to be assigned to that class of composition. Other poets have soared higher into the empyrean of thought, or have dived deeper into the mystery of life, but none has ever told his tale with greater breadth of light and shade, or hurried his reader along with a more genial vivacity; none has ever lit up the banquet-hall or the battle-field with more of Homeric fire, or adorned his action with a more exquisite transcript of the scenery of nature. (Applause.) It is in virtue of these qualities that a great poet holds as his own for ever the ground, historical or topographical, which his wand has once touched; and conquests of this kind are in one sense a measure of his power. In this sphere Scott is certainly the greatest of peaceful and beneficent conquerors in the world of letters. Bannockburn and Flodden are his; Melrose and Dunvegan, and many a fair domain and ancient pile between. The house of Buccleuch is not less indebted to his genius than to the valour of another Sir Walter, the favour of King James, or the good housewifery of the lady of the *Lay*. Of this city, his own romantic town, he is, in our legal language, the unquestioned feudal superior. It is curious now to turn to his friend Moore's playful allusions to these poetical conquests at

the time *Rokeby* was announced in 1814. Writing in the character of Messrs. Lackington to one of their authors, he says that Scott,

"Having quitted the Borders to seek new renown,
Is coming by long quarto stages to town,
And, beginning with *Rokeby*, the job's sure to pay;
Means to do all the gentlemen's seats on the way.
Now the scheme is, though none of our hackneys can
beat him,
To start a new poet through Highgate to meet him;
Who by means of quick proofs, no revises, long coaches,
May do a few villas before Scott approaches.
Indeed, if our Pegasus be not curst shabby,
He'll reach without foundering at least Woburn Abbey."

It is needless to remind you that ere the fresh poet alighted at Woburn gate Scott had pursued his raid far into England, and with new arms had annexed Ashby and Kenilworth, Whitefriars and Whitehall. (Applause.) Had Scott written nothing but his lyrics he would still hold a distinguished place in letters. "*Rosabelle*," "*Lochinvar*," "*Jock o' Hazeldean*," "*Norah's Vow*," and "*The Pibroch of Donuil Dhu*" will be sung and loved as long as tenderness and melody, pith and vigour, archness, gaiety, and delicate humour shall please the ear, inspire the fancy, and touch the heart. These and other songs of Scott have made the tour of the world with the songs of Burns, and haunt the memory of most men who love poetry and speak English. They are the very songs to be sung in a strange land by exiles not much given to weeping and hanging their harps on willows, and who yet at Vancouver or Hong-Kong very steadily think of Scotland, knowing, or perhaps not knowing, how greatly the Scotland to which their hearts turn is the intellectual creation of Scott. It is the poet's best reward, we are told by Longfellow, to find his song in the heart of a friend. Scott, like Longfellow himself, is a poet who enjoys "love, honour, and obedience, troops of friends." One of the latest of his stranger-friends whom I have met with turned up in North-Eastern Siberia. If you will look into the pleasant tent-life in that country of Mr. George Kennan, an American surveyor, you will find him discovering analogies between the scenery around him and the Western Highlands of Scott's poetry, and recording how he and his party made the woodlands of Kamtschatka re-echo to the wild and unaccustomed war-notes of "*Bonnie Dundee*."

I would now ask you to look at Scott as a writer of prose fiction, who, from the stores of his learning and the spring of his imagination, fed for sixteen years the fancy of the civilized world, ministering no less to the social and moral well-being than to the innocent gaiety of

nations. The Waverley Novels provided a new pleasure for the reading world, even for the little fastidious world of jaded elderly critics. To him who has never seen the sea or the mountains, the first sight of either becomes an epoch in his life. Many of us, I believe, cherish as a choice reminiscence our first glimpse of the fair imaginary realm which was created by Scott. My own first peep of it I well remember, obtained by means of a review which I got hold of when at an age at which the nature and uses of quarterly criticism were for me as yet very dim. The delight with which I devoured the extracts in small print was only equalled by the disgust with which I floundered amongst the comments in a larger type, lamentable fits of insanity, as I thought them, befalling in some mysterious manner my matchless story-teller. It was not till several years afterwards that the book itself fell into my hands, and the well-remembered names of Isaac of York, Rebecca and Rowenna, told me that I had found an old friend in *Ivanhoe*. I venture to mention this trivial personal incident in hopes that it may recall to many of you whom I have the honour to address, various green spots, diverse and yet similar, of auld langsyne connected with Scott and his writings. (Applause.) The effect which the first Waverley Novel may produce on a fresh and imaginative mind, now when Scott has taught his craft to so many cunning hands, can give but a very faint idea of the success of *Waverley*. "The small anonymous sort of a novel," as Scott called it in sending it to Mr. Morritt by the mail of the 9th July, 1814, very speedily took the world by storm. Five years later, on the publication of the eighth of the series, a reviewer so discriminating and so little given to reckless praise as Mr. Jeffrey announced that no such prodigy had been known since Shakspeare wrote his thirty-eight plays in the brief space of his early manhood. This opinion was recorded upon the appearance of *Kenilworth*, *Nigel*, *Durward*, and various other favourites, scarce less successful than their predecessors. Detailed criticism would be out of place here, where we are met to agree that as Stratford did for Shakspeare, so Edinburgh must do for Scott. The long procession of ideal figures, headed by Waverley and the Baron of Bradwardine, and closed by Richard Middlemas and the French Begum, forms stern and solemn, or gay and sportive, courtly or grotesque, of every age and sex, of many climes, periods, and moods of mind, which proceeded from the brain of Scott, have furnished a goodly quota of their

number to the world's gallery, where the people of the poet's dream stand side by side with the personages of history, and where it often occurs to us, who are the transitory visitors to the show, to exclaim with the Spanish monk before the canvas of Titian—

"These are the real men,
And we the painted shadows on the wall."

(Applause.) Who of us, indeed, do not feel Don Quixote and his squire, Hamlet and Falstaff, to be our fellow-creatures quite as truly as Philip III. or the Minister Lerma, or Devereux or Cecil or Queen Bess herself? Scott has filled more places in the historical Valhalla than any other writer, Shakspeare alone excepted. To the history of this little corner of northern Europe, this single Scotchman, bending his big brow over his desk, has given a wide and splendid celebrity, far beyond the reach, at least far beyond the attainment of the strong hands and stout hearts and busy brains of the whole perfervid race of other days at home and abroad. (Applause.)

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Amidst moral and intellectual benefits, I must not forget the important contributions of Scott to the material prosperity of his native land. The dead poet whom we celebrate is as distinctly an employer of labour as any of those captains of industry whose looms whirl by the Tweed or whose furnaces flame along the Clyde. Here, there, everywhere, pilgrims are flocking to the shrines which he has built for himself and his country; and trades and occupations of all kinds flourish by the brain which lies in Dryburgh, as they formerly flourished by the brain of St. Thomas. Mrs. Dodds of the Cleikum, Neil Blane of the Howff, and others, his pleasant publicans, are only a few of those whom Scott has established in a roaring business. When land is to be sold in any district of the Scott countries, his scenes and his characters therewith connected, and even his passing allusions, are carefully chronicled amongst other attractions in the advertisement, and duly inventoried amongst the title-deeds of the estate. It would be hard to say how many years' purchase Scott has added to the value of Branksome, or of the Eildon pastures. But there is no doubt that the touch of his pen does in many places form an important element of that unearned increment of value—that, I believe, is the scientific term—which Mr. Stuart Mill and friends propose shortly to transfer from the lords of the soil to the Lords of the Treasury. Some of Scott's truest admirers have been disposed to regret that there is no single piece of his that gives

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had the painter taken more pains; and if we can conceive such a thing as a pedagogue seated with a row of possible Walter Scotts before him, it would be highly proper that he should impress the maxim on their young minds. But as the genius of Scott was in so many points exceptional, it is possible that it may have worked under special laws of its own, and that something of the charm of his works may belong to their rapid and spontaneous flow, like the rush of a river or melody from the throats of birds

"That carol their sweet pleasures to the spring."

(Applause.) The influence of Scott upon literature, both at home and abroad, was immense. Whatever he did, whatever attire he chose to assume, at once became the fashion. The apparent ease of his verse, the fatal facility of the octosyllabic measure, procured him a large poetical following, in which there were, no doubt, many figures strange to see, like the alderman, in whose person Holyrood saw

"The royal Albyn's tartan as a belt
Gird the gross sirloin of a city Celt."

But his school can likewise boast of several disciples of rare genius. His presence may be felt in some of the earlier tales of Byron; from his shrine comes some of the fire that burns in *Jerry* and the *Armada*, and the *Roman Lays* of Macaulay, and in the *Cavalier Ballads* of our own still lamented Aytoun. Of the historical romance in prose he may be called the father; and never had literary sire a more goodly offspring in the second generation—

"By many names men call them,
In many lands they dwell."

In France, Hugo, De Vigny, the elder Dumas; in Spain, Fernan Caballero; in Italy, Manzoni and A'Azeglio; in Germany, Zschokke and Alexis; in America, Cooper; at home, Grattan, Leigh Hunt, and Thackeray, are only a few of the writers well known to fame, who have essayed to bend the bow of Scott. Of living English writers I will not speak. Many names will at once occur to you all, and I am sure that the most famous of the band would be the foremost in rendering homage to their great master. If the words that Scott wrote to Mr. Cadell in 1830 were somewhat overcharged then, they are more near the truth in 1871—"The fact is," he wrote, "I have taught a hundred gentlemen to write nearly, if not altogether, as well as myself." In truth, Scott's art, using the word in the larger sense, was like that of Falstaff, who was witty himself and the cause of wit in other men.

Even in the fields less peculiarly his own than

fiction his influence was very great. His writings stimulated historical research in a hundred directions; and he was the founder of the Bannatyne Club, parent model of many similar societies prolific of goodly quartos. In his romances the delighted reader had found himself brought face to face with personages whom he had before seen only as in a glass darkly. Historians began to take a leaf out of the great novelist's book; to use a style more dramatic and pictorial; to develop individual character; and bestow unwonted pains on accessories of time and place. Is it too much to say that we probably owe to the example of Scott some of the most graceful digressions of Hallam; something of the splendid scene-painting of Macaulay; something of the electric light flashed over many famous men, and into many dark places, from the pen of Carlyle? (Applause.) Is it unreasonable to suppose that his great genius has exercised an influence, not the less real because untraced, unseen, unsuspected, like the influence of the Gulf Stream diffusing itself through our western sounds and sea-coasts in softer verdure and richer foliage?

Of all the legacies which Scott has bequeathed to mankind, I believe none are more precious than his own character and life. (Applause.) Happy in many things, unhappy in a few, he was singularly happy in a biographer. Amongst our chosen book companions, amongst the friends that can never alter nor forsake, *Lockhart's Life of Scott* deserves to hold a place of chief honour and ready access. I doubt whether the world has ever been told so much about anyone man by any single biographer—whether the life of a great man has ever fallen into the hands of a writer with equal opportunity of knowing the whole truth, and equal faculty for telling it; and whether the whole *Biographie Universelle* can furnish a single other name that would show so fair if the whole life which belonged to it were unrolled like that of Scott, year by year, almost day by day, before the gaze of his fellowmen. (Applause.) The admiration with which Scott was regarded during the larger portion of his life was great, but the love and affection which he inspired during his whole life was still greater. Warmly and widely loved before he was famous, in later days he attracted the regard of various remarkable persons to whom his fame was an unknown quantity. In Paris, in 1815, amongst all the celebrities of Europe, he seemed especially to fascinate Blucher and Platoff the Cossack, the latter of whom, cantering down the Rue de la Paix, would jump off his horse to kiss him. It is highly improbable that either the Prussian

field-marshal or the hetman of the Cossacks of the Don knew much about either *Marmion* or *Waverley*, or that they were influenced by anything deeper than the frank kindly aspect of the stalwart ex-volunteer, with "that beautiful smile of heart and feeling, geniality, courage, and tenderness," which Haydn assures us "neither painter nor sculptor has ever touched." How variegated with all the hues of character is the list of his friends! Jeffrey, Rogers, Moore, Byron, Crabbe, Hazlitt, Wordsworth, Southey, Haydn, George IV., are only a sample of those who, differing from one another on many things, agreed to love and honour Scott. The reverence in which he was held from their first acquaintance by Lockhart is of itself no small proof of his titles to be revered and honoured. With the intellectual life of his time, Scott's relations were as genial as those which bound him to its social life. His career gave no incident to the "Quarrels of Authors." His high, frequently too high, appreciation of the writings of his contemporaries was one of the most noticeable of his many pleasant traits of character. Washington Irving, after passing a few days at Abbotsford in 1817, was convinced that his host was the author of the *Waverley* Novels, because they were the only important works of the day he had never quoted. How characteristic is Scott's reminiscence of Burns, and his pride in having, as a boy, helped the poet to the authorship of some lines by Langhorne, and having received a grateful look from him in return. From this, which was probably his first meeting with any distinguished man of letters, to that which was probably one of the last, at Naples, when being under the delusion that his debts were all paid, he offered pecuniary aid to Sir William Gell, the record of his relations with his brethren of the pen is a record of brotherly-kindness, encouragement, furtherance, earnest sympathy in success or in disappointment, of gifts of money when he had it, of loans of time, when time was to him in a special manner money. (Applause.)

Much has been written and said about Scott's desire to found a family upon the estate which his industry had acquired. It has been urged that being the Ariosto of the North, the Cervantes of his native land, it was pitiable that he should have cared to be Scott of Abbotsford—a kind of distinction frequently achieved and enjoyed by his Andrew Fairfairs and Nicol Jarvies. This view of the case seems to leave out of sight the important fact that the Scott was as strong within him as the Ariosto or Cervantes, and that if

he had been devoid of one of the strongest tendencies of the race from which he was sprung, he would not have been the Walter Scott we have met here to celebrate. (Applause.) In the higher part of his character he was a poet, in the everyday concerns of life he was a shrewd practical man of the world. Hence, having acquired wealth by an unusual path, he invested that wealth very much as any one of his friends might have done who had acquired it by the practice of law or the weaving of wool. In his case land had a peculiar attraction, for he had loved the country from his cradle, and by its possession he was enabled to realize, or to try to realize, the half-feudal, half-patriarchal life of his day-dreams. The existence of a certain number of families, with more or less of permanence in the possession of the soil, and enjoying more or less of social importance, was, according to his political theories, essential to the welfare of an ancient kingdom. There was nothing inconsistent or unworthy that a man holding this theory should desire that amongst those families his descendants should be found. The popular and prevailing theory is, of course, of an opposite kind. But for some cause or other, which it is not for me to explain, when the holders of this theory buy land, it seems to lose its grasp of their vigorous and enterprising minds. They, too, build and plant on a scale altogether feudal; and their walls and windows blaze with heraldry, just as if romantic poetry and old-fashioned Toryism had been their business and their creed.

Even of Scott's politics, so characteristic of the man, I will venture to say a word. They were the opinions naturally growing up in the mind of a man who had been unable to feel any enthusiasm for French Liberalism in 1789; who had rejoiced in the fall of the French Napoleon in 1815, before a European coalition mainly formed and set in motion by the Tory ministry of England, and who had not seen, as we have seen, the national prosperity which attends three generations of revolution. Such as they were, the views of the young advocate defending a housebreaker at Jedburgh were those of the favourite at Carlton House, which is more than could be said for some of the fine folks he met there. On the whole, I believe few of us will be disposed to regret that he did not go over to the winning side in 1831—a year of rapid change and sudden conversion. He had chosen his party, and adhered to it strictly; but there was nothing in his tenets nor in his attitude that was ignoble, or narrow, or incongruous. His once famous *Malagrowther's Letters* show that he

was no slave to party allegiance, and that in the midst of his own anxieties and disasters the call of public duty found him no niggard of his time and toil. His writings show that while his own opinions were firmly held, he was ever mindful of how much may always be said on the other side. Tories may well be proud that the most illustrious author of his day was a Tory. Not a few Radicals I believe there are who will think more kindly of Toryism for his sake, just as I am sure that any repugnance to the Radical faith must have been much softened in any one who had enjoyed the benignant converse of another great man lately taken from us—George Grote. (Applause.) Those who are most disposed to discover evidence of weakness in this or that portion of Scott's conduct will admit such weaknesses only brought into nobler prominence the indomitable fortitude with which he confronted the misfortunes of his later years. One weakness he unquestionably had—that of reluctance to look disagreeable facts in the face. But for this his financial disasters would probably never have overtaken him. He could, however, as few men could, set his face as a flint against the inevitable in declining years and health, and take up arms against a sea of troubles with all the energy of youth. There is nothing more tragic in the story of literature than his memorable struggle—from the entry in his diary of 24th January, 1826—"I will dig in the mine of my imagination to find diamonds, or what may sell for such, to make good my engagements"—to the closing scene, when six years of such incessant digging had done their work on the noble intellect, and when the rocks of Pausilippo and the Campanian lake beyond could elicit no other words from the weary pilgrim but—

"It's up the craggy mountain
And down the mossy glen,
We canna gang a milking
For Charlie and his men."

For myself I can say that I never take down, for instruction or amusement, a volume of Scott's writings, published in or after 1826, without thinking of the circumstances in which they were composed, and remembering that they, like the water from the Well of Bethlehem, which David refused to drink, represent the heart's blood of a brave man's life. May the day never come in Scotland when we shall forget that noble and beautiful life with its triumphs and its joys, and its sorrows, and its lessons! (Applause.) You have met to-night to do him a rare and exceptional honour; yet the century which closes with the 100th anniversary of his birth has been a century full of

great capacities, great achievements, and colossal and unparalleled events. Within the lifetime of Scott died Clive and Hastings, the founders of our Indian empire; Chatham fell in the senate, and Nelson on the quarter-deck; Fox, Burke, the younger Pitt, Canning, and many more, died in the fulness of parliamentary fame; Wellington lived and conquered; and a host of writers, philosophers, and inventors inscribed their names in the book of fame. Of all these statesmen, soldiers, and thinkers, two only have been thought worthy of such national recognition, both poets, both Scotchmen—Burns and Scott. (Prolonged applause.)

A song written by Mr. James Ballantine was then sung by the Scottish singer, Mr. Kennedy, who was enthusiastically encored. The following gentlemen spoke during the evening, each heartily paying his mite of homage to the shade of Scott: The Lord Justice-clerk, Dean Stanly, Lord Lawrence, Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King-at-Arms (for Ireland), Mr. Cyrus Field (for America), Dr. Beets (for Holland), M. Ivan Tourguènéf (for Russia), the Lord-mayor of London, the Lord-provost, Lord Houghton, the Earl of Dalhousie, the Earl of Airlie, Sir Alexander Grant, Lord Jerviswood, &c.

Not the least noteworthy event of the evening was the exchange of telegrams between the Earl of Dalkeith, as chairman of the meeting, and the President of the United States, his excellency U. S. Grant.

Whatever failures there may have been in carrying out the details of the festival, everything was done with the earnest desire to honour the memory of Sir Walter Scott, who more than all her heroes has won honour for Scotland.

A GATHERER OF SIMPLES.¹

[Mary Eleanor Wilkins, a charming American authoress, was born at Randolph, Massachusetts, and educated at Mount Holyoke Seminary. Her stories, most of which have made their first appearance in leading American periodicals, deal with the old provincial life of America, and its narrow but steadfast types of character. In all that she writes there is pathos and humour, and she has the gift of weaving a plot out of the simplest incidents. Among her published books we may mention *The Adventures of Ann*; *A Humble Romance and other Stories*; and *A Far-Away Melody*, from which, with her permission, we take the following tale.]

A damp air was blowing up, and the frogs were beginning to peep. The sun was setting

¹ *Far-Away Melody*. By Mary Wilkins. David Douglas.

in a low red sky. On both sides of the road were rich green meadows intersected by little canal-like brooks. Beyond the meadows on the west was a distant stretch of pine woods, that showed dark against the clear sky. Aurelia Flower was going along the road towards her home, with a great sheaf of leaves and flowers in her arms. There were the rosy spikes of hardhack, the great white corymbs of thoroughwort, and the long blue racemes of lobelia. Then there were great bunches of the odorous tansy and pennyroyal in with the rest.

Aurelia was a tall, strongly-built woman; she was not much over thirty, but she looked older. Her complexion had a hard red tinge from exposure to sun and wind, and showed seams as unreservedly as granite. Her face was thin, and her cheek-bones high. She had a profusion of auburn hair, showing in a loose slipping coil beneath her limp black straw hat. Her dress, as a matter of fashion, was execrable; in point of harmony with her immediate surroundings, very well, though she had not thought of it in that way. There was a green under-skirt, and a brown over-skirt and basque of an obsolete cut. She had worn it just so for a good many years, and never thought of altering it. It did not seem to occur to her that though her name was Flower, she was not really a flower in regard to apparel, and had not its right of unchangeableness in the spring. When the trees hung out their catkins, she flaunted her poor old greens and browns under them, rejoicing, and never dreamed but they looked all right. As far as dress went, Aurelia was a happy woman. She went over the road to-night at a good pace, her armful of leaves and blossoms nodding; her spare, muscular limbs bore her along easily. She had been over a good many miles since noon, but she never thought of being tired.

Presently she came in sight of her home, a square, unpainted building, black with age. It stood a little back from the road on a gentle slope. There were three great maple-trees in front of the house; their branches rustled against the roof. On the left was a small garden; some tall poles thickly twined with hops were prominent in it.

Aurelia went round to the side door of the house with her armful of green things. The door opened directly into the great kitchen. One on entering would have started back as one would on seeing unexpected company in a room. The walls were as green as a lady's bower with bunches and festoons of all sorts of

New England herbs. There they hung, their brave blossoms turning gray and black, giving out strange, half-pleasant, half-disgusting odours. Aurelia took them in like her native air. "It's good to get home," murmured she to herself, for there was no one else: she lived alone.

She took off her hat and disposed of her burden; then she got herself some supper. She did not build a fire in the cooking-stove, for she never drank tea in warm weather. Instead, she had a tumbler of root-beer which she had made herself. She set it out on one end of her kitchen-table with a slice of coarse bread and a saucer of cold beans. She sat down to them and ate with a good appetite. She looked better with her hat off. Her forehead was an important part of her face; it was white and womanly, and her reddish hair lay round it in pretty curves; then her brown eyes, under very strongly arched brows, showed to better advantage. Taken by herself, and not compared with other women, Aurelia was not so bad-looking; but she never was taken by herself in that way, and nobody had ever given her any credit for comeliness. It would have been like looking at a jack-in-the-pulpit¹ and losing all the impression that had ever been made on one by roses and hyacinths, and seeing absolutely nothing else but its green and brown lines; it is doubtful if it could be done.

She had finished her supper, and was sorting her fresh herbs, when the door opened and a woman walked in. She had no bonnet on her head: she was a neighbour, and this was an unceremonious little country place.

"Good-evenin', 'Relia," said she. There was an important look on her plain face, as if there were more to follow.

"Good-evenin', Mis' Atwood. Take a chair."

"Been herbin' again?"

"Yes; I went out a little while this afternoon."

"Where'd you go?—up on Green Mountain?"

"No; I went over to White's Woods. There were some kinds there I wanted."

"You don't say so! That's a matter of six miles, ain't it? Ain't you tired?"

"Lor', no," said Aurelia. "I reckon I'm pretty strong, or mebbe the smell of the herbs keeps me up;" and she laughed.

So did the other. "Sure enough—well, mebbe it does. I never thought of that. But it seems like a pretty long tramp to me,

though my bein' so fleshy may make a difference. I could have walked it easier once."

"I shouldn't wonder if it did make a difference. I ain't got much flesh to carry round to tire me out."

"You're always pretty well, too, ain't you, 'Relia?"

"Lor', yes; I never knew what 'twas to be sick. How's your folks, Mis' Atwood? Is Viny any better than she was?"

"I don't know as she is, much. She feels pretty poorly most of the time. I guess I'll hev you fix some more of that root-beer for her. I thought that seemed to 'liven her up a little."

"I've got a jug of it all made, down cellar, and you can take it when you go home, if you want to."

"So I will, if you've got it. I was in hopes you might hev it."

The important look had not vanished from Mrs. Atwood's face, but she was not the woman to tell important news in a hurry, and have the gusto of it so soon over. She was one of the natures who always dispose of bread before pie. Now she came to it, however.

"I heard some news to-night, 'Relia," said she.

Aurelia picked out another spray of hardhack. "What was it?"

"Thomas Rankin's dead."

Aurelia clutched the hardhack mechanically. "You don't mean it, Mis' Atwood! When did he die? I hadn't heard he was sick."

"He wasn't long. Had a kind of a fit this noon, and died right off. The doctor—they sent for Dr. Smith from Alden—called it sunstroke. You know 'twas awful hot, and he'd been out in the field to work all the mornin'. I think 'twas heart trouble; it's in the Rankin family; his father died of it. Doctors don't know everything."

"Well, it's a dreadful thing," said Aurelia. "I can't realize it. There he's left four little children, and it ain't more'n a year since Mis' Rankin died. It *ain't* a year, is it?"

"It ain't a year into a month and sixteen days," said Mrs. Atwood solemnly. "Viny and I was countin' of it up just before I came in here."

"Well, I guess 'tisn't, come to think of it. I couldn't have told exactly. The oldest of those children ain't more than eight, is she?"

"Ethelind is eight, coming next month: Viny and I was reckonin' it up. Then Edith is six, and Isadore is five, and Myrtie ain't but two—poor little thing!"

"What do you s'pose will be done with 'em?"

"I don't know. Viny an' me was talking of it over, and got it settled that *her* sister Mis' Loomis, over to Alden, would *hev* to hev 'em. It'll be considerable for her, too, for she's got two of her own, and I don't s'pose Sam Loomis has got much. But I don't see what else can be done. Of course strangers ain't going to take children when there is folks."

"Wouldn't *his* mother take 'em?"

"What, old lady Sears? Lor', no. You know she was dreadful put out 'bout Thomas marryin' where he did, and declared he shouldn't hev a cent of her money. It was all her second husband's anyway. John Rankin wasn't worth anything. She won't do anything for 'em. She's livin' in great style down near the city, they say. Got a nice house, and keeps help. She might hev 'em jest as well as not, but she won't. She's a hard woman to get along with, anyhow. She nagged both her husbands to death, an' Thomas never had no peace at home. Guess that was one reason why he was in such a hurry to get married. Mis' Rankin was a good-tempered soul, if she wasn't quite so drivin' as some."

"I do feel dreadfully to think of those children," said Aurelia.

"'Tis hard; but we must try an' believe it will be ruled for the best. I s'pose I must go, for I left Viny all alone."

"Well, if you must, I'll get that root-beer for you, Mis' Atwood. I shall keep thinking 'bout those children all night."

A week or two after that, Mrs. Atwood had some more news; but she didn't go to Aurelia with it, for Aurelia was the very sub-essence of it herself. She unfolded it gingerly to her daughter Lavinia—a pale, peaked young woman, who looked as if it would take more than Aurelia's root-beer to make her robust. Aurelia had taken the youngest Rankin child for her own, and Mrs. Atwood had just heard of it. "It's true," said she; "I see her with it myself. Old lady Sears never so much as sent a letter, let alone not coming to the funeral, and Mis' Loomis was glad enough to get rid of it."

Viny drank in the story as if it had been so much nourishing jelly. Her too narrow life was killing her as much as anything else.

Meanwhile Aurelia had the child, and was actively happy, for the first time in her life, to her own *naïve* astonishment, for she had never known that she was not so before. She had naturally strong affections, of an outward rather than an inward tendency. She was capable

of much enjoyment from pure living, but she had never had anything of which to be so very fond. She could only remember her father as a gloomy, hardworking man, who never noticed her much. He had a melancholy temperament, which resulted in a tragical end when Aurelia was a mere child. When she thought of him, the same horror which she had when they brought him home from the river crept over her now. They had never known certainly just how Martin Flower had come to die; but folks never spoke of him to Aurelia and her mother, and the two never talked of him together. They knew that everybody said that Martin Flower had drowned himself; they felt shame and a Puritan shrinking from the sin.

Aurelia's mother had been a hard, silent woman before; she grew more hard and silent afterwards. She worked hard, and taught Aurelia to. Their work was peculiar; they hardly knew themselves how they had happened to drift into it; it had seemed to creep in with other work, till finally it usurped it altogether. At first, after her husband's death, Mrs. Flower had tried millinery; she had learned the trade in her youth. But she made no headway now in sewing rosebuds and dainty bows on to bonnets; it did not suit with tragedy. The bonnets seemed infected with her own mood; the bows lay flat with stern resolve, and the rosebuds stood up fiercely; she did not please her customers, even among those uncritical country folk, and they dropped off. She had always made excellent root-beer, and had had quite a reputation in the neighbourhood for it. How it happened she could not tell, but she found herself selling it; then she made hop yeast, and sold that. Then she was a woman of fertile brain, and another project suggested itself to her.

She and Aurelia ransacked the woods thereabouts for medicinal herbs, and disposed of them to druggists in a neighbouring town. They had a garden also of some sorts—the different mints, thyme, lavender, coriander, rosemary, and others. It was an unusual business for two women to engage in, but it increased, and they prospered, according to their small ideas. But Mrs. Flower grew more and more bitter with success. What regrets and longing that her husband could have lived and shared it, and been spared his final agony, she had in her heart, nobody but the poor woman herself knew; she never spoke of them. She died when Aurelia was twenty, and a woman far beyond her years. She mourned for her mother, but although she

never knew it, her warmest love had not been called out. It had been hardly possible. Mrs. Flower had not been a lovable mother; she had rarely spoken to Aurelia but with cold censure for the last few years. People whispered that it was a happy release for the poor girl when her mother died; they had begun to think she was growing like her husband, and perhaps was not "just right".

Aurelia went on with the business with calm equanimity, and made even profits every year. They were small, but more than enough for her to live on, and she paid the last dollar of the mortgage which had so fretted her father, and owned the whole house clear. She led a peaceful, innocent life, with her green herbs for companions; she associated little with the people around, except in a business way. They came to see her, but she rarely entered their houses. Every room in her house was festooned with herbs; she knew every kind that grew in the New England woods, and hunted them out in their season and brought them home; she was a simple, sweet soul, with none of the morbid melancholy of her parents about her. She loved her work, and the greenwood things were to her as friends, and the healing qualities of sarsaparilla and thoroughwort, and the sweetness of thyme and lavender, seemed to have entered into her nature, till she almost could talk with them in that way. She had never thought of being unhappy; but now she wondered at herself over this child. It was a darling of a child; as dainty and winsome a girl baby as ever was. Her poor young mother had had a fondness for romantic names, which she had bestowed, as the only heritage within her power, on all her children. This one was Myrtilla—Myrtie for short. The little thing clung to Aurelia from the first, and Aurelia found that she had another way of loving besides the way in which she loved lavender and thoroughwort. The comfort she took with the child through the next winter was unspeakable. The herbs were banished from the south room, which was turned into a nursery, and a warm carpet was put on the floor, that the baby might not take cold. She learned to cook for the baby—her own diet had been chiefly vegetarian. She became a charming nursing-mother. People wondered. "It does beat all how handy 'Relia is with that baby," Mrs. Atwood told Viny.

Aurelia took even more comfort with the little thing when spring came, and she could take her out with her; then she bought a little straw carriage, and the two went after herbs together. Home they would come in the

tender spring twilight, the baby asleep in her carriage, with a great sheaf of flowers beside her, and Aurelia with another over her shoulder.

She felt all through that summer as if she were too happy to have it last. Once she said so to one of the neighbours. "I feel as if it wa'n't right for me to be so perfectly happy," said she. "I feel some days as if I was walkin' an' walkin' an' walkin' through a garden of sweet-smellin' herbs, an' nothin' else; an' as for Myrtie, she's a bundle of myrtle and camphor out of King Solomon's garden. I'm so afraid it can't last."

Happiness had seemed to awake in Aurelia a taint of her father's foreboding melancholy. But she apparently had no reason for it until early fall. Then, returning with Myrtie one night from a trip to the woods, she found an old lady seated on her door-step, grimly waiting for her. She was an old woman and tremulous, but still undaunted and unshaken as to her spirit. Her tall, shrunken form was loaded with silk and jet. She stood up as Aurelia approached, wondering, and her dim old eyes peered at her aggressively through find gold spectacles, which lent an additional glare to them.

"I suppose you are Miss Flower?" began the old lady, with no prefatory parley.

"Yes," said Aurelia, trembling.

"Well, my name's Mrs. Matthew Sears, an' I've come for my grandchild there."

Aurelia turned very white. She let her herbs slide to the ground. "I—hardly understand—I guess," faltered she. "Can't you let me keep her?"

"Well, I guess I won't have one of my grandchildren brought up by an old yarb-woman—not if I know it."

The old lady sniffed. Aurelia stood looking at her. She felt as if she had fallen down from heaven, and the hard reality of the earth had jarred the voice out of her. Then the old lady made a step towards the carriage, and caught up Myrtie in her trembling arms. The child screamed with fright. She had been asleep. She turned her little frightened face towards Aurelia, and held out her arms, and cried "Mamma! mamma! mamma!" in a perfect frenzy of terror. The old lady tried in vain to hush her. Aurelia found her voice then. "You'd better let me take her and give her her supper," she said, "and when she is asleep again I will bring her over to you."

"Well," said the old lady doubtfully. She was glad to get the frantic little thing out of her arms, though.

Aurelia held her close and hushed her, and she subsided into occasional convulsive sobs, and furtive, frightened glances at her grandmother.

"I s'pose you are stopping at the hotel?" said Aurelia.

"Yes, I am," said the old lady stoutly. "You kin bring her over as soon as she's asleep." Then she marched off with uncertain majesty.

Some women would have argued the case longer, but Aurelia felt that there was simply no use in it. The old lady was the child's grandmother: if she wanted her, she saw no way but to give her up. She never thought of pleading, she was so convinced of the old lady's determination.

She carried Myrtie into the house, gave her her supper, washed her, and dressed her in her little best dress. Then she took her up in her lap and tried to explain to her childish mind the change that was to be made in her life. She told her she was going to live with her grandmother, and she must be a good little girl, and love her, and do just as she told her to. Myrtie sobbed with unreasoning grief, and clung to Aurelia; but she wholly failed to take in the full meaning of it all.

She was still fretful, and bewildered by her rude awakening from her nap. Presently she fell asleep again, and Aurelia laid her down while she got together her little wardrobe. There was a hop pillow in a little linen case, on which Myrtie had always slept; she packed that up with the other things.

Then she rolled up the little sleeping girl in a blanket, laid her in her carriage, and went over to the hotel. It was not much of a hotel—merely an ordinary two-story house, where two or three spare rooms were ample accommodation for the few straggling guests who came to this little rural place. It was only a few steps from Aurelia's house. The old lady had the chamber of honour—a large square room on the first floor, opening directly on to the piazza. In spite of all Aurelia's care, Myrtie woke up and began to cry when she was carried in. She had to go off and leave her screaming piteously after her. Out on the piazza she uttered the first complaint, almost, of her life to the hostess, Mrs. Simonds, who had followed her there.

"Don't feel bad, 'Relia," said the woman, who was almost crying herself. "I know it's awful hard, when you was taking so much comfort. We all feel for you."

Aurelia looked straight ahead. She had the bundle of little clothes and the hop pillow in

her arms; the old lady had said, in a way that would have been funny if it had not been for the poor heart that listened, that she didn't want any yarb pillows, nor any clothes scented with yarbs nuther.

"I don't mean to be wicked," said Aurelia, "but I can't help thinking that Providence ought to provide for women. I wish Myrtie was *mine*."

The other woman wiped her eyes at the hungry way in which she said "mine".

"Well, I can't do anything; but I'm sorry for you, if that's all. You'd make enough sight better mother for Myrtie than that cross old woman. I don't b'lieve she more'n half wants her, only she's *sot*. She doesn't care anything about having the other children; she's going to leave them with Mis' Loomis; but she says her grandchildren ain't going to be living with strangers, an' she ought to hev been consulted. After all you've done for the child, to treat you as she has to-night, she's the most ungrateful—I know one thing; I'd charge her for Myrtie's board—a good price, too."

"Oh, I don't want anything of that sort," said poor Aurelia dejectedly, listening to her darling's sobs. "You go in and try to hush her, Mis' Simonds. Oh!"

"So I will. Her grandmother can't do anything with her, poor little thing! I've got some peppermints. I do believe she's spanking her—the—"

Aurelia did not run in with Mrs. Simonds; she listened outside till the pitiful cries hushed a little; then she went desolately home.

She sat down in the kitchen, with the little clothes in her lap. She did not think of going to bed; she did not cry nor moan to herself; she just sat there still. It was not very late when she came home—between eight and nine. In about half an hour, perhaps, she heard a sound outside that made her heart leap—a little voice crying pitifully, and saying, between the sobs, "Mamma! mamma!"

Aurelia made one spring to the door. There was the tiny creature in her little nightgown, shaking all over with cold and sobs.

Aurelia caught her up, and all her calm was over. "O you darling! you darling! you darling!" she cried, covering her little cold body all over with kisses. "You sha'n't leave me—you sha'n't! you sha'n't! Little sweet-heart—all I've got in the world. I guess they sha'n't take you away when you don't want to go. Did you cry, and mamma go off and leave you? Did they whip you? They never shall again—never! never! There, there, blessed, don't cry; mamma'll get you all warm, and

you shall go to sleep on your own little pillow. O you darling! darling! darling!"

Aurelia busied herself about the child, rubbing the little numb limbs, and getting some milk heated. She never asked how she came to get away; she never thought of anything except that she had her. She stopped every other minute to kiss her and croon to her; she laughed and cried. Now she gave way to her feelings; she was almost beside herself. She had the child all warm and fed and comforted by the kitchen fire when she heard steps outside, and she knew at once what was coming, and a fierce resolve sprang up in her heart: they should not have that child again to-night. She cast a hurried glance around; there was hardly a second's time. In the corner of the kitchen was a great heap of herbs which she had taken down from the walls where they had been drying; the next day she had intended to pack them and send them off. She caught up Myrtie and covered her with them. "Lie still, darling!" she whispered. "Don't make a bit of noise, or your grandmother will get you again." Myrtie crouched under them, trembling.

Then the door opened; Mr. Simonds stood there with a lantern. "That little girl's run away," he began—"slipped out while the old lady was out of the room a minute. Beats all how such a little thing knew enough. She's here, ain't she?"

"No," said Aurelia, "she ain't."

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes."

"Ain't you seen her, though?"

"No."

Mr. Simonds, who was fat and placid, began to look grave. "Then, all there is about it, we've got to have a hunt," said he. "'Twon't do to have that little tot out in her nightgown long. We hadn't a thought but that she was here. Must have lost her way."

Aurelia watched him stride down the yard. Then she ran after him. "Mr. Simonds!" He turned. "I told you a lie. Myrtie's in the corner of the kitchen under a heap of herbs."

"Why, what on earth—"

"I wanted to keep her so to-night." Aurelia burst right out in loud sobs.

"There, 'Relia! It's a confounded shame. You shall keep her. I'll make it all right with the old lady somehow. I reckon, as long as the child's safe, she'll be glad to get rid of her to-night. She wouldn't have slept much. Go right into the house, 'Relia, and don't worry." Aurelia obeyed. She hung over the little

creature, asleep in her crib, all night. She watched her every breath. She never thought of sleeping herself—her last night with Myrtie! The seconds were so many grains of gold-dust. Her heart failed her when day broke. She washed and dressed Myrtie at the usual time, and gave her her breakfast. Then she sat down with her and waited. The child's sorrow was soon forgotten, and she played about as usual. Aurelia watched her despairingly. She began to wonder at length why they did not come for her. It grew later and later. She would not carry her back herself; she was resolved on that.

It was ten o'clock before anyone came; then it was Mrs. Simonds. She had a strange look on her face.

"'Relia," she said, standing in the door and looking at her and Myrtie, "you ain't heard what has happened to our house this mornin', hev you?"

"No," said Aurelia, awed.

"Old Mis' Sears is dead. Had her third shock: she's had two in the last three years. She was took soon after Mr. Simonds got home. We got a doctor right off, but she died 'bout an hour ago."

"Oh!" said Aurelia; "I've been a wicked woman."

"No you ain't, Aurelia; don't you go to feeling so. There's no call for the living to be unjust to themselves because folks are dead. You did the best you could. An' now you're glad you can keep the child; you can't help it. I thought of it myself the first thing."

"Oh, I was such a wicked woman to think of it myself," said Aurelia. "If I could only have done something for the poor old soul! Why didn't you call me?"

"I told Mr. Simonds I wouldn't; you'd had enough."

There was one thing, however, which Aurelia found to do—a simple and touching thing, though it probably meant more to her than to most of those who knew of it.

On the day of the funeral the poor old woman's grave was found lined with fragrant herbs from Aurelia's garden—thyme and lavender and rosemary. She had cried when she picked them, because she could not help being glad, and they were all she could give for atonement.

A TALE FOR TWILIGHT.

As far as I am myself concerned with the following facts, I am fully prepared to vouch for their authenticity; but the reliance to be placed on the other parts of the recital must be at the option of the reader, or his conviction of their apparent truth. I am neither over-credulous nor sceptic in matters of a superhuman nature; I would neither implicitly confide in unsupported assertions, nor dissent from well-attested truths; but at the same time I must confess, that, although rather inclined to be a non-believer, I have sometimes listened to details of supernatural occurrences so borne out by concurring testimony as almost to fix my wavering faith. It is now nearly thirty years since I was a partial witness to the following circumstance at my father's house in Edinburgh; and though, during that period, time and foreign climates may have thinned my locks and furrowed my brow a little, they have neither effaced one item of its details from my memory, nor warped the vivid impression which it left upon my recollection.

It was in the winter of 1798 the occurrence took place: I remember the time distinctly, by the circumstance of my father's being absent with his regiment, which had been ordered to Ireland to reinforce the troops then engaged in quelling the insurgents, who had risen in rebellion in the summer of that year. There was an old retainer of our house who used at that time to be very frequently about us; she had nursed my younger brother and myself, and the family felt for her all the attachment due to an old and faithful inmate. Her husband had been a sergeant in the army of General Burgoyne, and was killed at the attack on Valencia de Alcantara, in the early part of his late majesty's reign, when the British crossed the Portuguese frontier in order to check the advance of the Spaniards upon Alentejo; and perhaps this circumstance created an additional sympathy towards her in my mother's breast. I remember her appearance distinctly; her neatly plaited cap and scarlet riband, her white fringed apron and purple quilted petticoat, are all as fresh in my memory as yesterday, and though nearly sixty at the period I speak of, she retained all the activity and good-humour of sixteen. Her strength was but little impaired; and as she was but slightly affected by fatigue or watching, she was in the habit of engaging herself as a nurse-tender in numerous respectable families, who were equally prepossessed in her favour.

Consider that everything which happens, happens justly, and if thou observest carefully, thou wilt find it to be so.—MARCUS AURELIUS.

The winter was drawing near a close, and we were beginning to be anxious for the return of my father, who was expected home about this time, when old Nurse, as we always called her, came to tell us of an engagement she had got to attend a young gentleman who was lying dangerously ill in one of the streets of the Old Town; for at that time few of the fine palaces of the New Town had been even thought of, and many a splendid street now covers what was then green fields and waving meadows. She mentioned that a physician, who had been always very kind to her, had recommended her to this duty; but as the patient was in a most critical state, the manner of her attendance was to be very particular. She was to go every evening at eight o'clock to relieve another who remained during the day; and to be extremely cautious not to speak to the young man unless it was urgently necessary, nor make any motion which might in the slightest degree disturb the few intervals of rest which he was enabled to enjoy; but she knew neither the name nor residence of the person she was to wait on. There was something unusual in all this, and I remember perfectly well my mother desiring her to call soon and let her know how she fared. But nearly six weeks had elapsed, and we had never once seen or heard of her, when my mother at last resolved on sending to learn whether she was sick, and to say she was longing to see her again. The servant, on his return, informed us that poor Nurse had been dangerously ill, and confined to her bed almost ever since she had been with us; but she was now a little better, and had purposed coming to see us the following day.

She came accordingly; but oh, so altered in so short a time no one would have believed it! She was almost double, and could not walk without support; her flesh and cheeks were all shrunk away, and her dim lustreless eyes almost lost in their sockets. We were all startled at seeing her: it seemed that those six weeks had produced greater changes in her than years of disease in others; but our surprise at the effect was nothing, when compared to that which her recital of the cause excited when she informed us of it; and as we had never known her to tell a falsehood, we could not avoid placing implicit confidence in her words.

She told us that in the evening, according to appointment, the physician had conducted her to the residence of her charge, in one of the narrow streets near the abbey. It was one of those extensive old houses which seem built

for eternity rather than time, and in the constructing of which the founder had consulted convenience and comfort more than show or situation. A flight of high stone steps brought them to the door; and a dark staircase of immense width, fenced with balustrades a foot broad, and supported by railing of massy dimensions, led to the chamber of the patient. This was a lofty wainscotted room, with a window sunk a yard deep in the wall, and looking out upon what was once a garden at the rear, but now grown so wild that the weeds and rank grass almost reached the level of the wall which inclosed it. At one end stood an old-fashioned square bed, where the young gentleman lay. It was hung with faded Venetian tapestry, and seemed itself as large as a moderate-sized room. At the other end, and opposite to the foot of the bed, was a fire-place, supported by ponderous stone buttresses, but with no grate, and a few smouldering turf were merely piled on the spacious hearth. There was no door except that by which she had entered, and no other furniture than a few low chairs, and a table covered with medicines and draughts beside the window. The oak which covered the walls and formed the panels of the ceiling was as black as time could make it, and the whole apartment, which was kept dark at the suggestion of the physician, was so gloomy that the glimmering of the single candle in the shade of the fireplace could not penetrate it, and cast a faint gleam around, not sad, but absolutely sickening.

Whilst the doctor was speaking in a low tone to the invalid, Nurse tried to find out some farther particulars from the other attendant, who was tying on her bonnet, and preparing to muffle herself in her plaid before going away; for, as I said before, it was winter and bitterly cold. She could gain no information from her, however, although she had been in the situation for a considerable time. She could not tell the name of the gentleman; she only knew that he was an Oxford student; but no one, save herself and the doctor, had ever crossed the threshold to inquire after him, nor had she ever seen any one in the rest of the house, which she believed to be uninhabited.

The doctor and she soon went away, after leaving a few unimportant directions; Nurse closed the door behind them, and shivering with the cold frosty gust of air from the spacious lobby, hastened to her duty, wrapped her cloak about her, drew her seat close to the hearth, replenished the fire, and commenced reading a volume of Mr. Alexander Peden's

Prophecies, which she had brought in her pocket.

There was no sound to disturb her, except now and then a blast of wind which shook the withering trees in the garden below, or the "death-watch," which ticked incessantly in the wainscot of the room. In this manner an hour or two elapsed, when concluding, from the motionless posture of the patient, that he must be asleep, she rose, and taking the light in her hand, moved on tiptoe across the polished oaken floor, to take a survey of his features and appearance. She gently opened the curtains, and, bringing the light to bear upon him, started to find that he was still awake; she attempted to apologize for her curiosity by an awkward tender of her services, but apology and offer were equally useless; he moved neither limb nor muscle; he made not the faintest reply; he lay motionless on his back, his bright blue eyes glaring fixedly upon her, his under-lip fallen, and his mouth apart, his cheek a perfect hollow, and his long white teeth projecting fearfully from his shrunken lips, whilst his bony hand, covered with wiry sinews, was stretched upon the bed-clothes, and looked more like the claw of a bird than the fingers of a human being.

She felt rather uneasy whilst looking at him; but when a slight motion of the eyelids, which the light was too strong for, assured her he was still living, which she was half-inclined to doubt, she returned to her seat and her book by the fire. As she was directed not to disturb him, and as his medicine was only to be administered in the morning, she had but little to do, and the succeeding two hours passed heavily away; she continued, however, to lighten them by the assistance of Mr. Peden, and by now and then crooning and gazing over the silent flickering progress of her turf fire, till, about midnight, as near as she could guess, the gentleman began to breathe heavily and appeared very uneasy; as, however, he spoke nothing, she thought he was perhaps asleep, and was rising to go towards him, when she was surprised to see a lady seated on a chair near the head of the bed beside him.

Though somewhat startled at this, she was by no means alarmed, and, making a curtsey, was moving on as she had intended, when the lady raised her arm, and turning the palm of her hand, which was covered with a white glove, towards her, motioned her silently to keep her seat. She accordingly sat down as before, but she now began to wonder within herself how and when this lady came in: it was true she had not been looking towards the

door, and it might have been opened without her perceiving it; but then it was so cold a night and so late an hour, it was this which made it so remarkable.

She turned quietly round and took a second view of her visitor. She wore a black veil over her bonnet, and as her face was turned towards the bed of the invalid, she could not in that gloomy chamber perceive her features, but she saw that the shape and turn of her head and neck were graceful and elegant in the extreme; the rest of her person she could not so well discern, as it was enveloped in a green silk gown, and the fashion at that period was not so favourable to a display of figure as now. It occurred to her that it must be some intimate female friend who had called in; but then the woman had told her that no visitors had ever come before: altogether, she could not well understand the matter, but she thought she would observe whether she went off as gently as she had entered; and for that purpose she altered the position of her chair so as to command a view of the door, and fixed herself with her book on her knees, but her eye intently set upon the lady in the green gown.

In this position she remained for a considerable time, but no alteration took place in the room; the stranger sat evidently gazing on the face of the sick gentleman, whilst he heaved and sighed and breathed in agony as if a nightmare were on him. Nurse a second time moved towards him in order to hold him up in the bed, or give him some temporary relief; and a second time the mysterious visitant motioned her to remain quiet; and unwillingly, but by a kind of fascination, she complied, and again commenced her watch. But her position was a painful one, and she sat so long and so quietly that at last her eyes closed for a moment, and when she opened them the lady was gone, the young man was once more composed, and, after taking something to relieve his breathing, he fell into a gentle sleep, from which he had not awakened when her colleague arrived in the morning to take her place, and Nurse returned to her own house about daybreak.

The following night she was again at her duty; she came rather late, and found her companion already muffled and waiting impatiently to set out. She lighted her to the stairs, and heard her close the hall-door behind her; when, on returning to the room, the wind, as she shut the door, blew out her candle. She relighted it, however, from the dying embers, roused up the fire, and resumed, as before, her seat and her volume of prophecies.

The night was stormy, the dry crisp sleet hissed on the window, and the wind sighed in heavy gusts down the spacious chimney; whilst the rattling of the shutters, and the occasional clash of a door in some distant part of the house, came with a dim and hollow echo along the dreary silent passages. She did not feel so comfortable as the night before; the whistling of the wind through the trees made her flesh creep involuntarily; and sometimes the thundering clap of a distant door made her start and drop her book, with a sudden prayer for the protection of Heaven.

She was thinking within herself of giving up the engagement, and was half resolved to do so on the morrow, when all at once her ear was struck with the heavy throes and agonized breathing of her charge, and, on raising her head, she saw the same lady in the green gown seated in the same position as the night before. Well, thought she, this is unusually strange; but it immediately struck her that it *must* be some inmate of the house, for what human being could venture out in such a dreary night, and at such an hour?—but then her dress: it was neither such as one could wear in the streets on a wintry night, nor yet such as they would be likely to have on *in the house* at that hour; it was, in fact, the fashionable summer costume of the time.

She rose and made her a curtsy, and spoke to her politely, but got no reply save the waving of her hand, by which she had been silenced before. At length the agitation of the invalid was so increased that she could not reconcile it to her duty to sit still whilst a stranger was attending him. She accordingly drew nearer to the bed in spite of the repeated beckonings of the lady, who, as she advanced, drew her veil closer across her face, and retired to the table at the window. Nurse approached the bed, but was terrified on beholding the countenance of the patient: the big drops of cold sweat were rolling down his pale brow; his livid lips were quivering with agony; and, as he motioned her aside, his glaring eyes followed the retreating figure in the green gown. She soon saw that it was in vain to attempt assisting him; he impatiently repulsed every proffer of attention, and she again resumed her seat, whilst the silent visitor returned to her place by his bedside.

Rather piqued at being thus baffled in her intentions of kindness, but still putting from her the idea of a supernatural being, the old woman again determined to watch with attention the retreat of the lady, and observe whether she resided in the house or took her

departure by the main door. She almost refrained from winking in order to *secure* a scrutiny of her motions; but it was all in vain; she could not remember to have taken off her glance for a moment, but still the visitant was gone. It seemed as if she had only changed her thoughts for an instant and not her eyes, but that change was enough; when she again reverted to the object of her anxiety, the mysterious lady had departed.

As on the foregoing night, her patient now became composed, and enjoyed an uninterrupted slumber till the light of morning, now reflected from heaps of dazzling snow, brought with it the female who was to relieve guard at the bed of misery.

The following morning Nurse went to the house of the physician who had engaged her, with the determination of giving up the task in which she was employed. She felt uneasy at the thoughts of retaining it, as she had never been similarly situated before; she always had some companion to speak to, or was at least employed in an inhabited house; but besides she was not by any means comfortable in the visits of the nightly stranger. She was disappointed, however, by not finding him at home, and was directed to return at a certain hour; but as she lay down to rest in the meantime, she did not awake till that hour was long past. Nothing then remained but to return for another night, and give warning of her intention on the morrow; and with a heavy discontented heart she repaired to the gloomy apartment.

The physician was already there when she arrived, and received her notice with regret; but was rather surprised when she informed him of the attentions of the strange lady, and the manner in which she had been prevented from performing her duty: he, however, treated it as a common-place occurrence, and suggested that it was some affectionate relative or friend of the patient, of whose connections he knew nothing. At last he took his leave, and Nurse arranged her chair and seated herself to watch, not merely the departure but the arrival of her fair friend. As she had not, however, appeared on the former occasions till the night was far advanced, she did not expect her sooner, and endeavoured to occupy her attention till that time by some other means.

But it was all in vain, she could only think of the one mysterious circumstance, fix her dim gaze on the blackened trellis-work of the ceiling, and start at every trifling sound, which was now doubly audible, as all without was hushed by the noiseless snow in which the

streets were imbedded. Again, however, her vigilance was eluded, and as, wearied with thought, she raised her head with a long-drawn sigh and a yawn of fatigue, she encountered the green garments of her unsolicited companion. Angry with herself, and at the same time unwilling to accuse herself of remissness, she determined once again that she should not escape unnoticed. There hung a feeling of awe around her whenever she approached this singular being, and when, as before, the lady retired to another quarter of the room as she approached the bed, she had not courage to follow her. Again the same distressing scene of suffering in her unfortunate charge ensued; he gasped and heaved till the noise of his agony made her heart sick within her; when she drew near his bed his corpse-like features were convulsed with a feeling which seemed to twist their relaxed nerves into the most fearful expression, while his ghastly eyes were straining from their sunken sockets. She spoke, but he answered not; she touched him, but he was cold with terror, and unconscious of any object save the one mysterious being whom his glance followed with awful intensity. I have often heard my mother say that Nurse was naturally a woman of very strong feelings, but here she was totally beside herself with anxiety. She thought that the young gentleman was just expiring, and was preparing to leave the room in search of farther assistance when she saw the lady again move towards the bed of the dying man; she bent above him for a moment, whilst his writhings were indescribable; she then moved towards the door. Now was the moment!

Nurse advanced at the same time, laid her one hand on the latch, whilst with the other she attempted to raise the veil of the stranger, and in the next instant fell lifeless on the floor. As she glanced on the face of the lady, she saw that a lifeless head filled the bonnet; its vacant sockets and ghastly teeth were all that could be seen beneath the folds of the veil.

Daylight was breaking the following morning when the other attendant arrived, and found the poor old woman cold and benumbed stretched upon the floor beside the passage; and when she looked upon the bed of the invalid he lay stiffened and lifeless, as if many hours had elapsed since his spirit had shaken off its mortal coil. One hand was thrown across his eyes, as if to shade them from some object on which he feared to look; and the other grasped the coverlet with convulsive firmness.

The remains of the mysterious student were

interred in the old Calton burying-ground, and I remember, before the new road was made through it, to have often seen his grave; but I never could learn his name, what connection the spirit had with his story, or how he came to be in that melancholy deserted situation in Edinburgh. I have mentioned at the commencement of this narration that I will vouch for its truth as far as regards myself, and that is, merely, that I heard the poor old woman herself tell all the extraordinary circumstances as I have recited them, a very few weeks before her death, with a fearful accuracy. Be it as it may, they cost her her life, as she never recovered from the effects of the terror, and pined and wasted away to the hour of her death, which followed in about two months after the fearful occurrence. For my part I firmly believe all she told us; and though my father, who came home the spring following, used to say it was all a dream or the effects of imagination, I always saw too many concurrent circumstances attending it to permit me to think so.

New Monthly Magazine.

THE REPORTER'S FAREWELL.¹

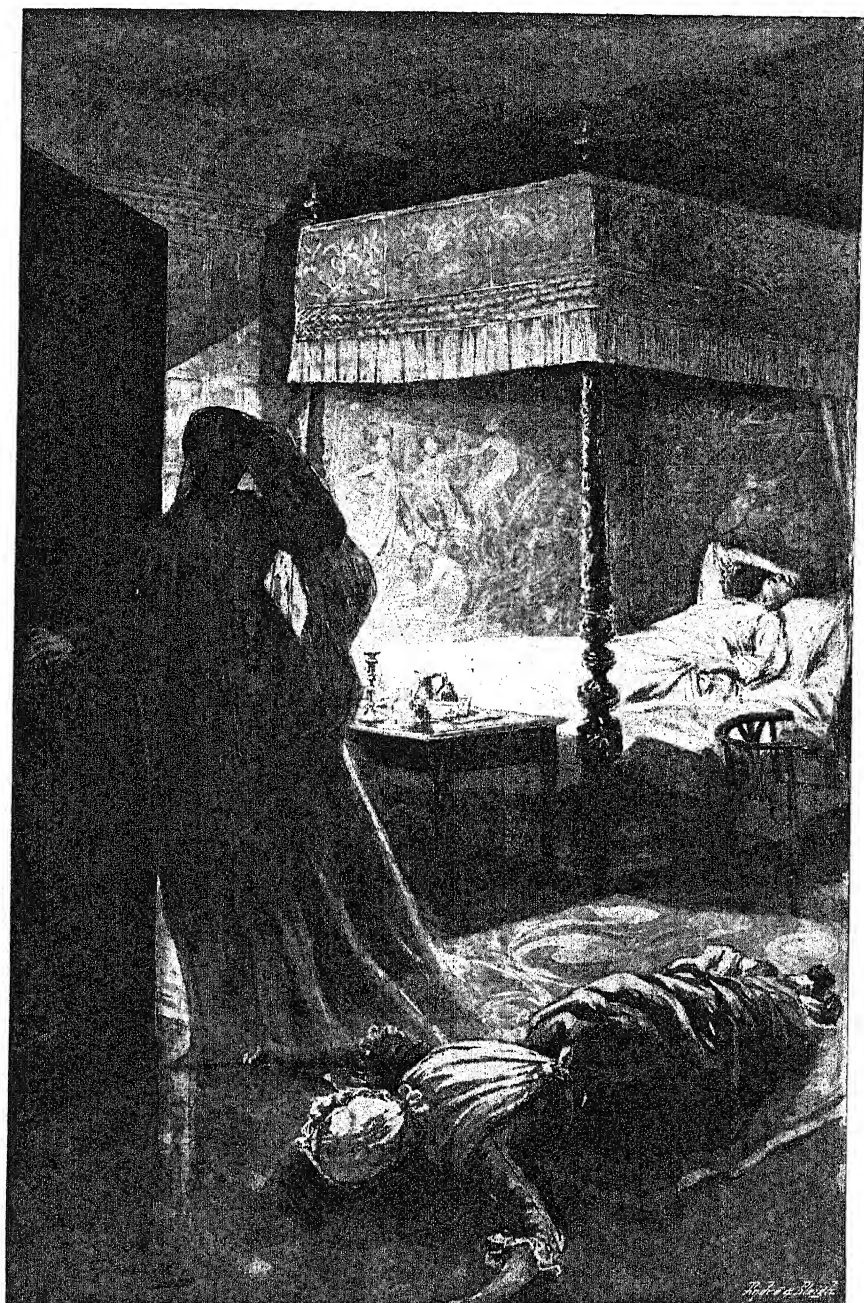
[Henry Duff Trail, D.C.L., born at Blackheath, 1842; educated at Merchant Taylor's School, and afterwards at St. John's College, Oxford; was called to the bar in 1868. In 1871 he turned to Journalism and became a contributor to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, then edited by Mr. Frederick Greenwood; and afterwards under the same editorship to the *St. James's Gazette*. He has also contributed to the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Saturday Review*, and other papers. Mr. Trail has a gift of easy and vigorous versification, which, with a faculty of humorous satire, makes him excel in poetical skits on passing events. *Recaptured Rhymes* is a collection of such satires, which first appeared chiefly in the *St. James's Gazette*. *Saturday Songs* (1890) is a similar collection of verses first printed in the *Saturday Review*. From it we take the following verses with the author's permission. Mr. Trail's other published works are *Dialogues of the Dead*; *Central Government*, in the "English Citizen Series"; *Sterne and Coleridge*, in the "English Men of Letters Series"; *Shaftesbury*, in the "English Worthies Series"; *William III.*, in "Twelve English Statesmen"; *Stratford*, in "English Men of Action"; *The New Lucian*; and a life of *The Marquis of Salisbury*.]

"The growing distaste of a pampered newspaper-reading public for the simple 'Sensations' which satisfied their fathers in the Silly Season² is lamented with manly pathos in the following lines":—

He sat within his lofty den,
Above the swarming Strand,

¹ *Saturday Songs*. By H. D. Trail. W. H. Allen & Co.

² *The Silly Season* is the time when neither Parliament nor the law-courts are sitting; and in the dearth of solid intelligence the newspapers are obliged to fill their columns with sensational paragraphs and correspondence not of the wisest.

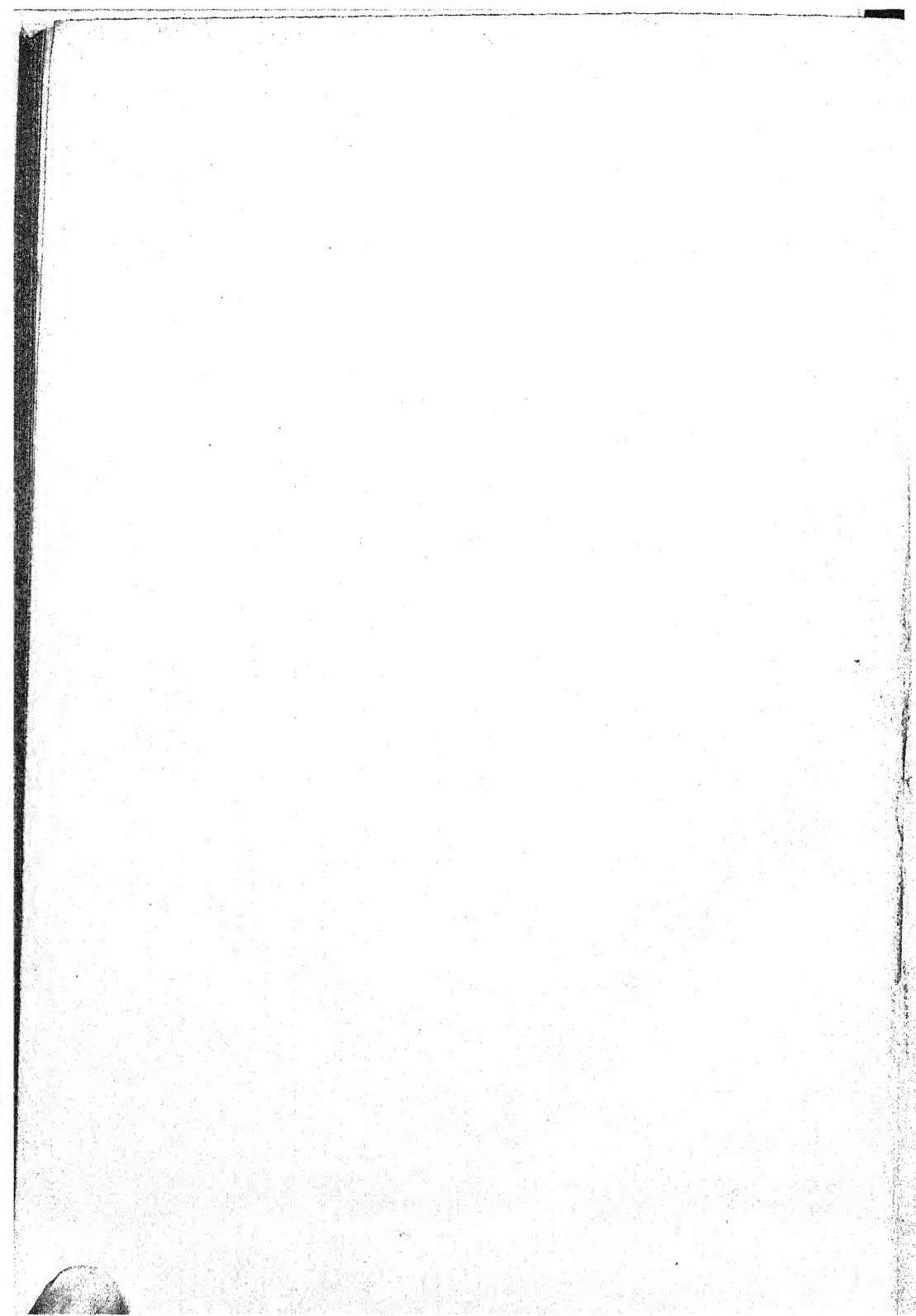


J. GÜLICH.

30

"THE NEXT INSTANT THE NURSE FELL LIFELESS ON THE FLOOR."

Vol. iii. page 410.



His idle stylographic pen
Held idly in his hand.

"Whose is the fault," he sadly cried,
"That unemployed I sit?
Am I less ready to provide
My marvels? Not a whit!

"No! here at hand the record I
Of many a portent find,
Such as has oft in days gone by
Enthralled the public mind.

"Here has a trusty pen revealed
To all the wondering town
How lately in a Kentish field
A shower of frogs came down.

"Another tells, from actual view,
How an East-Anglian ram
Has been presented by an ewe
With a two-headed lamb."

He paused a moment; then resumed:
"And, last and greatest, sec,
Within yon punch-bowl barely roomed,
The enormous gooseberry!

"What more could a reporter ask?
What more could readers seek?
Should I not find my daily task
Here for at least a week?

"But, no! I try in vain as yet"—
He laughed a bitter laugh—
"From all these items here to get
A single paragraph.

"Sub-editors my 'pars.'¹ reject,
And some have half confessed
That such-like matter, they suspect,
Has ceased to interest.

"Ah! simpler tastes of earlier days!
Ah! manners of the past!
When every autumn found amaze
In wonders of the last.

"None pleases in this restless hour,
Save who can track with skill
The minister's mysterious tour,
Or draft the undrawn Bill.

"To match my arts I venture not
With their devices new;
My day is done, my bolt is shot;
Adieu! vain world, adieu!"

Then as his stylograph he drave
Though his despairing breast,
Far off,² above the western wave,
A monster reared its crest.

¹ *Par*, slang for paragraph.

² We understand from this that in happier days this reporter had invented a sea-serpent, and written many thrilling paragraphs about him. As he dies, the ghost of the monster rises up to reproach him.—Editor.

And, "Art thou gone," it feebly whined,
"Thou who with graphic pen
My convolutions hast entwined
Around the hearts of men?

"If thou art gone whose graphic skill
Has kept my fame alive,
Shall I, the creature of thy will,
Ingloriously survive?

"Never! no more by moonlit night,
All in the waning year,
Shall my gigantic length affright
The voyaging marinere.

"No more in future anywhere
Shall masters or shall mates
The merry affidavit swear
At British Consulates.

"Never again, when things are flat,
And journals cry for food,
Will I supply half-columns pat,
Farewell! I'm off for good!"

And with a wail that filled the breeze
And thrilled the distant shore
The serpent of the autumnal seas
Sank to arise no more.

A DAY'S MOWING ON A RUSSIAN ESTATE.³

[Count Leo Nikolaievitch Tolstoi, the Russian novelist, born 1829, and left an orphan at an early age. In his *Childhood and Youth* and *My Confession*, he has told much of the story of his life and of the development of his religious and social opinions. His boyhood was spent on the family estate near Toula. In 1843 he went to the University of Kazan, but at the end of his second year of university life he withdrew again to his estate and lived there with his brother, spending his time chiefly in study until 1851, when he entered the army and went to the Caucasus. While there he wrote *The Cossacks*. During the Crimean war he served on the staff of Prince Gortschakoff, and his experiences of the campaign were given to the world in *Sebastopol in December, in May, and in August*. When the war was over he left the army, devoting himself to literature. He passed his summers on his country estate and his winters in St. Petersburg and Moscow, until 1881, when he became a magistrate and retired altogether into the country. His greatest novels are *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*. *War and Peace*, an immense work in four volumes, gives a magnificent picture of Russia at the time of Napoleon Bonaparte's invasion. All the author's varied experience of court and camp, of the country life that still keeps the colour of the primitive Russian civilization, and of St. Petersburg society with its viceroy of French and English influence, are laid under contribution in this extraordinary novel. Count Tolstoi's genius combines the qualities of the great romancists and the great novelists. He has the imagination of the poet, and the shrewd eye of the humorist for character and detail.

³ From *Anna Karenina*. By Count Tolstoi. Walter Scott.

He is in turn dramatic and analytical. His only weak point is construction. His novels are without definite plot, and they lack symmetry. But the truth and reality of his characters, and the immense field of his observation, give a human as well as a literary interest and importance to everything that he writes. Not to know his two great novels is not only to neglect the best source of information about modern Russia, but to be ignorant of two of the greatest forces in modern literature. Since the publication of *Anna Karénina*, Count Tolstoi has entirely given himself up to the practical working out of his religious and social beliefs. He lives on his estate, devotes himself to the improvement of the condition of his peasants, makes shoes and hews wood in fidelity to his conviction that every man should earn his living by manual labour, and only does not give away all his worldly goods because he considers that the gift would injure the recipients. The book called *The Kingdom of God is Within You* (published in 1894), expressing his reading of the Sermon on the Mount, and his practical application of the evangelical doctrine of Non-Resistance, is one of those meteoric phenomena in the world of literature that defy criticism. It is difficult to accept, but the extraordinary genius of the author and practical consistency of his life must command respect and admiration for its intention.

By the permission of Mr. Walter Scott, who publishes an English version of Tolstoi's collected works, we take from *Anna Karénina* the following description of a day's mowing. Konstantin Levin, in many respects, represents Count Tolstoi himself. He lives on his estate, and finds the best practical solution of all social problems in manual labour. His half-brother, Sergéi Ivanovitch, a literary man and a theorist, worries him with discussions in which he is always worsted, in spite of a conviction that he knows most on the subject discussed; when irritated, he takes refuge in hard work, and finds the cure completely satisfactory.]

The thought which absorbed Levin at the time of his discussion with his brother was this: the year before, he had fallen into a passion with his overseer one day when they were mowing, and to calm himself he had taken the scythe from a *muzhik*,¹ and begun to mow. He enjoyed the work so much that he had tried it again and again. He mowed the lawn in front of his house, and promised himself that next year he would follow the same plan, and spend whole days mowing with the *muzhiks*.

Since his brother's arrival he had asked himself the question, Should he mow, or not? He had scruples about leaving his brother alone for an entire day, and he was afraid of his pleasantries on the subject. But as they crossed the field, and saw the mowing already begun, he decided that he would mow. After his vexatious discussion with his brother, he remembered his project.

"I must have some physical exercise, or my character will absolutely spoil," he thought; and made up his mind to mow, no matter what his brother or servants should say.

That very evening Levin went to the office,

gave some directions about the work to be done, and sent to the village to hire some mowers for the morrow, so as to attack his field at Kalinovo, which was the largest and best.

"*Da!*² send my scythe over to Sef, and have him put it in order; perhaps I will come and mow too," said he, trying to hide his confusion.

The *prikashchik*³ laughed, and said, "I will obey you."

Later, at the tea-table, Levin said to his brother: "It seems like settled weather, to-morrow I am going to mow."

"I like to see this work," said Sergéi Ivanovitch.

"I like it extremely," said Levin. "Last year I myself mowed with the *muzhiks*, and to-morrow I am going to spend all day at it."

Sergéi Ivanovitch raised his head, and gazed with astonishment at his brother.

"What did you say? Like the *muzhiks* all day long?"

"Certainly; it is very enjoyable."

"It is excellent as physical exercise, but can you stand such work?" asked Sergéi, without meaning to say anything ironical.

"I have tried it. At first it is hard work, but afterwards you get used to it. I think I shall not leave off."

"*Vo! kak!*⁴ But tell me, how do the *muzhiks* look at it? Naturally they make sport because the *barin*⁵ is queer, don't they?"

"No, I don't think so; but this is such pleasant and at the same time hard work, that they don't think about it."

"But how do you do about your dinner? They could hardly bring you there a bottle of Lafitte and a roast turkey."

The next morning Konstantin Levin got up earlier than usual; but his duties about the house detained him, and when he came to the mowing-field he found the men already at work.

The field, still in the shade, extended to the foot of a high hill, and a part of it was already mowed. Levin, as he drew near, could see the long wind-rows, and the little black heaps of *kaftans*,⁶ which had been thrown down by the men. He saw also the band of *muzhiks*, some in their kaftans some in their shirt-sleeves, mowing in a long line, and swinging their scythes in unison. He counted forty-two of them. They were advancing slowly over the uneven bottom-land of the field,

² *Da!* an exclamation: yes! well! what!

³ *Prikashchik*, clerk.

⁵ *Barin*, lord, master.

⁴ *Vo! kak!* there you are!

⁶ *Kaftan*, coat.

¹ *Muzhik*, peasant.

where there was an old ditch. Levin knew many of them. The old round-shouldered Yermil was there in a very clean white shirt, wielding the scythe; there was also the small Vaska, who used to be Levin's driver; and there was Sef, a little thin old *muzhichok*,¹ who had taught him how to mow. He was cutting a wide swath without stooping, and easily handling his scythe.

Levin dismounted from his horse, tied her near the road, and went across to Sef, who immediately got a second scythe from a clump of bushes.

"All ready, *barin*; 'tis like a razor—cuts of itself," said Sef with a smile, taking off his *shapka*,² and handing him the scythe.

Levin took it, and began to try it. The haymakers, having finished their line, were returning one after another on their track, covered with sweat, but gay and lively. They all stopped and saluted the *barin*. No one ventured to speak; but at last a wrinkled old man, without a beard, and dressed in a sheep-skin jacket, thus addressed him:

"Look here, *barin*, if you put your hand to the work, you must not quit it," said he; and Levin heard the sound of stifled laughter among the mowers.

"I will try not to be left behind," he said as he took his place behind Sef, and waited for the signal to begin.

"Tention!" cried the *starik*.³

Sef opened the way, and Levin followed in his track. The grass was short and tough; and Levin, who had not mowed for a long time, and was constrained by the watchful eyes of the men, at first made very bad work of it, though he swung the scythe energetically. Voices were heard behind him:—

"He does not hold his scythe right; the sned is too high. See how he stoops," said one.

"Bears his hand on too much," said another.

"It won't do at all; it's not well," said the *starik*. "Look, he goes like this: swings too wide. He'll get played out. The master is trying it for himself as hard as he can, but look at his row! For such work my brother was beaten once."

The grass became less tough; and Levin, listening to the remarks without replying, and doing his best to learn, followed in Sef's footsteps. Thus they went a hundred steps. Sef kept on without any intermission, and without

showing the least fatigue; but Levin began to fear that he could not keep it up, he was so tired.

He was just thinking that he should have to ask Sef to rest, when the *muzhik* of his own accord halted, bent over, and taking a handful of grass, began to wipe his scythe, and to turn around. Levin straightened himself up, and with a sigh of relief looked about him. Just behind was a peasant, and he was evidently tired and had also stopped. Sef whetted his own scythe and Levin's and started again.

At the second attempt it was just the same. Sef advanced a step at every swing of the scythe. Levin followed him, striving not to fall behind; but each moment it came harder and harder. But, as before, just as he believed himself at the end of his forces, Sef stopped and rested.

Thus they went over the first swath. And this long stretch was very hard for Levin; but afterwards, when the work began again, Levin had no other thought, no other desire, than to reach the other end as soon as the others. He heard nothing but the swish of the scythes behind him, saw nothing but Sef's straight back plodding on in front of him, and the semicircle described in the grass, which fell over slowly, carrying with it the delicate heads of flowers.

Suddenly he felt a pleasant sensation of coolness on his shoulders. He looked up at the sky while Sef was plying the whetstone, and he saw a heavy black cloud. A shower had come, and a heavy rain was falling. Some of the *muzhiks* were putting on their *kaptans*: others, like Levin himself, were glad to feel the rain upon their shoulders.

The work went on and on. Levin absolutely lost all idea of time, and did not know whether it was early or late. Though the sweat stood on his face, and dropped from his nose, and all his back was wet as though he had been plunged in water, still he felt very well. His work now seemed to him full of pleasure. It was a state of unconsciousness: he did not know what he was doing, or how much he was doing, or how the hours and moments were flying, but only felt that at this time his work was good, and equal to that done by Sef.

After they had gone over the field once again, Levin started to turn back again; but Sef halted, and going to the *starik*, whispered something to him. Then the two studied the sun. "What are they talking about? and why don't they keep on?" thought Levin, without considering that the *muzhiks* had been

¹ *Muzhichok*, diminutive of *muzhik*.

² *Shapka*, cap.

³ *Starik*, old man.

mowing for more than four hours, and it was time for them to have their morning meal.

"Breakfast, *barin*," said the *starik*.

"So late already? *Nu!*¹ breakfast, then."

Levin gave his scythe to Sef, and together with the *mushiks*, who were going to their *kaftans* for their bread, he crossed the wide stretch of field where the mown grass lay lightly moistened by the shower, and went to his horse. Then only he perceived that he had made a false prediction about the weather, and that the rain would wet his hay.

"The hay will be spoiled," he said.

"No harm done, *barin*: mow in the rain, rake in the sun," said the *starik*.

Levin unhitched his horse and went home to take coffee with his brother. Sergéi Ivanovitch had just got up; before he was dressed and down in the dining-room, Konstantin was back to the field again.

After breakfast Levin, in returning to his work, took his place between the quizzical *starik*, who asked him to be his neighbour, and a young *mushik* who had only lately been married, and was now mowing for the first time. The *starik* mowed straight on, with long regular strides; and the swinging of the scythe seemed no more like labour than the swinging of the arms when walking. His well-whetted scythe cut, as it were, of its own energy through the succulent grass.

Behind Levin came the young Mishka, with a wreath of green leaves around his head binding his curls. His young face worked equally with the rest of his body. But when anyone looked at him he would only smile. He would rather die than confess that he found the labour hard.

The labour seemed lighter to Levin during the heat of the day. The sweat in which he was bathed refreshed him; and the sun burning his back, his head, and his arms bared to the elbow, gave him force and energy. The moments of oblivion, of unconsciousness of what he was doing, came back to him more and more frequently: the scythe seemed to move of itself. These were happy moments. Then still more gladsome was the time when, coming to the river-side, the *starik*, after wiping his scythe with the moist, thick grass, rinsed it in the river, and dipping up a ladleful of water gave it to Levin.

"*Nu-ka,*² my *kvas!*³ Ah, good!" he exclaimed, winking.

And, indeed, it seemed to Levin that he had never tasted any liquor more refreshing than this pure, lukewarm water, in which grass floated, and tasting of the rusty tin cup. Then came the glorious slow promenade, when with scythe on the arm, there was time to wipe the heated brow, fill the lungs full, and glance round at the long line of haymakers, and the busy life in field and forest.

The longer Levin mowed, the more frequently he felt the moments of oblivion, when his hands no longer wielded the scythe, but the scythe seemed to have a self-conscious body, full of life, and carrying on, as it were by enchantment, a regular systematic work. These were indeed joyful moments. It was hard only when he was obliged to interrupt this unconscious activity to remove a clod or a clump of wild sorrel. The *starik* found it mere sport. When he came to a clod he pushed it aside with repeated taps of his scythe, or with his hand tossed it out of the way. And while doing this he noticed everything and examined everything that was to be seen. Now he picked a strawberry and ate it himself, or gave it to Levin; now he discovered a nest of quail, from which the cock was scurrying away, or caught a snake on the end of his scythe, and, having shown it to Levin, flung it out the way.

But for Levin and the young fellow behind him, these repeated observations were difficult. When once they got into the swing of work, they could not easily change their movements, and turn their attention to what was before them.

Levin did not realize how the time was flying. If he had been asked how long he had been mowing, he would have answered, "a quarter of an hour"; and here it was almost dinner-time. The *starik* drew his attention to the girls and boys, half-concealed by the tall grass, who were coming from all sides, bringing to the haymakers their bread and jugs of *kvas*, which seemed too heavy for their little arms.

"See! here come the midgets,"⁴ said he, pointing to them; and shading his eyes he looked at the sun.

Twice more they went across the field, and then the *starik* stopped.

"*Nu, barin!* dinner," said he, in a decided tone.

Then the mowers, walking along the river-side, went back to their *kaftans*, where the children were waiting with the dinners. Some

¹ *Nu*, well!

² *Nu-ka*, well!

³ *Kvas*, sour, fermented drink.

⁴ Midgets, *kozyavki*, lady-bugs.

clustered round the *telyéga*;¹ others sat in the shade of a laburnum, where the mown grass was heaped up.

Levin sat down near them: he had no wish to leave them. All constraint in the presence of the *barin* had disappeared. The *muzhiks* prepared to eat their dinners. They washed themselves, took their bread, uncorked their bottles of *kvas*, and picked out places where they could take a nap, while the children bathed in the river.

The *starik* crumbled his bread into his porringer, mashed it with his spoon, poured water on from his tin basin, and cutting off still more bread, he salted the whole plentifully; and, turning to the east, he said his prayer. Then he invited Levin:

"*Nu-ka, barin, my tiurka*,"² said he, kneeling down before his porringer.

Levin found the *tiurka* so palatable that he decided not to go home to dinner. He dined with the *starik*, and their conversation turned on his domestic affairs, in which the *barin* took a lively interest, and in his turn told the old man about such of his plans and projects as would interest him. He felt as though the *starik* were more nearly related to him than his brother, and he could not help smiling at the feeling of sympathy which this simple-hearted man inspired.

When dinner was over the *starik* offered another prayer, and arranged a pillow of fresh-mown grass, and composed himself for a nap. Levin did the same; and in spite of the flies and insects tickling his heated face, he immediately went off to sleep, and did not wake until the sun came out on the other side of the laburnum bush, and shone brightly above his head. The *starik* was awake, but was sitting down cutting the children's hair.

Levin looked around him, and did not know where he was. Everything seemed changed. The mown field stretched away into immensity with its wind-rows of sweet-smelling hay, lighted and glorified in a new fashion by the oblique rays of the sun. The bushes by the river had been cut down; and the river itself, before invisible, but now shining like steel with its windings; and the busy peasantry; and the high wall of grass, where the field was not yet mowed; and the young vultures flying high above the field—all this was absolutely new to him.

Levin calculated what his workmen had done, and what still remained to do. The

work accomplished by the forty-two men was considerable. The whole field, which in the time of serfdom used to take thirty-two men two days, was now almost mowed; only a few corners with short rows were left. But he wanted to do still more: in his opinion, the sun was sinking too early. He felt no fatigue: he only wanted to do more rapid, and if possible better, work.

"Do you think we shall get Mashkin Hill mowed to-day?" he demanded of the *starik*.

"If God allows; the sun is still high. Will there be little sips of vodka for the boys?"

At supper-time, when the men rested again, and some of them were lighting their pipes, the *starik* announced to the boys, "Mow Mashkin Hill—extra vodka!"

"*Eka!*"³ Come on, Sef! Let's tackle it lively. We'll eat after dark. Come on!" cried several voices; and, even while still munching their bread, they got to work again.

"*Nu!* Oh, keep up good hearts, boys!" said Sef, setting off almost on the run.

"Come, come!" cried the *starik*, hastening after them, "I am first. Look out!"

Old and young engaged in rivalry; and yet with all their haste they did not spoil their work, but the wind-rows lay in neat and regular lines.

The triangle was finished in five minutes. The last mowers had just finished their line, when the first, throwing their *kafans* over their shoulders, started down the road to the hill.

The sun was just going behind the forest, when, with rattling cans, they came to the little wooded ravine of Mashkin Verkh. The grass here was as high as a man's waist, tender, succulent, thick, and variegated with the flower called *Ivan-da-Marya*.⁴

After a short parley, to decide whether to take it across or lengthwise, an experienced mower, Prokhor Yermilin, a huge, black-bearded *muzhik*, went over it first. He took it lengthwise, and came back in his track; and then all followed him, going along the hill above the hollow, and skirting the wood. The sun was setting. The dew was already falling. Only the mowers on the ridge could see the sun; but down in the hollow, where the mist was beginning to rise, and behind the slope, they were in fresh, dewy shade. The work went on. The grass fell in high heaps; the mowers came close together as the rows converged, rattling their drinking-cups, sometimes

¹ A *Telyéga*, a cart or waggon.

² *Tiurka*, diminutive *tiurka*, bread-crumbs soaked in *kvas* or beer. The *starik* used water instead of *kvas*.

³ *Eka!* there!

⁴ *Ivan-da-Marya*, a meadow flower.

hitting their scythes together, working with joyful shouts, rallying each other.

Levin still kept his place between his two companions. The *starik*, with sheepskin vest loosened, was gay, jocose, free in his movements.

In the woods, mushrooms were found lurking under the leaves. Instead of cutting them off with his scythe, as the others did, he bent down whenever he saw one, and picking it, put it in his breast. "Still another little present for my old woman."

The tender and soft grass was easy to mow, but it was hard to climb and descend the steep sides of the ravine. But the *starik* did not let this appear. Always lightly swinging his scythe, he climbed with short, firm steps, though he trembled all over with the exercise. He let nothing escape him, not an herb or a mushroom; and he never ceased to joke with Levin and the *mushiks*. Levin behind him felt as though he would drop at every instant, and that he would never be able to climb, scythe in hand, this steep hillside, where even unencumbered it would be difficult to go. But he persevered all the same, and succeeded. He felt as though some internal force sustained him.

They had finished mowing the Mashkin Verkh; the last rows were done, and the men had taken their *kaftans*, and were gaily going home. Levin mounted his horse, and regretfully took leave of his companions. On the hill-top he turned round to take a last look; but the evening's mist, rising from the bottom, hid them from sight; but he could hear their hearty, happy voices, as they laughed and talked, and the sound of their clinking scythes.

Sergéi Ivanovitch had long finished dinner, and, sitting in his room, was taking iced lemonade, and reading the papers and reviews, which had just come from the post, when Levin, with matted and disordered hair, and full of lively talk, joined him.

"Well! we mowed the whole field. *Ach!* How good, how delightful! And how has the day passed with you?" he asked, completely

forgetting the unpleasant conversation of the evening before.

"*Bátiuski!*"¹ exclaimed Sergéi Ivanovitch looking at first not over pleasantly at his brother. "How you look! *Da!* Shut the door, shut the door!" he cried. "You've let in more than a dozen!"

Sergéi Ivanovitch could not endure flies; and he never opened his bed-room windows before evening, and he made it a point to keep his door always shut.

"Indeed, not one! If you knew what a day I've had! And how has it gone with you?"

"First rate. But you don't mean to say that you have been mowing all day? You must be hungry as a wolf. Kuzma has your dinner all ready for you."

"No, I am not hungry. I ate yonder. But I'm going to polish myself up."

"All right! I'll be with you shortly," said Sergéi Ivanovitch, raising his head and gazing at his brother. "Be quick," he said, arranging his papers, and getting ready to follow: he also felt enlivened, and unwilling to be away from his brother. "*Nu!* but where were you during the shower?"

"What shower? Only a drop or two fell. I'll soon be back. And did the day go pleasantly with you? *Nu!* that's capital!" and Levin went to dress.

About five minutes afterwards the brothers met in the dining-room. Levin imagined that he was not hungry, and he sat down only so as not to hurt Kuzma's feelings; but when once he began eating, he found it excellent. His brother looked at him with a smile. . . . The sight of Levin irresistibly filled him with happiness.

"*Nu!* what an appetite you have!" he said, as he saw his tanned, sunburnt, glowing face and neck bending over the plate.

"Excellent! you can't imagine how this sort of thing drives all foolish thoughts out of one's head. I am going to enrich medicine with a new term, *arbeitskur*."²

¹ *Bátiuski!* ye gods, or little fathers.

² *Arbeitskur*, German for labour-cure.

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